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DREYFUS.

By Edwin Markham,

Author of "The Man with the Hoe and Other Poems."

I.

A man stood stained: France was one Alp of hate,
Pressing upon him with the whole world's weight.
In all the circle of the ancient sun
There was no voice to speak for him—not one.
In all the world of men there was no sound
But of a sword flung broken to the ground.

Hell laughed its little hour; and then behold,
How one by one the guarded gates unfold!
Swiftly a sword by Unseen Forces hurled . . . .
And now a man rising against the world!

II.

Oh, import deep as life is, deep as time!
There is a Something sacred and sublime
Moving behind the worlds, beyond our ken,
Weighing the stars, weighing the deeds of men.

Take heart, O soul of sorrow, and be strong!
There is One greater than the whole world's wrong.
Be hushed before the high Benignant Power
That moves wool-shod through sepulcher and tower!
No truth so low but He will give it crown;
No wrong so high but He will hurl it down.
O men that forge the fetter, it is vain;
There is a Still Hand stronger than your chain.
'Tis no avail to bargain, sneer, and nod,
And shrug the shoulder for reply to God.

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ADMIRAL SAMPSON.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

By Ray Stannard Baker.

IT was said of Kitchener of Khartum: "Other generals have been better loved; none was ever better trusted."

These words fit as if they had been spoken of Admiral William T. Sampson. There have been those who wondered why a junior officer, captain of a ship—when there were many rear-admirals, commodores, and even captains of higher rank and longer experience in the navy—was appointed to the supreme command of the greatest fleet ever gathered under the American flag, and that with the almost universal commendation of the men who knew him best, not excepting the officers who had thus been superseded. The great public is well informed regarding this particular advancement, and yet it was only one of many in Sampson's unusual career. Sampson became superintendent of the Naval Academy as a commander, when the post had been filled for years previously by rear-admirals, commodores, and captains. He was elevated to the important position of Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance as a captain, a position usually held by an officer of higher rank. He was selected while yet a captain for the distinguished honor of representing the United States Navy at the International Maritime Conference. He was the first commander of the largest of American sea-going battle-ships—the "Iowa." He was the man naturally selected from all the navy as the president of the board which was to inquire into the "Maine" disaster. It was no sudden freak of political or popular favor—indeed, Admiral Sampson is not a popular man, so called—that made him chief at the naval battle of Santiago. All through his long career, his appointments have come without reference to the political color of the existing administration. He has held intimate advisory positions under both Republicans and Democrats, and has been equally trusted by each. He never had a political friend, in the commonly accepted meaning of that term; he never in his life sought any position, either directly or indirectly. He was always called up; he never forced himself up.

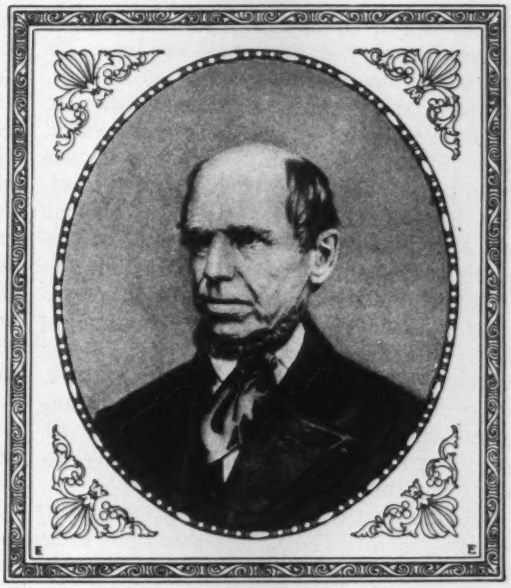
All this argues unusual qualities of mind and unusual moral fiber; but it argues, more than anything else, a certain superb trustworthiness. "There is no man more thoroughly trusted by the Department and by all his fellow-officers in the navy than Admiral Sampson," said Secretary John D. Long, of the Navy Department. It is a trustworthiness of that rare yet homely sort that grows best in Anglo-Saxon soil. It regards not only the interests of the country and of the navy; but, higher than either, it governs Sampson's own interests, for he is without personal ambition.

It will not do to draw the parallel between Kitchener and Sampson too closely, for in many of the deeper things of character they are widely different; and yet I cannot refrain from quoting another characterization of the conqueror of Khartum, the man "who has worked at small things and waited for great, marble to sit still and fire to smite; steadfast, cold, and inflexible." This somehow suggests Sampson. At least, it may well be borne in mind in reviewing Sampson's career.

It is sometimes difficult to account properly for a man. At first glance, it would seem that Admiral Sampson grew in meager and unfriendly soil. His father was a plain day laborer, an Irish immigrant; his early home was in the woods of central New York; his opportunities for schooling were limited; his incentives to rise were few. And yet this north of Ireland stock, nurtured in poverty and Presbyterianism, vital of body and light of heart, is fertile in good men. Somehow genius seems always smoldering just beneath its surface, ready to leap forth when opportunity arises. In this case, as in that of many other famous Americans, the opportunity came with the stimulation of emigration. The Admiral's father and mother, James Sampson and Hannah Walker, came to New York in 1836, and settled at Palmyra,

HANNAH WALKER SAMPSON, ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S MOTHER.

From a photograph.



JAMES SAMPSON, FATHER OF ADMIRAL SAMPSON.

Drawn from a photograph.

on the bank of the Erie Canal. The elder Sampson was a man of great physical strength and endurance, although of little ambition. He was steady, plodding, silent, even dull-minded; he possessed few of the active virtues, but in those of a negative sort he was rich. Thus he was temperate, clean, self-controlled; he was kindly in his family; he worked steadily for his day's wages, and spent his evenings at home; he saved what money he could. These virtues he bequeathed as the best of legacies to his children.

What he lacked—a touch of the fire of imagination and spirituality—his wife, the Admiral's mother, made up. Mrs. Sampson was a woman of rare native refinement and ability. She was sweet, even beautiful, of face, and strong and steady and kindly of character. She was proud of her children—the Admiral was the oldest of a family of eight—and ambitious for them with all the keen ambition of mother-love. She was deeply, but practically, religious. An old friend of the family in Palmyra told me that he had often seen her on a Sunday morning with her little flock of children around her, all neatly dressed in honor of the day, coming down to the Presbyterian church—a walk of a mile. Although weighed down with the heavy duties of a poor man's family, she yet found time to read much and to spur her children on in their development. The Admiral and his sister Lizzie were both naturally studious, and between these two and the mother there sprung up a warm companionship and friendliness, which meant more to them, perhaps, than their kinship. The close relations between brother and sister continued for years, the Admiral, while still in the struggling stages of his early career, sending his sister to Mount Holyoke Seminary, that she might complete her studies.

It was a good, green country, with weather-colored houses and big red barns, this central New York, where Sampson grew up, the kind of country in which an imaginative boy might expand. His opportunities were few, but he made the most of them. From the very first he was at the head of his classes in school. His mother would assume any burden rather than disturb her children in their education. Mr. Pliny B. Sexton, president of the village bank of Palmyra, who was a schoolmate of Sampson's, said of him: "He was the busiest boy I ever knew. Many times I have seen him run all the way home from school to help his father. I don't think he ever played ball or went skating in his life; he was too busy. He was one of the best-liked boys in the school, although never what could be called popular. We called him 'Will,' never 'Billy'—which you will recognize as a tribute to his dignity."

Miss Hannah Sampson, the Admiral's sis-

ter, who still lives in the old family home, says that the boy was a great reader. He devoured all manner of books on history, mechanics, and branches of natural science, and he even enjoyed mathematical works. Novels did not interest him. Before he was sixteen years old he had borrowed and read, so Mr. Sexton told me, nearly every book in town, except story books. And most of this reading was done, like Lincoln's, early in the morning or late in the evening, for there was always hard work to do as long as daylight lasted. During school vacations, young Sampson worked steadily with his father, sawing wood, spading gardens, digging ditches, and doing odd jobs about the village. For a time he worked for twenty-five cents a day in a brick-yard.

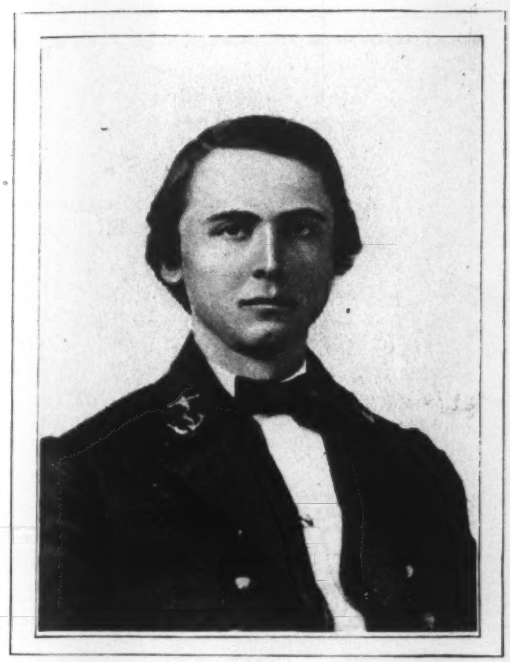
And thus he came to his seventeenth year —he was born in 1840. At this time there was a vacancy in the Naval Academy to be filled from the Palmyra congressional district, and Congressman Morgan of Aurora had the right of appointment. Two boys of influential parentage were named for the position, but owing to the objection of their mothers, the offer was declined in both instances. Then Mr. Morgan asked the principal of the Palmyra school for the name of his brightest boy. The answer came without a moment's hesitation, "Sampson." The Admiral's mother was overjoyed at the opportunity thus opened, but his father objected. The elder Sampson was growing old, the boy was now strong enough to do a man's work, and he was needed at home. But Mrs. Sampson laid her hand on her husband's shoulder, and her words are now historic in Palmyra. "I want one son," she said, "who won't carry a sawbuck on his shoulder all his life."

It so happened that, when the official announcement of Sampson's appointment reached Palmyra, a number of politicians were gathered in the office of the local newspaper, in Main Street. One of them looked out of the window. There in the street were James Sampson and his son digging a ditch connected with some public improvement. "Gentlemen," he said, "if you wish to see the future Admiral of the United States Navy, look out the window."

And so young Sampson left his native town for the first time in his life, to go to the Naval Academy. In the sifting which follows when a hundred boys are thrown together in the same class, Sampson came out, as usual, at the top. Admiral John W. Philip, who was a member with Sampson of the class that entered in 1857, showed me a yellowed old book in which he had kept the class standings. At the Naval Academy four is the perfect marking. Well, it was amazing to see with what regularity Sampson won fours. Apparently it made not the slightest difference whether the subject was mathematics, French, moral science, or seamanship, his grade was nearly always four. "I remember well," said Admiral Philip, "the struggle of the four S's—Sampson, Stewart, Stone, and Snell. They fought for first place all through the course, but Sampson came out ahead. He was graduated number one."

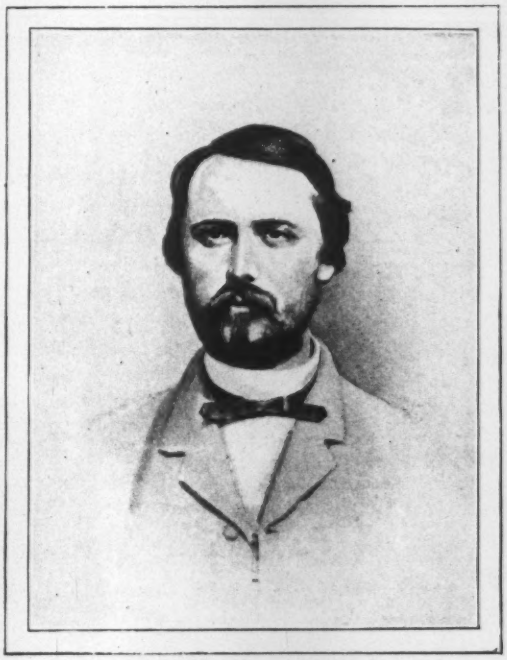
Such scholarship as this sometimes makes a boy unpopular with his classmen, but it was quite the reverse in the case of Sampson, for he was not given to conceit or pomposity; he was sane of mind and simple of heart—a gentleman by nature. But he was much too quiet and dignified—even cold, if you will—to become a boy's good-fellow, although no midshipman in the academy was more thoroughly respected and trusted. In his last year, he won the greatest honor that can come to a cadet: he was appointed adjutant of his class—a position bestowed not so much for scholarship as for the general qualities which go to make up a good seaman and soldier. So far as I could learn, Sampson never appeared in any of the games or sports of the academy; he received few demerits; he never was in a rough-and-tumble fight, although he had muscles of steel and unusual physical endurance—a boy who could study eighteen hours out of the twenty-four and retain his vigor and health. Years later, during the long blockade of Santiago, he never retired until after midnight, and he was invariably up at four in the morning. All through the years at the academy he was developing the stern self-discipline which was to carry him to many honors. His intellect was of the kind that Huxley describes as "a clear, cold logic engine, ready to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind." It mattered not what subject was before him, he went at it steadily, methodically, unrelentingly.

"It wouldn't have mattered," said a friend who has known the Admiral ever since his academy days, "what Sampson had set out to be; he would have mastered any subject. He would have made a good scientist—in fact, he is a good scientist; he would have made a first-class college president, a lawyer, a doctor, or even a preacher —or, rather, a theologian. No matter where



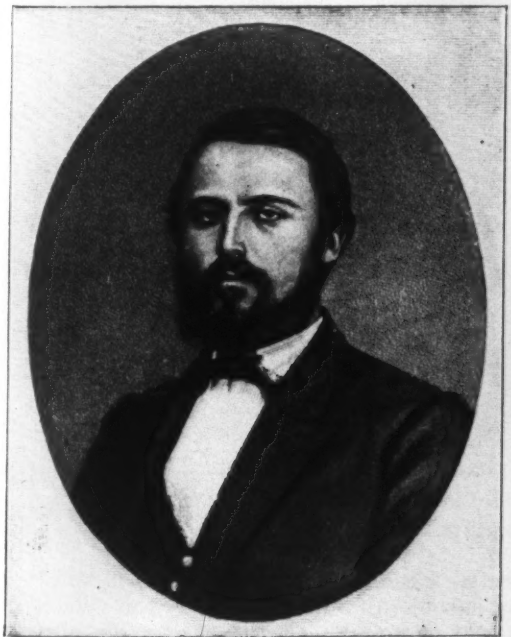
Your friend & classmate
Wm T. Sampson
7th Nov 1864

See note below.

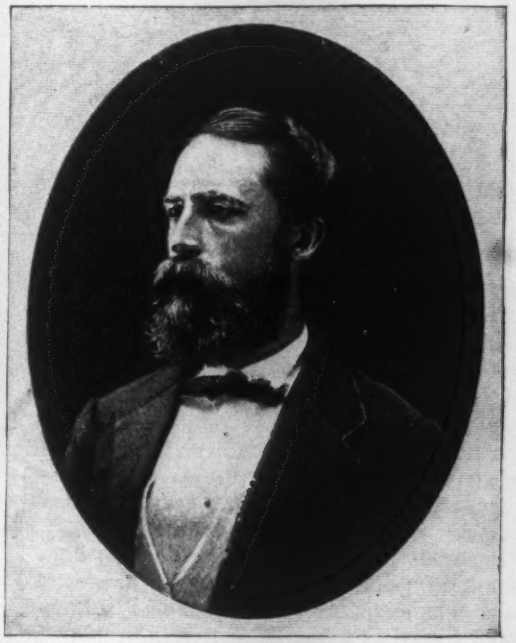


SAMPSON IN 1865. AGE, 25.

From a photograph. Sampson, at this time, was a lieutenant, attached to the steam frigate "Colorado," the flagship of the European Squadron.

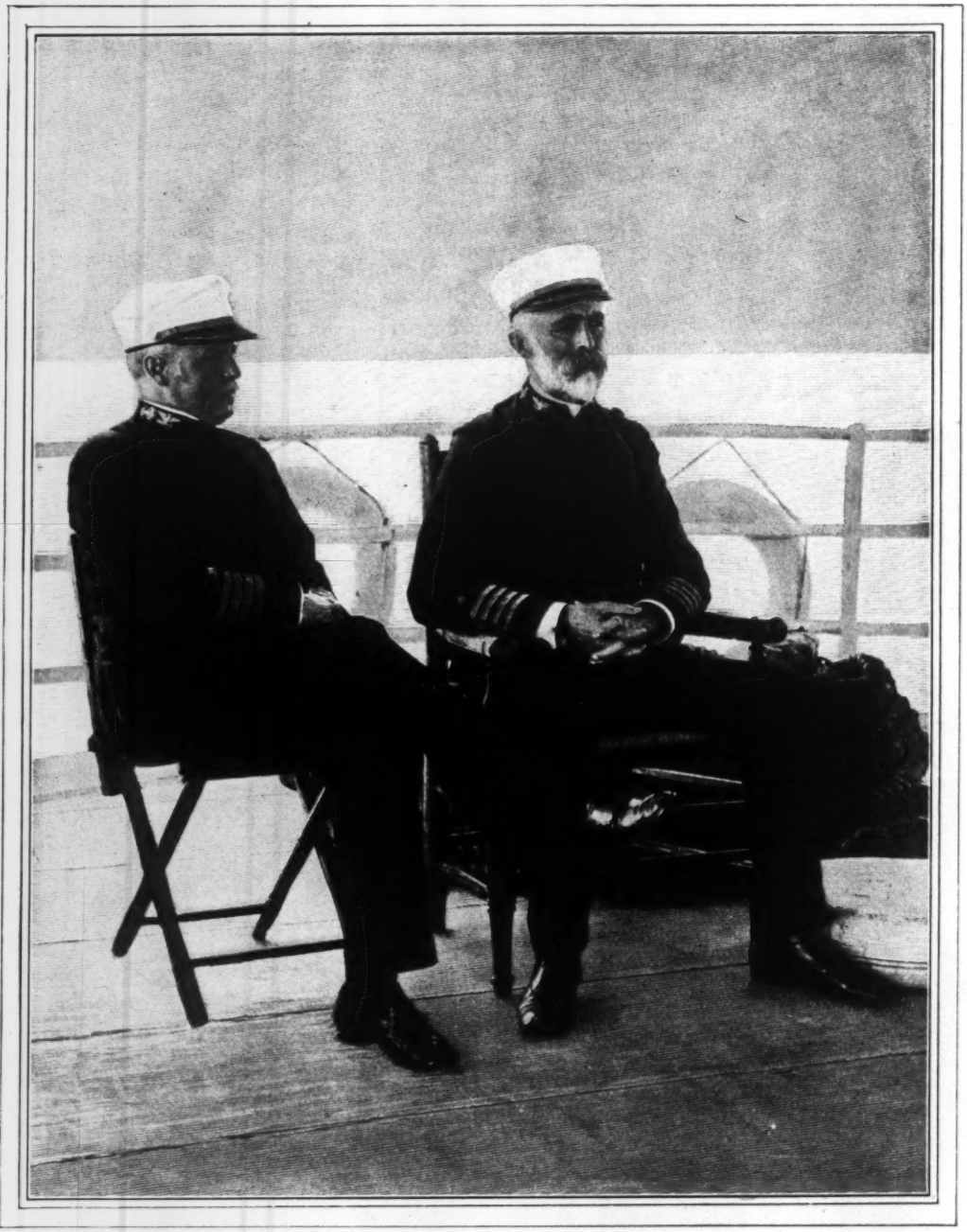


SAMPSON IN 1860, HIS LAST YEAR IN THE NAVAL ACADEMY. AGE, 20. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



SAMPSON IN 1876—COMMANDER, STATIONED AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY. AGE, 36. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The first of the above portraits is from a photograph taken about 1858, when Sampson was a naval cadet, age, 13. The autograph is a facsimile of one written under this same portrait, in an album owned by Sampson's classmate and friend, Admiral John W. Philip. At the time it was written, November 7, 1864, Sampson was a lieutenant, attached to the "Patapsco," of the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron.



ADMIRAL SAMPSON WITH CAPTAIN CHADWICK ON BOARD THE "MANGROVE," AT HAVANA.

From a photograph by J. C. Hemment.

he has been placed in the navy, whether to make astronomical observations at Washington or to fight Spaniards at Santiago, he has done everything well. It is the quality of genuine greatness."

During Sampson's first furlough home from Annapolis, he wore the first overcoat he had ever owned—the one he drew with his uniform as a cadet. His father was still laboring about the village, and the young midshipman, without a thought of his position, took up the shovel and sawbuck and worked out his furlough. It was at this time that he met his future wife, Miss Margaret Aldrich. The Aldriches were prominent people in Palmyra, living in a fine old

place some distance out from the village. During Sampson's furlough they gave a party, and there was some question about the advisability of inviting the young cadet, who had been seen that week ditch-digging with his father. Social distinctions in a small town are as sharply drawn as in a great city, but Miss Aldrich insisted that Sampson be invited. He came; they were married three years later.

Following his graduation from the Naval Academy in 1861, he was appointed a master, and in 1862 he became a lieutenant, and was assigned to the old sailing-ship "John Adams," then used as a practice-ship for naval cadets. One of the officers—then a cadet—who accompanied him on a cruise from Newport to Port Royal, South Carolina, speaks of his qualities as an officer: "He was never excited, and never hurried, and he never seemed to raise his voice, and yet his orders could be heard distinctly by the men at the weather-earing when reefing topsails."

Captain French E. Chadwick, the Admiral's chief of staff, knew him as an instructor in the Naval Academy, a position which he held in 1862. "The first time I ever saw Sampson," this officer writes, "I was going down Pelham Street—I was then a midshipman—and I met a new officer coming up on the opposite side. I knew him to be Lieutenant Sampson, just arrived. He was at that time of the mature age of twenty-two; sufficiently old from my period of view, and naturally of interest as a new 'instructor.' But what most impressed me, and what has always remained in mind, was his extraordinary beauty of face and color, which I have always thought was the finest I ever saw in a young man. Later on, I came to recognize another quality of like enviable kind: a remarkably clear, musical, and resonant voice, low in talking, but one that could be heard with ease anywhere on a ship—a gift the value of which in those days of canvas can hardly now be appreciated.

"Along with this unusual personal beauty (I use the word advisedly, and I mention it only because it was so marked), there was a great absence of self-consciousness. I am sure Sampson never gave a thought to his personal appearance beyond what ordinary personal care demanded. Posing is as far from him as it was from Abraham Lincoln; he has always been the simplest of men; of a simplicity which is the highest type of manners."

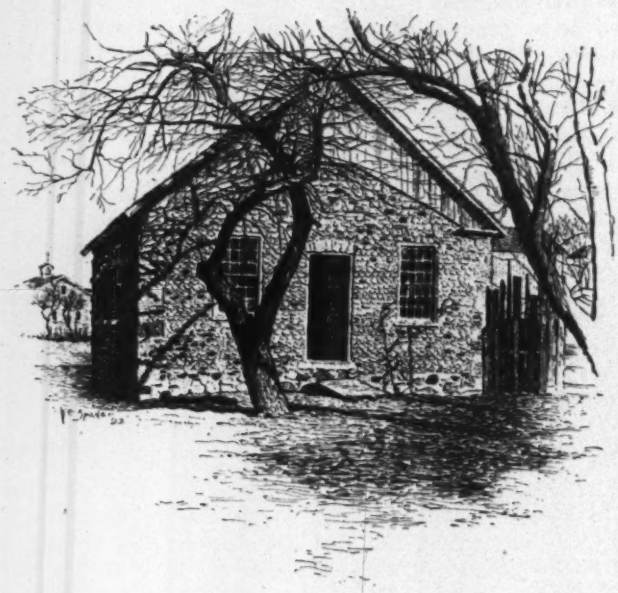
At this time the country was in the midst of the Civil War, and Sampson was anxious to go to the front and put in practice some of the precepts of the Naval Academy. His opportunity finally came in 1864, when he was assigned to the ironclad "Patapsco," then doing duty with the blockading squadron off Charleston. It was dreary, nerve-wearing work, but it fitted the young officer, perhaps, for another and more notable blockade thirty-four years later. Just at the close of the war, the "Patapsco" met with a most dramatic and terrible fate; and Sampson's conduct was what one would expect it to be from later knowledge of the man: cool, self-possessed, and perfectly courageous. The ship had been sent one night, in accordance with the usual custom, to cover the patrol-boats. It crept in toward Charleston under cover of dense darkness. Sampson was in the pilot-house with the captain; the other officers were forward in the ward-room. Of a sudden there came a violent shock; the bow of the iron vessel was lifted bodily from the dark water, and upward through the decks came a crushing burst of water, steam, and fire. At first, Sampson thought the ship had been struck by a heavy shot; but a sharp lurch forward and a swift settling in the water told the story of a torpedo. Every officer in the forward ward-room had been instantly killed; the ladder leading up from the berth-deck had been thrown down by the shock, so that most of the seamen died struggling below. The captain stepped from the turret into one of the boats, which floated from its cradle as the ship settled. But Sampson, springing to a boarding-netting near by, caught one of his feet in the meshes, and was drawn down with the sinking ship, the waters rushing in above him. Most men under similar circumstances would have struggled desperately, only to become more hopelessly tangled in the ropes. But Sampson's cool, methodic mind served him well; he took his time to it, waiting until the terrific downward strain was somewhat diminished; then, twisting his foot carefully, slipped it from the mesh, and shot to the surface of the water, and was rescued.

Succeeding the Civil War came several long cruises, interspersed with the shore duty of a long peace. Sampson was with the flag-ship "Colorado" on the European station from 1865 to 1867, and on the "Congress" in 1871–1873. He commanded the "Swatara" on the Asiatic station from 1879 to 1882, and the "San Francisco" in the Pacific from 1890 to 1892.

Sampson's discipline on shipboard is as

rigid and faultless as his own self-control. He never raises his voice, nor storms; he rarely praises; and yet he is obeyed and respected as few men ever were. This is no doubt partly due to his absolute courage. "You can't frighten him; you can't even startle him," a gunner said of him.

Sampson has always taken a keen interest in the boat races and other sports of his men, and at one time, while he was on the "San Francisco," so Coxswain Fraser told me, he released a prisoner from the brig to help win a famous race against a boat crew from one of Her Majesty's ships. And when he finally left the "San Francisco," the board of inspection not only complimented the ship in unusual terms, but the seamen manned the rigging and gave him three cheers—a mark of honor only accorded to a well-beloved officer.



SCHOOL-HOUSE AT PALMYRA, NEW YORK, IN WHICH ADMIRAL SAMPSON ATTENDED SCHOOL AS A BOY.

Drawn from a photograph.

Sampson's shore service has been largely that of the trained scientist, a department of work to which his methodical and penetrative mind turned with great avidity. He was twice connected with the Naval Academy as instructor—five years in all—before he became its superintendent, in 1886. His work dealt chiefly with physics, chemistry, metallurgy, and astronomy, in all of which he was singularly proficient. His scientific attainments were so well known that, as far back as 1878, he was sent to Creston, Ia., to observe a total eclipse of the sun. Nor was he ever content with a mere superficial knowledge. A naval officer who knows him well told me that, when he served at the Naval Observatory (1882–1885), he spent night after night, weeks at a time, making personal telescopic observations and familiarizing himself with the intimate details of the work. Many men in the same position have been content to attend exclusively to the executive work of the institution and permit the government astronomer to make all of the observations. Later, his work at the Newport torpedo station (1885–1886), of which he was superintendent, dealt largely with the difficult technical and scientific aspects of making and testing ammunition, powder combinations, and a hundred and one other intricate, but vastly important, details in the great machine of the navy. His high attainments in the technical side of war were recognized in his appointment as a member of the Board of Fortifications and Defences and as the delegate of the United States to the International Maritime Conference. Indeed, between November 1, 1884, and June 1, 1885, he was assigned to important special duties no fewer than twenty-one times. He was selected for all of these positions because he had the rare ability of going straight to the heart of a subject and of drawing his conclusions with eminent clearness and common sense.

"He is one of the clearest-headed men I ever knew," said Ex-Secretary of the Navy Hilary A. Herbert; "he has a remarkable facility in stating a proposition lucidly and in the fewest possible words. In this respect I never knew any one to equal him."

Sampson's shore duties have also included the executive direction of some of the Government's greatest business institutions. Few even of the wealthiest corporations in the country spend $6,000,000 a year, and yet Sampson directed the expenditure of more than that amount annually during his four years' (1893–1897) service as Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance—one of the most distinguished positions in the gift of the Government. Here, and at the Naval Gun Factory, of which he was superintendent

in 1892, Sampson's scientific attainments found their greatest scope and purpose. He had supreme charge of providing the armor plate for the vessels of the navy, and of buying and testing projectiles, ammunition, and small arms, and, at the gun factory, of building the great guns. And thus he was instrumental in building and arming many of the ships which he fought so successfully at Santiago. He knew, perhaps better than any other man with the fleet on that July morning, just what his ships would do, just how perfect they were as war engines, how much they would stand in defense, how much they could offer in offense. What better man could have been chosen to the supreme command?

While at the head of the Bureau of Ordnance Sampson also made many important innovations and improvements. During his term of office he developed the plans for the superposed turrets in the two new ships "Kearsarge" and "Kentucky," and upheld his belief in their efficiency against many opponents. He devised many new and valuable tests for armor plate and ammunition, even going so far as to construct a section of a battle-ship in model with the framework arranged exactly as in a full-sized ship. He had become convinced of the resisting power of armor plate, but he did not feel altogether sure that the interior construction would bear the terrific impact of great shells; this question was settled by the model. He tested and adopted the new small arms now used in the navy, and to him more than to any one else was due the successful exposure of the celebrated armor-plate frauds at the Carnegie steel works, which saved the Government many thousands of dollars. "I do not think the Bureau of Ordnance ever had a more efficient and more able chief," Ex-Secretary Herbert said of him.

During these years of service in the Bureau of Ordnance, Sampson was constantly called upon for consultation by the Secretary of the Navy and even by the President. He never offered advice unless it was asked, and what he said always carried great weight. He had so evidently eliminated the personal element, had so subordinated the worker to the work, that there was never a taint of prejudice or even of preference in his recommendations. Says Professor Philip R. Alger, who worked with him four years in the Bureau of Ordnance: "He was especially characterized by fairness and openness of mind. He was entirely without prejudices, and, unlike most men, he always considered a proposition on its merits alone. Another characteristic was his trust in his subordinates. When he assigned a certain duty to any one of them, he always seemed to have perfect confidence that it would be done, and well done—a sure method of encouraging zeal in any one worthy of encouragement."

Sampson carried his trait of personal disinterestedness to its utmost limits. It is the privilege of officers assigned to the command of a vessel to make selection of the junior officers who are to compose their staff. Sampson never in his career exercised this privilege but once, in the case of a single flag lieutenant. When he was ordered to the "Iowa," an officer of high rank in the navy came to him at his office in the Bureau of Ordnance to request a position for a friend. Sampson heard him through quietly; then said: "I never make a practice of selecting my officers, and those I do get have to do their duty."

This element of stern fairness, that asks nothing, but demands its rights to the uttermost, has given Sampson the reputation of being cold, but it has also placed him on an unapproachable plane of respect and admiration. If an officer or a seaman does his duty, he knows that Sampson is a steady and a powerful friend; if he is derelict, he knows exactly what to expect and that no influence from any source can save him. "If Sampson had only made a few mistakes and failures," a naval officer said to me, "we should love him as much as we respect him."

I repeated this remark to another officer, and he responded: "If he could tell a good funny story——"

And yet, in the very inner circle of his friends, and in his family, Admiral Sampson is as genuinely loved as by those outside he is respected; and he even tells the "funny story," although it partakes rather of the nature of wit, often rapier-like in its keenness, than of humor.

Early in 1897, Sampson was ordered to the command of the "Iowa," with the construction of which he had been so closely identified. The events of February, 1898—the destruction of the "Maine" and the imminence of war with Spain—found him next in rank to the commander-in-chief of the North Atlantic Squadron. Admiral Sicard's health was such, at this critical period, that he found it necessary to give up the command, and Sampson was at once appointed to fill his place.

"No one was more surprised at this than Sampson himself," s[illegible] Captain Chadwick;

"this I know to be a fact. The captains of the squadron were unanimously wishing that he might be selected, hoping—rather against hope—that the few months intervening until his promotion to the rank of commodore might not stand in the way. Whatever was said in favor of the appointment was not said by Sampson or with Sampson's knowledge. The navy knows its own, and whatever urging was necessary in the Department (and I do not know that any was necessary) was done by naval officers only, two of whom, I was much later informed, mentioned the hope to the Secretary. But the selection was the Secretary's own. He told me after the war that no influence of any kind whatever was even mentioned; that the appointment was wholly due to what he knew of Sampson's character in the short intercourse he had with him before he left the Bureau of Ordnance to command the "Iowa." To Sampson himself, the idea of reaching out for an appointment would never occur; it is simply that self-seeking is entirely absent from his nature; it could not come to him. He came to the command with the thorough confidence and affection of every captain in the fleet, a step toward victory in itself, and it was a confidence and affection which never wavered."

There were four great stratagems in the campaign against Cervera, and they all originated with the commander-in-chief—Sampson. The first was the sinking of the "Merrimac," a plan devised by Sampson long before he reached Santiago. The second involved the close blockade of Santiago, in which the ships were stationed in a semicircle six miles from the harbor mouth by day and four by night, and later closer, instead of ten or twenty miles out, the usual disposition of the fleet prior to Sampson's arrival. The third, and possibly the most important, was the continued use of a search-light covering the harbor mouth during the night. Cervera himself has said that this prevented him from making a night sortie. And fourth, the plan of the battle itself was Sampson's. He had provided for every possible contingency. If the Spanish ships came straight out and offered battle in deep water, every American captain knew just what to do; similarly, if the Spaniards went east, or went west, or divided, every captain had his orders, so that he could fight the battle, as it was fought, without signals.

It is not the naval battle of Santiago itself which awakens the admiration of the men who know, so much as the blockade that preceded it. There are few outside the service who can appreciate the terrible strain and responsibility which a commanding officer on blockade duty must bear. A fleet is not like a slow-moving army; its strides are three hundred or more miles a day. For nearly ten days, it now appears, Cervera was perfectly free to leave Santiago; and to know whether he had done so, and if he had done so, where he had gone, was a serious problem. Moreover, a whole nation was watching Sampson intently, and waiting to pass judgment. He knew not at what moment to expect an attack, for there were alarms at every hour of night and day. Through those long, hot weeks before Santiago, he never wavered, never lost his temper, and bore with magnificent restraint and steadiness the clamors of his impatient country and the alarms incident to the blockade. He brought to bear the self-discipline of a lifetime. Neither by word nor look did he show that the responsibility was unusual. But he came back, Mrs. Sampson told me, looking older and grayer by ten years than when he went away. Sampson came to Washington only twice during the entire summer following the battle; and then quietly, on strictly official business. He did not go to any of the clubs, nor to the Capitol; and of the hundreds of social invitations with which he was flooded he accepted few.

It was not that Sampson did not feel as keenly as any American the wonder of the great victory; but he would not be lionized for it. He had done his duty; every other man in the fleet had done as much; why, then, should he be praised above the others? That was his way of looking at it. And yet there never was a man more keenly gratified than he in winning the admiration of those who really appreciate the strategical perfection of his campaign. One should no sooner expect to see Sampson accepting an honor he had not earned than to find him clapping a senator on the shoulder and asking him for his influence with the Secretary of the Navy. At one time, while he was Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, a visitor addressed him as commodore, a designation to which he was entitled by virtue of his position, but he said: "Do not call me commodore; I am a captain." That is the spirit of the man.

Sampson was much worn after the Santiago campaign, but he did not ask a leave of absence; instead, he returned to Havana almost immediately, to take part in the trying labors of the Evacuation Committee. Following that, he made an extended cruise

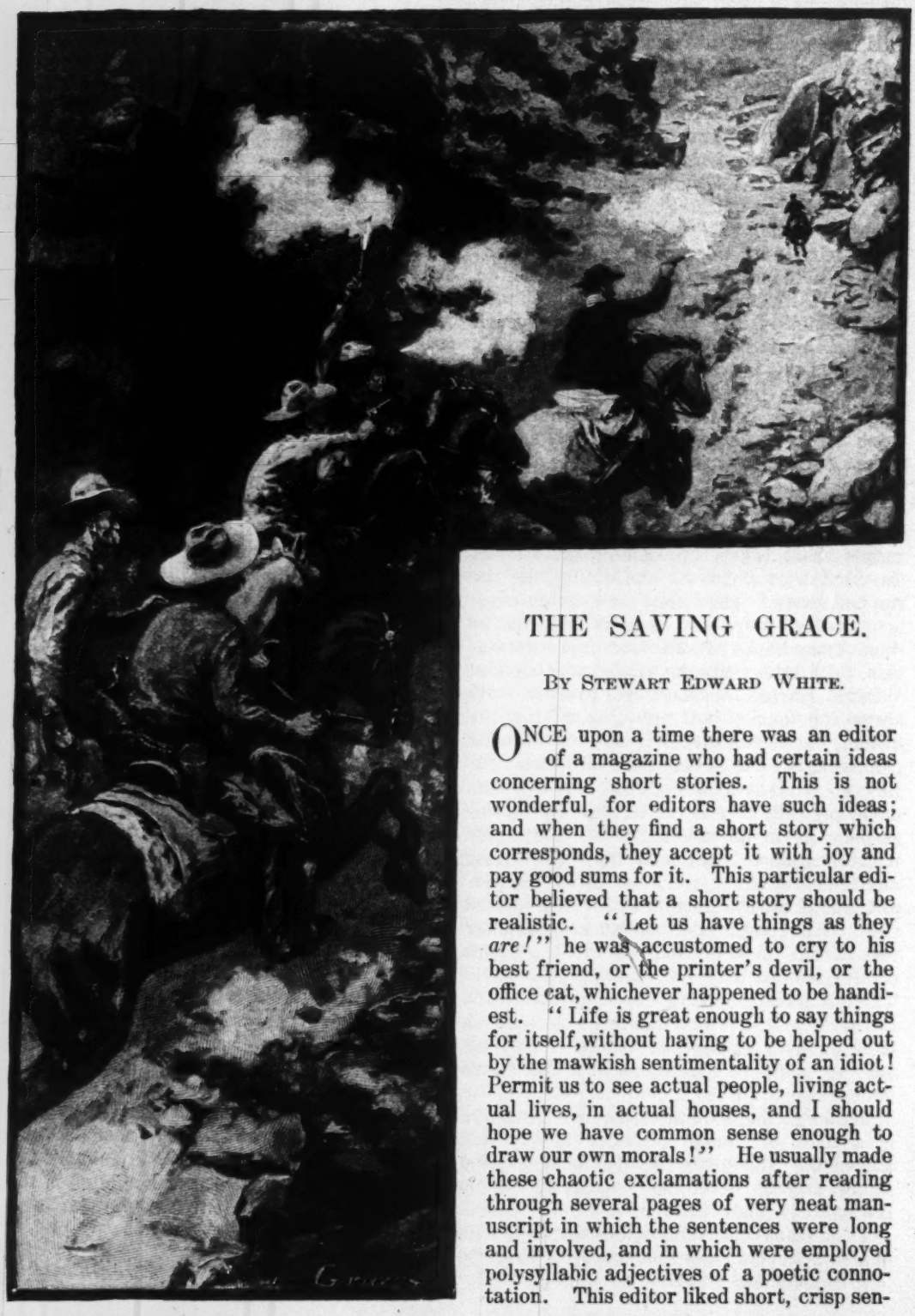
with his ships in the West Indies, and up to the time of the writing of this article he has not had a moment's respite from service.

Sampson's home life has been as unpretentious and as devoted as his naval service. His first wife died in 1878, and in 1882 he was again married—to Miss Elizabeth Burling. He has four grown daughters, two of whom have married naval officers; and two sons, aged eleven and nine. During the Santiago campaign, Mrs. Sampson lived in a beautiful home at Glen Ridge, New Jersey. The Admiral's relations with his children are more those of a kindly older brother than of a father. Indeed, the real man is best seen in his home. He is full of quips of speech at table, bits of story and information, his keen mind playing upon and sharpening the minds of his boys. Cheap wit has always disgusted him, but he enjoys good humor as much as any one, although he rarely smiles, except with his eyes; and he detests vulgarity and profanity. His wife told me she never saw him excited nor out of temper; and only once, when he happened to see a torpedo-boat blown up within plain view of the window at which he was sitting, did she see him hurry. His habits of studiousness, acquired as a boy, still cling to him, and he reads many books of substance and information. Of late years he reads more novels; "David Harum" pleased him greatly. He cares for music, but not greatly for the drama; he never makes a speech when he can avoid it. He never voted but once—for Lincoln at his second election. He is a man of deeply religious instincts, although in this respect, as in all others, he is thoroughly unostentatious. He attends the Presbyterian church as regularly as his sea duties will permit, and is always present at services aboard ship. His religion is a matter of character rather than of form, and yet in his account of the bombardment of Santiago, he says: "Captain Philip having called my attention to the fact that it was Sunday, I decided, as it was not necessary to bombard on that day, to postpone operations until the same hour on Monday."

Although methodical of manner, Sampson is a man of much physical agility and strength. For years he has been a good tennis player, never neglecting an opportunity for a game even in a foreign port—and he plays with remarkable activity. He is also a bicycle rider, but more for exercise than for enjoyment. In person he is a man somewhat above medium height, rather slender and straight and well knit. He is always dressed with scrupulous neatness, down to the last detail. He never wears a uniform when away from his ship, if he can avoid it. At first sight, one might take him to be a college professor, and yet he wears the unmistakable distinction of command. His forehead is broad and full at the temples; his hair is iron gray and rather thin; his beard is short and always recently trimmed; his nose is sharply cut and perfectly molded. His eyes are remarkably brilliant and expressive. They are large and dark and clear, and while the remainder of his face is somewhat immobile, they tell every changing emotion.

Even in its sea phases, Sampson's life has not been marked by the startling and heroic incidents that seize so readily upon the popular fancy. Yet the faithfulness to every routine of duty, the close attention to discipline and order, the constant striving for greater efficiency, that have peculiarly distinguished him during all his career, were the best possible preparation for such work as the country required of him in the spring of 1898. It was the same with Farragut. Barring Farragut's presence as a very youthful midshipman in the famous fight made by the "Essex" against the "Phœbe" and the "Cherub," there was no "event" in his career until he came to the great command which made him famous. But there was the same steady hold on the appreciation of his fellows, the same hard application to work, that is found in Sampson's career. When you come to think of it, Sampson spent about forty-two years in winning the battle of Santiago. During all of that time he worked in almost total obscurity, so far as the American people at large were concerned. His name was not as well known, except in a limited circle, as that of many a boy politician. I was shown a scrap-book in which Mrs. Sampson has kept the notices of her husband for years past. There were perhaps a score of them, all short, and dry with the dates and duties of a naval man's "record." I think his picture was printed twice in the newspapers before the Spanish War. In a single July day he became famous the world over. But it was not a change in the man; Sampson was as great in January, 1898, as he was in July: only the people did not know it.

"BEHIND WHOOPED THE JOYOUS SEVEN, AND THE CRACKLING OF PISTOLS WAS A DELIGHT TO THE EAR."



THE SAVING GRACE.

By Stewart Edward White.

ONCE upon a time there was an editor of a magazine who had certain ideas concerning short stories. This is not wonderful, for editors have such ideas; and when they find a short story which corresponds, they accept it with joy and pay good sums for it. This particular editor believed that a short story should be realistic. "Let us have things as they *are!*" he was accustomed to cry to his best friend, or the printer's devil, or the office cat, whichever happened to be handiest. "Life is great enough to say things for itself, without having to be helped out by the mawkish sentimentality of an idiot! Permit us to see actual people, living actual lives, in actual houses, and I should hope we have common sense enough to draw our own morals!" He usually made these chaotic exclamations after reading through several pages of very neat manuscript in which the sentences were long and involved, and in which were employed polysyllabic adjectives of a poetic connotation. This editor liked short, crisp sen-

tences. He wanted his adjectives served hot. He despised poetic connotation. Being only an editor, his name was Brown. If he had been a writer, he would have had three names, beginning with successive letters of the alphabet.

Now, one day, it happened that there appeared before this editor, Brown, a young man bearing a roll of manuscript. How he had gotten by the office boy Brown could not conceive, and rolled manuscript usually gave him spasms. The youth, however, presented a letter of introduction from Brown's best friend. He said he had a story to submit, and he said it with a certain appearance of breathlessness at the end of the sentence, which showed Brown that it was his first story. Brown frowned inwardly, and smiled outwardly. He begged the youth to take a seat. As all the seats were filled with unopened papers and unbound books, the youth said he preferred to stand.

Brown asked the youth questions, in a perfunctory manner, not because he cared to know anything about him, but because he liked the man who had written the letter. The youth's name proved to be Severne, and he was the most serious-minded youth who had ever stepped from college into writing. He spoke of ideals. Brown concluded that the youth's story probably dealt with the time of the Chaldean astronomers, and contained a deep symbolical truth, couched in language of the school of Bulwer Lytton or Marie Corelli. So, after the youth had gone, he seized the roll of manuscript, for the purpose of glancing through it. If he had imagined the story of any merit, he would not have been in such haste; but as his best friend had introduced the writer, he thought he would like to get a disagreeable task over at once.

He glanced the story through. Then he read it carefully. Then he slammed it down hard on his desk—to the vast confusion of some hundreds of loose memoranda, which didn't matter much anyway—and uttered a big bad word. The sentences in the story were short and crisp. The adjectives were served very hot indeed. There was not a single bit of poetic connotation. It described life as it really was.

Brown, the editor, published the story, and paid a good price for it. Severne, the author, wrote more stories, and sold them to Brown. The two men got to be very good friends, and Severne heard exactly how Brown liked short stories and why, and how his, Severne's, stories were just that kind.

All this would have been quite an ideal condition of affairs, and an object-lesson to a harsh world and other editors, were it not that Severne was serious-minded. He had absolutely no sense of humor. Perspectives there were none for him, and due proportions did not exist. He took life hard. He looked upon himself gravely as a serious proposition, like the Nebular Hypothesis or Phonetic Reform. The immediate consequence was that, having achieved his success through realism, he placed realism on a pedestal and worshipped it as the only true (literary) god. Severne became a realist of realists. He ran it into the ground. He would not describe a single incident that he had not viewed from start to finish with his own eyes. He did not have much to do with feelings *direct*, but such as were necessary to his story he insisted on experiencing in his own person; otherwise the story remained unwritten. And as for emotions—such as anger, or religion, or fear—he would attempt none whose savor he had not tasted for himself. Unkind and envious rivals—not realists—insisted that once Severne had deliberately gotten very drunk on Bowery whisky in order that he might describe the sensations of one of his minor characters in such a condition. Certain it is, he soon gained the reputation among the unintelligent of being a crazy individual, who paid people remarkably well to do strange and meaningless things for him. He was always experimenting on himself and others.

This was ridiculous enough, but it would hardly have affected any one but crusty old cranks who delight in talking about "young fools," were it not for the fact that Severne was in love. And that brings us to the point of our story.

Of course he was in love in a most serious-minded fashion. He did not get much fun out of it. He brooded most of the time over lovers' duties to each other and mankind. He had likewise an exalted conception of the sacred, holy, and lofty character of love itself. This is commendable, but handicaps a man seriously. Girls do not care for that kind of love as a steady thing. Far be it from me to insinuate that those quite angelic creatures ever actually want to be kissed; but if, by any purely *accidental* chance, circumstances bring it about that, without their consent or suspicion, a brute of a man *might* surprise them awfully—well, said brute does not gain much by not springing the surprise. Being adored on a pedestal is nice—in public. So you must see that Severne's status

under ordinary circumstances would be precarious. Conceive his fearful despair at finding his heart irrevocably committed to a young lady as serious-minded as himself, equally lacking in humor, and devoted mind and soul to the romantic or idealistic school of fiction! They often discussed the point seriously and heatedly. Each tried conscientiously to convert the other. As usual, the attempt, after a dozen protracted interviews, ended in the girl's losing her temper. This made Severne angry. Girls are so unreasonable!

"What do you suppose I care how your foolish imaginary people brush their teeth and button their suspenders and black their boots? I know how old man Smith opposite does, and that is more than enough for me!" she cried.

"The insight into human nature expresses itself thus," he argued gloomily.

"Rubbish!" she rejoined. "The idea of a man's wasting the talents heaven has given him in describing as minutely and accurately as he can all the nasty, little, petty occurrences of every-day life! It is sordid!"

"The beautiful shines through the dreariness, as it does in the real life people live," he objected stubbornly.

"The beautiful is in the imagination," she cried with some heat; "and the imagination is God-given; it is the only direct manifestation of the divine on earth. Without imagination no writing can have life."

As this bordered on sentiment, abhorred of realism, Severne muttered something that sounded like "fiddlesticks." They discussed the relation of imagination to literature on this latter basis. At the conclusion of the discussion, Miss Melville, for that was her name, delivered the following ultimatum:

"Well, I tell you right now, Robert Severne, that I'll never marry a man who has not more soul in him than that. I am very much disappointed in you. I had thought you possessed of more nobility of character!"

"Don't say that, Lucy," he begged, in genuine alarm. Serious-minded youths never know enough not to believe what a girl says.

"I will say that, and I mean it! I never want to see you again!"

"Does that mean that our engagement is broken?" he stammered, not daring to believe his ears.

"I should think, sir, that a stronger hint would be unnecessary."

He bowed his head miserably. "Isn't there anything I can do, Lucy? I don't want to be sent off like this. I *do* love you!"

She considered. "Yes, there is," she said after a moment. "You can write a romantic story and publish it in a magazine. Then, and not until then, will I forgive you."

She turned coldly, and began to examine a photograph on the mantelpiece. After an apparently interminable period, receiving no reply, she turned sharply.

"Well!" she demanded.

Now, in the interval, Severne had been engaged in building a hasty but interesting mental pose. He had recalled to mind numerous historical and fictitious instances in which the man has been tempted by the woman to depart from his heaven-born principles. In some of these instances, when the woman had tempted successfully, the man had dwelt thenceforth in misery and died in torment, amid the execrations of mankind. In others, having resisted the siren, he had glowed with a high and exalted happiness, and finally had ascended to upper regions between applauding ranks of angels —which was not realism in the least. Art, said Severne to himself, is an enduring truth. Human passions are misleading. Self-sacrifice is noble. He resolved on the spot to become a martyr to his art.

"I will never do it!" he answered, and stalked majestically from the room.

Severne took his trouble henceforward in a becomingly serious-minded manner. For many years he was about to live shrouded in gloom—a gloom in whose twilight could be dimly discerned the shattered wreck of his life. After a long period, from the *débris* of said wreck, he would build the structure of a great literary work of art, which all mankind would look upon with awe, but which he, standing apart, would eye with indifference, all joy being stricken dead by his memories of the past. But that was in the future. Just now he was in the gloom business. So, being a wealthy youth, he decided to go far, far away. This was necessary in order that he might bury his grief.

He rather fancied battlefields and carnage, but there were no wars. It would add to the picture if he could return bronzed and battle-scarred, but as that was impossible, he resolved to return bronzed, at any rate. So he bought a ticket to a small town in Wyoming. There he and his steamer trunk boarded Thompson's stage, and journeyed to Placer Creek, where the two of them, he and the trunk, took up their quarters in a little board-ceiled room in the Prairie Dog Hotel.

The place was admirably adapted for glooming. It was a little ramshackle affair of four streets and sixteen saloons. Some of the houses, and all of the saloons, had once been painted. In front were hitching-rails. To the hitching-rails, at all times of the day, were tied ponies patiently turning their tails to the Wyoming breezes. Wyoming breezes are always going somewhere at the rate of from thirty to sixty miles an hour. Beyond the town, in one direction, were some low mountains, well supplied with dark gorges, narrow cañons, murmuring waterfalls, dashing brooks, and precipitous descents. Beyond the town, in the other direction, lay a broad, rolling country, on which cattle and cowboys dwelt amid profanity and dust. Severne arose in a cold room, washed his face in hard water, and descended to breakfast. The breakfast could not have been better adapted to beginning a day of gloom. It started out with sticky oatmeal, and ended with clammy cakes, between which was much horror. After breakfast, he wandered in the dark gorges, narrow cañons, *et cetera*, and contemplated with melancholy but approving interest his noble sacrifice and the wreck of his life. Thence he returned to town.

"'WELL!' SHE DEMANDED."

In town, various incomprehensible individuals with a misguided sense of humor did things to him the reason of which he could not understand in the least, mainly because he had himself no sense of humor, misguided or otherwise. The things they did frightened and bewildered him. But he examined them gravely through his short-sighted spectacles, noting just how they were done, just how their perpetrators looked and acted, and just how he felt.

After some days his literary instincts perforce awoke. In spite of his gloom, he caught himself sifting and assorting and placing things in their relative values. In fine, he began to conceive a Western story. Shortly after he cleaned his fountain pen, by inserting a thin card between the gold and the rubber feeder, and sat down to write. As he wrote he grew more and more pleased with the result. The sentences became crisper and crisper. The adjectives fairly sizzled. Poetic connotation faded as a mountain mist. And he remembered and described just how Alkali Ike spit through his mustache—which was disgusting, but real. It was his masterpiece. He wrote on excitedly. Never was such a short story!

But then there came a pause. He had successfully mounted his hero, and started him in full flight down the dark gorge or narrow cañon—I forget which—pursued by the avenging band. There interposed here a frightful difficulty. He did not know how a man felt when pursued by an avenging band. He had never been pursued by an avenging band himself. What was he to do? To be sure, he could imagine with tolerable distinctness the sensations to be experienced in such a crisis. He could have put them on paper with every appearance of realism. But he had no touchstone by which to test their truth. He might be unconsciously false to his art, to which he had vowed allegiance at such cost! It would never do.

So, naturally, he did the obvious thing—

that is to say, the obvious thing to a serious-minded writer with no sense of humor. He went forth and sought an acquaintance named Colorado Jim, and made to him a proposition. It took Severne just two hours and six drinks to persuade Colorado Jim. At the end of that time Colorado Jim, in his turn, went forth, shaking his head doubtfully, and emitting from time to time cavernous chuckles which bubbled up from his interior after the well-known manner of the "Old Faithful" geyser. He hunted out six partners of his own—"pards," he called them—to whom he spoke at length. The six pards stared at Colorado Jim in gasping silence for some time. Then the seven went into a committee of the whole. The decision of the committee was that the tenderfoot was undoubtedly crazy, harmless, and to be humored—at a price. Besides, the humoring would be fun. After a number of drinks, Colorado Jim and the pards concluded that it would be *lots* of fun!

Early the next morning, they rode out of town in the direction of the hills. At the entrance to the dark gorge—or deep cañon—they met Severne, also mounted. After greetings, the latter distributed certain small articles.

"Now," said he most gravely, "I will ride ahead about as far as that rock there, and when I get ready to start, I will wave my hand. You're to chase me just as you'd chase a real horse-thief, and I'll try to keep ahead of you. You keep shooting with the blank cartridges as fast as you can. Understand?"

They said they did. They did not. But it was fun

Severne rode to the boulder in the dark gorge—I am sure it was the dark gorge—and turned. The pards were lined up in eagerness for the start They had made side bets as to who would get there first. He waved his hand, and struck spurs to his horse. The pursuit began.

The horse on which Severne was mounted was a good one. The way he climbed up through that dark gorge was a caution to thoroughbreds. Behind whooped the joyous seven, and the crackling of pistols was a delight to the ear. The outfit swept up the gulch like a whirlwind.

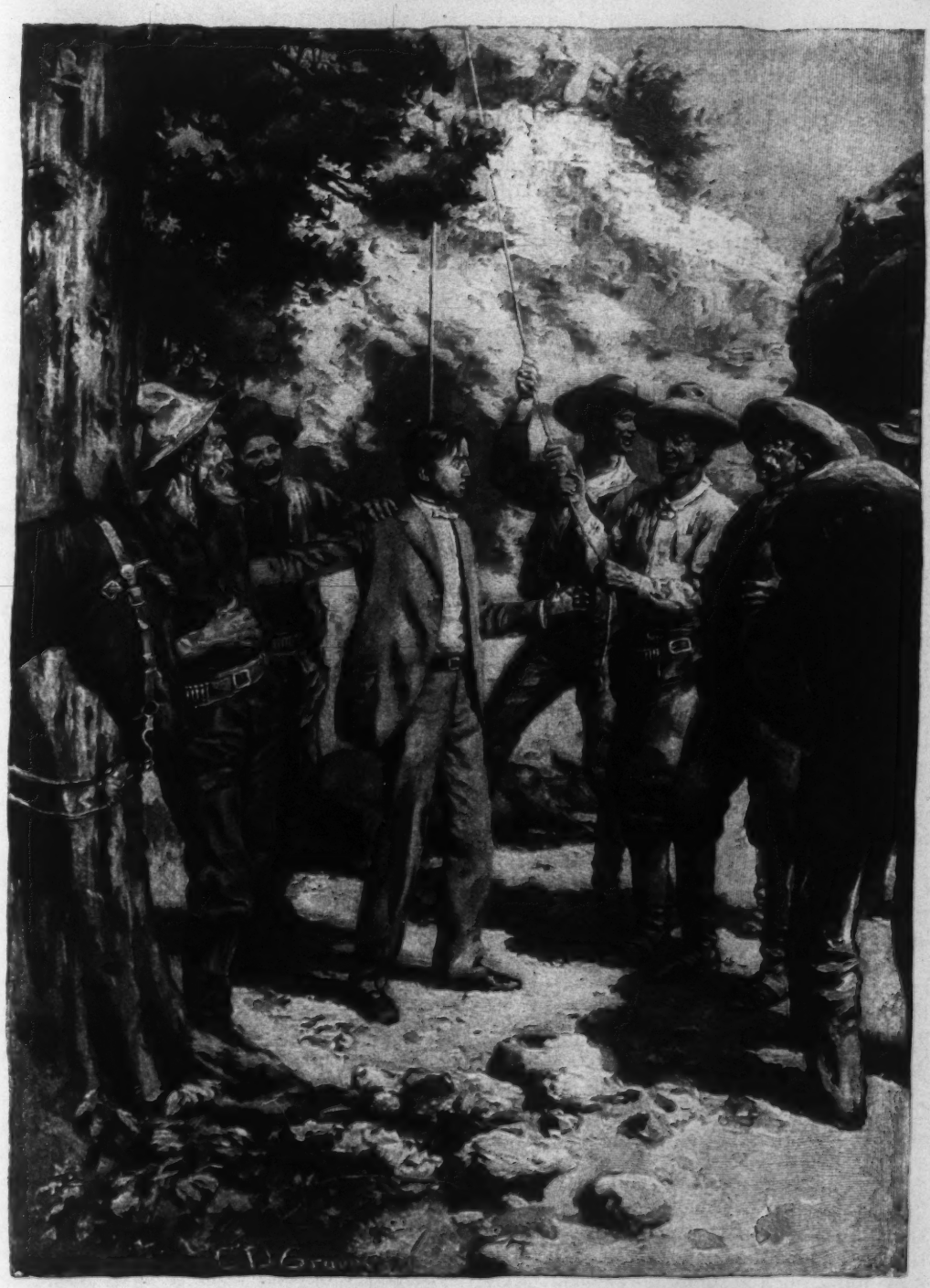
Severne became quite excited. The swift motion was exhilarating. He mentally noted at least a hundred and ten most realistic minor details. He felt that his money had not been wasted. And then he noticed that he was gradually drawing ahead of his pursuit. Better and better! He would not only experience pursuit, but he would achieve in his own person a genuine escape, for he knew that, whatever the mythical character of the bullets, the Westerners had a real enough intention of racing each other and him to the top of the ridge. He plied his quirt, and looked back. The pursuers were actually dropping behind. Even to his inexperienced eye their animals showed signs of distress.

At this place the narrow gulch divided. Severne turned to the left, as being more nearly level. Down from the right-hand bisection came the boys of the Triangle X outfit.

To the boys of the Triangle X outfit but one course was open. Here were Colorado Jim and the pards on foundered horses, pursuing a rapid individual who was escaping only too easily. Never desert a comrade. The Triangle X boys uttered whoops, and joined the game at speed. Not gaining as rapidly as they wished, they produced long revolvers—and began to shoot. It is a little difficult to hit anything from a running horse. Severne heard the reports, and congratulated himself on the realistic qualities of his little drama. Then suddenly his hat went spinning from his head. At the same instant a bullet plowed through the leather on his pommel. Zip! zip! zip! went other bullets past his ears. The boys of the Triangle X outfit were beginning to get the range.

He looked back. To his horror he discovered that Colorado Jim and the pards had disappeared, and that their places had been taken by a number of maniacs on jumping little ponies. The maniacs were yelling "Yip! Yip! Yip!" and shooting at him. He could not understand it in the least; but the bullets were mighty convincing. He used his quirt and spurs.

If Severne really wished to experience the feelings of a man pursued, he attained his desire. It is not pleasant to be shot at. Severne entertained sensations of varied coherence, but one and all of a vividness which was of the greatest literary value. Only he was not in a mood to appreciate literary values. He attended strictly to business, which was to lift the excellent animal on which he was mounted as rapidly as possible over the ground. In this he attained a moderate success. Venturing a backward glance, after a few moments, he noted with pleasure that the distance between himself and the maniacs had sensibly increased. Then one of those zipping bullets passed between his



"THEY LISTENED TO HIM, AND LAUGHED DELIGHTEDLY."

body and his arm, cut off three heavy locks of the horse's mane, and entered the base of the poor animal's skull. Severne suddenly found himself in the road. The maniacs swept up at speed, reining in suddenly at the distance of three feet, in such a manner as to scatter much gravel over him. Severne sat up.

The maniacs, with commendable promptness, jerked Severne to his feet. Several more bent over his horse.

"Jess's I thought!" shouted one of these.

"Jess's I thought! He's stole this cayuse. This is Hank Smith's bronc. I'd know him anywhar!"

"That's right! Bar O brand!" cried several.

The men who held him yanked Severne here and there. "End of yore rope this trip! Steal hosses, will ye!" said they.

"I didn't steal the horse!" cried poor Severne; "I hired him from Smith."

A roar of laughter greeted this statement.

"Hired Colorādo and the boys to chase you too, didn't ye!" suggested one, with heavy sarcasm.

"Yes, I did," answered Severne sincerely.

They laughed again. "Nerve!" said they.

Near the fallen horse several began discussing the affair. "I tell you I *know* I done it!" argued one. "I ketched him between the sights, jest's fair as could be!"

"G'wan, he flummuxed jest's *I* cut loose!"

"Well, boys," called the leader impatiently, "get along!"

A man came forward, and silently threw a loop about Severne's neck. In Wyoming they hang horse-thieves. Severne realized this, and told them all about everything. They listened to him, and laughed delightedly. Never had they hung such a funny horse-thief. They appreciated his efforts to amuse them, and assured him often that he was a peach. When he paused, they encouraged him to say some more. At every new disclosure they chuckled with admiration, as though at a tremendous but splendid lie. Severne was getting more realistic experience in ten minutes than he had had in all his previous life; but realistic experience does not do one much good at the end of a rope on top of a Wyoming mountain. Then, after a little, they deftly threw the coil of rope over the limb of a tree, and hung him up, and left him. They did not shoot him full of holes, as is the usual custom. He had been a funny horse-thief, so in return they were lenient. Severne kicked. "Dancin' good," they observed, as they turned the corner.

"SHE PUT HER HANDS ON HIS SHOULDERS."

Around the corner they met the frantic James. They cut Severne down, and worked over him for some time. Then they carried him down to Placer Creek, and worked over him a lot more. The Triangle X boys were distinctly aggrieved. They had applauded those splendid lies, and now they turned out not to be lies at all, but merely an extremely crazy sort of truth. They relieved their feelings by getting very drunk and shooting out the lights.

It took Severne a week to get over it. Ten days after that he returned East. He had finished a masterpiece. The flight down the cañon was pictured so vividly that you could almost hear the crack of the pistols, and the hero's sentiments were so well described that in reading about them you became excited yourself. Severne read it three times, and he thought it as good the third time as the first. Then he copied it all out on the typewriter. This is the severest test a writer can give his work. The most sparkling tale loses its freshness when run through the machine, especially if the unfortunate author cannot make the thing go very fast. It seemed as good even after this ordeal.

"Behold," said he, congratulating himself, "this is the best story I ever wrote! Blame if it isn't one of the best stories I ever *read!* Your romanticists claim that the realistic story has no charm, nor excitement, nor psychical thrill. This'll show them!"

So he hurried to deliver it to Brown. Then he posed industriously to himself, and tried hard to do some more glooming, but it was difficult work. Someway he felt his cause not hopeless. This masterpiece would go far to convince her that he was right after all.

Three days later he received a note from Brown asking him to call. He did so. The editor handed him back his story, more in sorrow than in anger, and spoke reprovingly about deserting one's principles. Brown was conscientious. He believed that the past counted nothing in face of the present. Severne pressed for an explanation. Then said Brown:

"Severne, I have used much of your stuff, and I have liked it. The sentences have been crisp. The adjectives have been served hot. You have eschewed poetic connotation. And, above all, you have shown men and life as they are. I am sorry to see that you have departed from that noble ideal."

"But," cried Severne in expostulation, "do not these qualities appear in my story?"

"At first they do," responded Brown, "but later—ah!" He sighed.

"What do you mean?"

"The ride down the cañon," he explained. "The sentences are crisp and the adjectives hot. But, alas! there is much poetic connotation, and, so far from representing real life, it seems to me to mean only the perfervid lucubrations of a disordered imagination."

"Why, that part is the most realistic in the whole thing!" cried the unhappy author in distress.

"No," replied the editor firmly, "it is not. It is not realism at all. Even if there were nothing objectionable about the incident, the man's feelings are frightfully overdrawn. No man ever *was* such an everlasting coward as you make out your hero! I should be glad to see something else of yours—but that, no!"

Somewhat damped, Severne took his manuscript home with him. There he re-read it. All his old enthusiasm returned. It was exactly true. Realism could have had no more accurate exposition of its principles. He cursed Brown, and enclosed stamps to the "Decade." After a time he received a check and a flattering letter. Realism stood vindicated!

In due course the story appeared. During the interim Severne had found that his glooming was becoming altogether too realistic for his peace of mind. As time went on and he saw nothing of Lucy Melville, he began to realize that perhaps, after all, he was making a mistake somewhere. At certain recklessly immoral moments he even thought a very little of proving false to art. To such depths can the human soul descend!

The evening after the appearance of his story in the "Decade," he was sitting in front of his open fire in very much that mood. The lamps had not been lighted. To him came Mortimer, his man. "A leddy to see you, sir; no name," he announced solemnly.

Severne arose in some surprise. "Light the lamp, and show her up," he commanded, wondering who she could be.

At the sound of his voice, the visitor pushed into the room past Mortimer.

"Never mind the lamp," cried Lucy Melville. The faithful Mortimer left the room, and—officially—heard no more.

"Why, Lucy!" cried Severne.

In the dim light he could see that her cheeks were glowing with excitement. She crossed the room swiftly, and put her hands on his shoulders. "Bob," she said gravely, with tears in her eyes, "I know I ought not to be here, but I just couldn't help it! After you were so noble! And it won't matter, for I'm going in just a minute."

Severne cast his mind back in review of his noble acts. "What is it, Lucy?" he inquired.

"As if you could ask!" she cried. "I never knew of a man's doing so tactful and graceful and *beautiful* a thing in my life! And I don't care a bit, and I believe you were right, after all."

"Right about what?" he begged, getting more and more bewildered.

"About the realism, of course."

She looked up at him again, pointing out her chin in the most adorable fashion. Even serious-minded men have moments of lucidity. Severne had one now.

"Oh, no, you mustn't, Bob—dear!" she cried, blushing.

"But really, Bob," she went on after a moment, "even if realism is all right, you must admit that your last story is the best thing you ever wrote."

"Why, yes, I do think so," he agreed, wondering what that had to do with it.

"I'm so glad you do. Do you know, Bob," she continued happily, "I read it all through before I noticed whose it was. And I kept saying to myself, 'I *do* wish Bob could see this story. I'm sure it would convince him that imagination is better than realism;' for really, Bob," she cried, with enthusiasm, "it is the best imaginative story I ever read. And when I got to the end, and saw the signature, and realized that you had deserted your literary principles just for my sake, and had actually gone to work and written such a *splendid* imaginative story after all you had said; and then, too, when I realized what a delicate way you had taken to let me know—because, of course, I never read that magazine of Brown's—oh, Bob!" she concluded, quite out of breath.

Severne hesitated for almost a minute. He saw his duty plainly; he was serious-minded; he had no sense of humor. Then she looked up at him as before, pointing her chin out in the most adorable fashion.

"Oh, Bob! Again! I really don't think you ought to!"

And Art; oh, where was it?

DENNIS HOGAN.

HOW HE SAVED THE 29TH.—A TRUE STORY OF A MILITARY TELEGRAPHER.

By Captain Jasper Ewing Brady, Jr., U. S. Army.

ON Thanksgiving Day, 187–, Private Dennis Hogan, Company B, Twenty-ninth United States Infantry, the telegraph operator at Fort Flint, Montana, sat in his dingy little office in the headquarters building, communing with himself and cursing the force of circumstances that had made him a soldier. The instruments were quiet, a good thanksgiving dinner had been enjoyed, and now the smoke from Dennis's old T D pipe curled in graceful rings around his red head. He was an extraordinarily good operator. But, some eighteen months before, he had arrived at St. Louis "dead broke;" and finding all the telegraph positions taken, and promising, apparently, to remain so eternally, he had desperately enlisted in the army. The three months of recruit training well nigh wore him out, but he stuck to it, and two months later he was detailed as telegraph operator, *vice* Adams of G Company, discharged.

At four o'clock on the afternoon in question, he was aroused from his reverie by the sounder calling "F N" vigorously. He answered, and this is the message he took:

Department Headquarters,
St. Paul, Minn., *November* 26, 187–.

Commanding Officer,
Fort Flint, Montana:

Sioux Indians out. Prepare your command for instant field service—thirty days' rations, two hundred rounds of ammunition per man. Wire when ready.

By command of Major-General Wherry.

Smith,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Dennis was messenger boy as well as operator, and without waiting to make an impression copy, he grabbed his hat and flew down the line to the Colonel's quarters. That worthy was entertaining a party at dinner, and was about to lecture Hogan for delivering the message to him instead of to the post adjutant, but a glance at the contents changed things, and in a moment all was bustle and confusion.

At eight o'clock that night, Colonel Clarke telegraphed to his chief that his command was ready, and at midnight he received orders to proceed the next morning at daylight, by forced marches, up to the junction of the forks of the Red Bud, take position there, and intercept the Indians should they attempt to cross. Two regiments from the northern posts were to reach there about the same time, and the combined strength of the three commands was supposed to be sufficient to drive back any body of Indians.

Now, Hogan wasn't of much note as a garrison soldier, but when an opportunity for a real fight presented itself, all the Irish blood in his nature came to the surface; and after much pleading and begging, he was allowed to join his company. He was in great glee, and soon had his kit all packed. Two weeks before, he had been out repairing the line, and when he returned to the post, he had left a small pocket instrument and a few feet of wire in his haversack. He saw these things now, and was about to remove them, but something impelled him to take them along.

The next morning, as the first dim shadows

". . . DENNIS, LYING UNDER THE TELEGRAPH LINE. HIS LEFT HAND STILL GRASPED THE INSTRUMENT."

of dawn stole over the snow-clad earth, the gallant Twenty-ninth, 500 strong, swung out on its long tramp. From out half-closed blinds on the officers' line gazed many a tear-stained face, and on "Soapsuds Row" many an honest-hearted laundress bemoaned the fate that parted her from her "auld min."

The weather turned bitter cold, and after seven days of the hardest kind of marching, the Twenty-ninth reached and crossed the Red Bud just below the junction of the forks. A strong position was taken, and every disposition made to prevent surprise. The expected reinforcement would surely come soon, and then all would be safe. But the next day passed with no sign of the reinforcement. That night queer-looking red glows were seen at intervals on the horizon—north, west, and east on the north side of the river, and to the south on the other side. Colonel Clarke was old and tried in the business of Indian warfare, and well did he know what these fires meant—Indians, and many of them, all around his command. His hope was that the two regiments still to arrive would strike them in rear while he attacked them in front.

The next morning first one, then two, three, four, a hundred, a thousand figures, mounted on fleet-footed ponies, appeared silhouetted against the clear sky, and it was not long before the little command found themselves completely hemmed in by a much superior force. Slowly they drew their lines closer, and by eleven o'clock a battle had begun.

"Husband your fire, men. Don't shoot until you have taken deliberate aim and can see the object aimed at," was the word passed along the line by Colonel Clarke.

From behind hastily constructed shelter trenches the soldiers fought off the encircling band. As the firing of the Indians continued it became more and more evident that every avenue of retreat was shut off. And where was the reinforcement? Why didn't it come? Was this to be another Little Big Horn, and were these brave men to be slaughtered like the gallant Seventh Cavalry under Custer? As long as his ammunition held out Clarke knew he could keep the Indians off, but after three days of hard fighting, resulting in the loss of many men, the situation began to be desperate. Fires could not be lighted, and more than one brave fellow was killed while filling the canteens at the river's bank. Most of the animals had been shot, and many of them were being used for breastworks.

Colonel Clarke, early in the evening of the third day, made up his mind to ask for a volunteer to try and get beyond the Indian lines, make his way to Fort Scott, sixty miles distant, and seek reinforcements there. Six troops of the Eleventh Cavalry were stationed there, and if all went well, in three days' time they could be at hand. The word was passed along the line, and met with many responses. As the Colonel was about to choose First Lieutenant Jarvis, Hogan appeared before him, saluting with military precision, and said:

"Beggin' your pardon, Colonel, I think I can tell ye a better way. The telegraph line from Scott to Kearney runs just twenty-five miles beyant here to the south'ards. Up at the end of our line, on the other soide of the river, is a deep ravine. If I can get across with a good horse, and slip through the Indian lines on that soide, I can, by hard riding, reach this line in two or three hours. I have a pocket instrument with me, and can cut in and ask for reinforcements from Fort Scott. If the line is down, I can continue on to the post. Please let me try it, Colonel. Lieutenant Jarvis has a wife and two children, and his loss would be felt, while I—I haven't any one, sir; and besides I'm an Irishman, and, you know, Colonel, an Irishman is a fool for luck." This last was said with a broad grin.

Colonel Clarke knitted his brows for a minute, and then said: "All right, Hogan, I'll let you try it. Take my horse, and start at three o'clock in the morning. Do your best, my man. The lives of this command depend on your efforts. God be with you!"

"If I fail, Colonel, it will be because I'm dead, sir."

Shortly before three o'clock the next morning Dennis made ready for his perilous ride. The horse's hoofs were carefully padded; ammunition and revolver were looked after; and he fastened the pocket instrument around his neck by the wire, so that if any accident happened to the horse he would not be unnecessarily delayed. When all was ready, he gave his "bunkie" a silent farewell shake of the hand, and started.

The horse was a magnificent Kentuckian, and seemed to know what was required of him. Carefully and slowly Hogan pushed his way to a point opposite the ravine, and then giving his mount a light touch with his spurs, he took to the water. The stream was only about fifty yards wide, and in a few minutes he was safely over and climbing up the other bank. Riding up through the ravine, he finally reached the end of it and stopped on high ground. Here he rested a minute, to

see if all was well. Apparently it was; he had got safely beyond the Indian lines. He was just congratulating himself on the fact when, directly in front of him, he saw the dim outlines of a mounted Indian. Quick as a flash he pulled his revolver, and another Indian had gone to the happy hunting-ground. The noise of the shot raised a general alarm. Hogan drove the spurs deep in his horse's flanks, and was away with the speed of the wind. But a perfect swarm of Indians followed, yelling and shooting. On, on he sped, bullets pattering all about him. Whenever the opportunity offered, his own revolver spoke, and more than one saddle was thereby emptied. Then, suddenly, he felt a sharp, stinging pain in his right shoulder, and but for a convulsive grasp of the pommel with his left hand, he would have pitched headlong to the ground. But no, he told himself, he must not give up now! The lives of his comrades depended on his succeeding. An hour and a half more, and he would have sent the message, and then the Indians might do with him what they could.

There now came a lull in the firing. He drew rein and listened. Not a sound could be heard. It had begun to snow, and rays of light on the eastern horizon heralded the approach of day. He had outridden his pursuers! Giving his faithful horse a grateful pat on the neck, he started on, again riding swiftly. He had come within a few miles of the line when, chancing to glance back, he saw that one Indian still followed him. It was a simple case of man against man. But, unfortunately, Dennis had now fired away all his ammunition save one cartridge. He determined not to use this one until it was absolutely necessary, and putting spurs anew to his horse, now grown pretty tired, he galloped on.

Slowly the Indian gained on him, and he saw the need of resorting to his last cartridge press nearer and nearer. He was now not more than half a mile from the line; he could see the poles. If when the moment came, as it soon must now, the God of Battles would guide his bullet in the right direction, his message could be sent, and his comrades rescued. But if the bullet went wrong? His wounded right arm was numb from pain, and his left not of the steadiest. He pushed on resolutely, getting still nearer to his goal. Then crack went a rifle, and a bullet whizzed by his head. "Not this time, ye red divil!" shouted Dennis defiantly; and there whizzed by a second. Dennis dropped off his horse, and wheeling quickly about, flung himself on his stomach, and taking a careful aim over his wounded right arm, fired. The shot apparently went true; the Indian pitched headlong off his horse.

With an exultant shout, Hogan jumped up and started for the line. Nothing could thwart him now. Loss of blood and the intense cold had weakened him, so that his legs were shaky; the earth seemed going around, dark spots were dancing before his eyes; but with a superhuman effort he staggered on, and was soon at the line.

The wire was strung on light lances, and if Dennis had been in full strength he could have pulled one down. He threw his weight against a lance with all his force, but to no avail. What was he to do? But sixteen feet intervened between him and the wire. The horse, when Dennis jumped off, had run a little ways and then stopped, only too glad to rest. He was now standing near Dennis, as if waiting to be of further use. Dennis's eyes lighted on the horse-hair lariat attached to the saddle. Quickly undoing it, he tied one end with difficulty to the pommel and the other to the lance. Then he gave the horse a sharp blow. The horse pulled away, and down came the lance. Making the connections to the pocket instrument as best he could with one hand, he placed the wire across a sharp rock, and a few blows with the butt of his revolver cut it.

Private Dunn, the operator at Fort Scott, opened up his office bright and early one cold morning, and marveled to find the wire working clear to Kearney. After having a talk with the man at Kearney about the Indian trouble, he was sitting around like Mr. Micawber, when he heard the sounder weakly calling "F S." Quickly adjusting down, he answered, and this is what he took:

COMMANDING OFFICER,
FORT SCOTT, MONTANA:
Twenty-ninth Infantry surrounded by large body hostile Sioux, just north of junction of the forks of the Red Bud. Colonel Clarke asks for immediate reinforcements. Ammunition almost gone. Situation desperate. I left the command at three this morning
DENNIS HO——

Then blank—the sounder was still, and the line remained open! The sending had been weak and shaky, as if the sender had been out all night. Dunn didn't wait to pick up his hat, but fairly flew to the commanding officer's quarters. The Colonel was not up yet, but the sound of animated voices in the hallway caused him to appear at the head of

the stairs in his dressing-gown. "What is it, Dunn?" he asked.

"A message, sir, from the Twenty-ninth Infantry, saying they are surrounded by the Sioux and want help."

Colonel Foster read the message, and then said to Dunn: "Have the trumpeter sound Boots and Saddles. Present my compliments to the Adjutant, and say I desire him to report to me at once. Kraus"—this to his Dutch striker—"saddle my horse, and get my field kit ready. Be quick about it!"

A few men had seen Dunn rushing to the Colonel's quarters, and suspected that something was up, so they were not surprised to hear Boots and Saddles ring out a few minutes later on the clear morning air. The command had been in readiness for field service for days, and but a few moments elapsed before six sturdy troops were standing in line on the snow-covered parade. A hurried inspection, and then Colonel Foster commanded, "Fours right! Trot! March!" and away they went on their sixty-mile ride of rescue. A few halts were made during the day to tighten girths, and at six o'clock a short rest was made for coffee.

The sound of the firing across the river, shortly after Hogan left the Twenty-ninth, was plainly heard by his comrades, and many a man exclaimed, "It's all up with Denny." But the firing grew more distant, and Colonel Clarke began to hope that Hogan had eluded his pursuers, and determined to hold on as long as he could. A hard and trying day followed. The Indians never for a moment relaxed their vigilance, and missed no opportunity to deal a blow. Toward two o'clock of the afternoon Colonel Clarke, chancing to expose himself, got a Winchester bullet through his thigh. Brave old chap! Never for an instant did he give up; but after having his wound dressed as best it could be done, he insisted on remaining near the line. Lieutenant Jarvis received a shot in the arm. Captain Belknap, of E Company, was killed, and scores of other brave men were sent to their last reckoning. As the shades of the winter evening crept silently over the earth the firing died away, and the command settled down to another night of the tensest anxiety and watching. When would it end? Why did those northern regiments not come? Had Hogan succeeded in his perilous mission? Such were the anxious questions that the men asked themselves.

About nine o'clock Lieutenant Tracy, the Adjutant, was sitting by his chief, who was apparently asleep. Suddenly Colonel Clarke sat up, and catching Tracy by the arm, said: "Hark! What's that noise?"

"Nothing, sir, nothing," replied Tracy. "Lie down and try to rest; you need it, sir." And then aside: "Poor old chap, his mind wanders."

"No, no, Tracy. Listen, man, don't you hear it? It sounds like the beat of many horses' hoofs. Reinforcements are coming!"

There was heard the snap of muskets; then a clear voice rang out: "Right front into line! Gallop! March! Charge!" Those sturdy chaps of the Eleventh Cavalry, true to their regimental traditions, had arrived, and, plunging in among the Indians, were now scattering them like so much chaff. The Twenty-ninth, all that was left of it, was saved.

When a little later Colonel Foster leaned over his old friend Colonel Clarke, the latter feebly asked, "Where is Hogan?"

"Hogan? Who is Hogan?" asked Foster.

"Why, Hogan was the man who got beyond the Indian lines and rode to inform you of our plight. Didn't you see him?"

"No, I didn't see him;" and Foster related how the information reached him.

A rescuing party was started out, and in the pale moonlight they came upon the body of poor Dennis, lying under the telegraph line. His left hand still grasped the instrument, and the key was still open. A bullet hole in his head told plainly enough how he had met his death. Beside him lay the Indian, dead also, one hand grasping Hogan's scalp-lock, the other clasping a scalping-knife. Hogan's shot had mortally wounded him in the left breast, but with all the vengeful determination of his race, he had still crawled forward on his hands and knees, and while Hogan was intent on sending his precious message, had shot him through the head, but not until the warning had been given. Then his own death overtook him, before he could execute his last cruel design of taking Hogan's scalp. Hogan's faithful horse was standing near, as if keeping watch over his late friend.

They buried Dennis where he lay, and the traveler passing over that trail will observe a solitary grave marked by a stone, on which is inscribed:

DENNIS HOGAN
PRIVATE COMPANY B,
29TH U. S. INFANTRY.

He died that others might live.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA.

A NOVEL.

By Booth Tarkington.

SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

John Harkless, coming to the town of Plattville an unknown "young man from the East," has brought the "Carlow County Herald" from bankruptcy to prosperity, and made it a decided moral force in the community. He has compelled an unsavory politician, Rodney McCune, to retire to private life; has sent eight members of a gang of marauders, known as "White Caps," to the penitentiary; and has retrieved from drunkenness a broken-down schoolmaster, Fisbee, and given him employment on the paper. By these achievements he has secured the gratitude of all concerned except the White Caps, who threaten vengeance. A fair visitor now arrives in the town—Helen Sherwood, related, apparently, in some wise to Fisbee. Harkless goes one night to call on her, and is fired at by the White Caps. She exposes herself to the fire by running to his assistance. So far as he recalls, he has never seen her before; but he finds in her the realization of many a fond dream. Next day he discovers that his dreams have been in part memories, for he had known Helen, slightly, some years earlier; and she has kept trace of him ever since.

This day, during a circus parade which Helen and he are viewing together, Harkless breaks up the game of a pair of confidence men; and in the crowd and excitement, he is again secretly assailed by the White Caps, but without injury. In the evening, when they are alone in the garden of Helen's host, Judge Briscoe, she discloses to Harkless that she has been suddenly summoned home. This impels him, in spite of himself, to confess the love he is already feeling for her. Then, under the rejection he infers rather than receives, he leaves her desperately, to be caught soon after in a terrific storm. In the midst of the storm, he is set upon and spirited away—whether dead or alive, is uncertain.

The White Caps are suspected, and a mob of Harkless's fellow-townsmen proceeds to make an attack on them in their village of Six-Cross-Roads. The mob is stopped in the midst of its work by news that Harkless's assailants were not White Caps, but the two confidence men whose game he had broken up, and that both have been arrested at the neighboring city of Rouen, one of them, when taken, being unconscious and all but dead of injuries supposed to have been received in the encounter with Harkless.

CHAPTER X.

JERRY THE TELLER.

AT the city hospital in Rouen, that night, a stout young man introduced himself to Barrett, Superintendent of Police, Warren Smith, and Horner, Sheriff of Carlow. He spoke in a low voice. "My name is Meredith," he said. "Mr. Harkless was an old and—and—" he paused for a moment. The Plattville men nodded solemnly. "An old and dear friend of mine," he went on, with some difficulty; and Warren Smith took him silently by the hand.

"You can come in and see this man, the Teller, with us, if you like, Mr. Meredith," said the Superintendent. "Your friend made it mighty hot for him before the two of 'em got away with him. He's so shot and hacked up his mother wouldn't know him if she wanted to; at least that's what they say out here. We haven't seen him. He's called Jerry the Teller, and one of my sergeants found him in the freight-yard. Knew it was the Teller, because he was stowed away in one of the empty cars that came from Plattville last night; and Slattery—that's his running mate, the one we caught with the coat and hat—owned up that they beat their way on that freight. Looks like Slattery—let the Teller do all the fighting. *He* ain't scratched. We've been at Slattery pretty hard, but he won't open his head, and we hope to get something out of this one. He's delirious, but they say he'll come to before he dies. Do you want to go in with us?"

"Yes," said Meredith simply, and a young surgeon presently appeared, and led them down a wide corridor and up a narrow hall, and they entered a small, quiet ward.

There was a pungent smell of chemicals in the room. The light was low, and the dimness was imbued with a thick, confused murmur, incoherent whisperings that came from a cot in the corner. It was the only cot in use in the ward, and Meredith was conscious of a terror that made him dread to look at it, to go near it. Beside it a nurse sat silent, and upon it feebly tossed the racked body of him whom Barrett had called Jerry the Teller.

The head was a shapeless bundle, so swathed it was with bandages and cloths, and what part of the face was visible was discolored and pigmented with drugs. Stretched under the white sheet the man looked immensely tall—as Horner saw with vague misgiving—and he lay in an odd, inhuman fashion, as though he had been all broken to pieces. His attempts to move were constantly soothed by the nurse, and he as constantly continued such attempts; and one hand, though torn and bandaged, was not to be restrained from

a wandering, restless movement that Meredith felt to be pathetic. He had entered the room with a flare of hate for the thug whom he had come to see die, and who had struck down the old friend whose nearness he had never known until it was too late. But at first sight of the broken figure he felt all animosity fall away from him; only awe remained, and a growing traitorous pity as he watched the long, white fingers of the Teller pick at the coverlet. The man was muttering rapid fragments of words and syllables.

"Somehow I feel a sense of wrong, Gay," Meredith whispered to the surgeon, whom he knew. "I feel as if I had done the fellow to death myself, as if it were all out of gear. I know now how Henry felt over the great Guisard. How tall he looks! That doesn't seem to me like a thug's hand."

The surgeon nodded. "Of course if there's a mistake to be made, you can count on Barrett and his sergeants to make it. I doubt if this is their man. When they found him, what clothes he wore were torn and stained; but they had been good once, especially the linen."

Barrett bent over the recumbent figure. "See here, Jerry," he said, "I want to talk to you a little. Rouse up, will you? I want to talk to you as a friend."

The incoherent muttering continued.

"See here, Jerry!" repeated Barrett, more sharply. "Jerry! Rouse up, will you? We don't want any fooling, understand that, Jerry!" He dropped his hand on the man's shoulder, and shook him slightly.

The Teller uttered a short, gasping cry.

"Let me," said Gay, and swiftly interposed. Bending over the cot, he said in a pleasant, soft voice: "It's all right, old man; it's all right. Slattery wants to know what you did with that man down at Plattville, when you got through with him. He can't remember, and he thinks there was money left on him. Slattery's head was hurt—he can't remember. He'll go shares with you, when he gets it. Slattery's going to stand by you if he can get the money."

The Teller only tried to move his free hand to the shoulder Barrett had shaken.

"Slattery wants to know," repeated the young surgeon, gently moving the hand back upon the sheet. "He'll divvy up, when he gets it. He'll stand by you, old man."

"Would you please not mind," whispered the Teller faintly—"would you please not mind if you took care not to brush against my shoulder again?"

The surgeon drew back with an exclamation; but the Teller's whisper gathered strength, and they heard him murmuring oddly to himself. Meredith moved forward with a startled gesture. "What's that?" he said.

"Seems to be trying to sing, or something," said Barrett, bending over to listen.

The Teller swung his arm heavily over the side of the cot, the fingers never ceasing their painful twitching. The surgeon leaned down, and gently moved the cloths so that the white, scarred lips were free. They moved steadily. They seemed to be framing the semblance of an old ballad that Meredith knew. The whisper grew more distinct; it became a rich, but broken voice, and they heard it singing, like the sound of some far, halting minstrelsy:

"Wave willows—murmur waters—golden sunbeams smile,
Earthly music—cannot waken—lovely—Annie Lisle."

Meredith gave an exclamation.

The bandaged hand waved jauntily over the Teller's head. "Ah, men," he said, almost clearly, and tried to lift himself on his arm, "I tell you it's a grand eleven we have this year! There will be little left of anything that stands against them—it's our championship. *Did* you see Jim Romley ride over his man this afternoon?"

As the voice grew clearer the sheriff stepped forward; but Tom Meredith, with a loud cry of grief, threw himself on his knees beside the cot, and seized the wandering fingers in his own. "John!" he cried. "John! Is it *you?*"

The voice went on rapidly, not heeding him. "Ah, you needn't howl! Well, laugh away, you Indians! If it hadn't been for this ankle—but it seems to be my chest that's hurt—and side—not that it matters, you know. The sophomore's just as good, or better. It's only my egotism. Yes, it must be the side—and chest—and head—all over, I believe. I'll try again next year—next year I'll make it a daily. Helen said, not that I should call you Helen—I mean Miss—Miss—Fisbee—no, Sherwood—but I've always thought Helen was the prettiest name in the world—you'll forgive me?—and please tell Parker there's no more copy, and won't be—I wouldn't grind out another stick to save his immortal—she said—ah, I never made a good trade—no—unless—they can't come seven miles—but I'll finish *you*, Skillett, first; I know *you!* I know nearly all of you. Now let's sing 'Annie Lisle'—"

He lifted his hand as if to beat the time for a chorus.

"Oh, John, John!" cried Tom Meredith, and sobbed outright. "My boy—my boy—old friend!" The cry of the classmate was like that of a mother, for it was his old idol and hero who lay helpless and broken before him.

Two pairs of carriage lamps sparkled in front of the hospital in the earliest of the small hours—these subjoined to two deep-hooded phaëtons, from each of which quickly descended a gentleman with a beard, an air of eminence, and a small, ominous black box; and the air of eminence was justified by the haste with which Meredith had sent for them and by their wide repute. They arrived almost simultaneously, and hastily shook hands as they made their way to the ward down the long hall and up the narrow corridor. They had a short conversation with the surgeon and a word with the nurse, then turned the others out of the room by a practiced innuendo of manner. They stayed a long time in the room without opening the door.

Meredith went out on the steps, and breathed the cool night air. A slender taint of drugs hung everywhere about the building, and the almost imperceptible permeation sickened him. It was deadly, he thought. To him it was imbued with a hideous portent of suffering. The lights in the little ward were turned up, and they seemed to shine from a chamber of horrors, while he waited as a brother might have waited outside the Inquisition; if, indeed, a brother would have been allowed to wait outside the Inquisition.

Alas, he had found John Harkless. He had lost track of him as men sometimes do lose track of their best beloved; but it had always been a comfort to know that Harkless *was* somewhere—a comfort without which he could hardly have got along. Like others, he had been waiting for John to turn up—on top, of course, he had such ability, ability for anything, and people would always care for him and believe in him so, that he would be shoved ahead no matter how much he hung back himself—but Meredith had not expected him to turn up in Indiana.

He rememembered now hearing a man who had spent a day in Plattville on business speak of him: "They've got a young fellow down there who'll be governor in a few years. He's a sort of dictator; runs the party all over that part of the State to suit his own sweet will, just by sheer personality. And there isn't a man in that district who wouldn't cheerfully lie down in the mud to let him pass over dry. It's that young Harkless, you know; owns the 'Herald,' the paper that downed McCune and smashed those imitation 'White Caps' in Carlow County." He had been struck by the coinçidence of the name, but he had not dreamed that the Carlow Harkless was his friend until Helen's telegram had reached him that evening.

He shivered; his name was spoken from within, and Horner came out on the steps with the two eminent surgeons, and the latter favored him with a few words which he did not understand. He did understand, however, what Horner told him. Somehow the look of the sheriff's Sunday coat, wrinkling forlornly from his broad, bent shoulders, was both touching and solemn. He said simply: "He's conscious and not out of his head. They're gone in to git his ante-mortem statement;" and they reëntered the ward.

Harkless's eyes were bandaged. The lawyer was speaking to him, and as Horner went awkwardly toward the cot, Warren said something indicative of the sheriff's presence, and the hand on the sheet made a formless motion which Horner understood, and he took the pale fingers in his own, very gently, and then set them back. Smith turned toward Meredith, but the latter made a gesture which forbade the attorney to speak of him, and went to a corner, and sat down with his head in his hands.

A sleepy young man had been brought in, and he opened a note-book, and shook a stylographic pen so that the ink might flow freely. The lawyer, briefly and with unlegal agitation, administered an oath, to which Harkless responded feebly, and then there was silence.

"Now, Mr. Harkless, if you please," said Barrett insinuatingly; "if you feel like telling us as much as you can about it."

He answered in a low, rather indistinct voice, very deliberately, pausing before almost every word. It was easy work for the sleepy stenographer.

"I understand. I don't want to go off my head again before I finish. If it were only for myself, I should tell you nothing, because, if I am to leave, I should like it better if no one were punished. But that's a bad community over there; they are everlastingly worrying our people; they've always been a bother to us, and it's time it was stopped for good. I don't believe very much in punishment, but you can't do a great deal of reforming with the Cross-Roaders unless

you catch them young, before they're weaned. They wean them on whisky, you know. I realize you needn't have sworn me for me to tell you this."

Horner and Smith had started at the mention of the Cross-Roads, but they subdued their ejaculations, while Mr. Barrett looked as if he had known it, of course. The room was still, save for the dim voice and the soft transcribings of the stylographic pen.

"I left Judge Briscoe's, and went west on the pike, to a big tree. It rained, and I stepped under the tree for shelter. There was a man on the other side of the fence—Bob Skillett. He was carrying his gown and hood—I suppose it was that—on his arm. Then I saw two others, a little further east, in the middle of the road. I think they had followed me from the Briscoes', or near there. They had their foolish regalia on—as all the others had. There was plenty of lightning to see. The two in the road were simply standing there in the rain, looking at me through the eye-holes in their masks. I knew there were others—plenty—but I thought they were coming from behind me—the west.

"I wanted to get home—the court-house yard was good enough for me—so I started east, toward town. I passed the two gentlemen, and one fell down as I went by him, but the other fired a shot as a signal, and I got his hood off his face for it. I stopped long enough—and it was Force Johnson. I know him well. Then I ran, and they followed. A little ahead of me I saw six or eight of them spread across the road. I knew I'd have a time getting through, so I jumped the fence, to cut across the fields. I lit in a swarm of them—it had rained them just where I jumped. I set my back to the fence, but one of the fellows in the road leaned over and smashed my head in, rather—with the butt of a gun, I believe. I came out from the fence, and they made a little circle around me. No one said anything. I saw they had ropes and saplings, and I didn't want that exactly, so I went in to them. I got a good many masks off before it was over, and I can swear to quite a number besides those I told you."

He named the men slowly and carefully. Then he went on: "I think they gave up the notion of whipping. We all got into a bunch, and they couldn't get clear to shoot without hitting some of their own; and there was a lot of gouging and kicking. One fellow nearly got my left eye, and I tried to tear him apart, and he screamed a good deal. Once or twice I thought I might get away, but somebody hammered me over the head and face again, and I got dizzy, and then they all jumped away from me suddenly, and Bob Skillett stepped up—and—and shot me. He waited for a flurry of lightning, and I was slow tumbling down. Some one else fired a shot-gun, I think—I can't be sure—about the same time, from the side. I tried to get up, but I couldn't, and then they got together for a consultation. The man I had hurt—I didn't recognize him—came and looked at me. He was nursing himself all over, and groaned; and I laughed, I think—at any rate my arm was lying stretched out on the grass, and he stamped his heel into my hand, and after a little of that I quit feeling.

"I'm not quite clear about what happened afterward. They went away—not far, I think. There's an old shed, a cattle-shelter, near there, and I think the storm drove them under it, to wait for a slack. It seemed a long time. Sometimes I was conscious, sometimes I wasn't. I thought I might be drowned, but I suppose the rain was good for me. Then I remember being in motion, being dragged and carried a long way. They carried me up a steep, short slope, and set me down near the top. I knew that was the railroad embankment, and I thought they meant to lay me across the track; but it didn't occur to them—they are not familiar with melodrama—and a long time after that I felt and heard a great banging and rattling under me and all about me, and it came to me that they had disposed of me by hoisting me into an empty freight car. The odd part of it was that the car wasn't empty, for there were two men already in it, and I knew them by what they said to me.

"They were the two shell-men that cheated Hartley Bowlder, and they weren't vindictive; they even seemed to be trying to help me a little, though perhaps they were only stealing my clothes, and maybe they thought for them to do anything unpleasant would be superfluous. I could see that they thought I was done for, and that they had been hiding in the car when I was put there. I asked them to try to call the trainmen for me, but they wouldn't listen, or else I couldn't make myself understood. That's all. The rest is a blur. I haven't known anything more until those surgeons were here. Please tell me how long ago it happened. I shall not die, I think. There are a good many things I want to know about." He moved restlessly, and the nurse soothed him.

Meredith rose and left the room with a noiseless step. He went out to the stars again, and looked to them to check the storm of rage and sorrow that buffeted his bosom. He understood lynching, now the thing was home to him, and his feeling was no inspiration of a fear lest the law miscarry; it was the itch to get his own hand on the rope. Horner came out presently, and whispered a long, broad, profound curse upon the men of the Cross-Roads, and Meredith's gratitude to him was keen. Barrett went away soon after, and Meredith had a strange, unreasonable desire to kick Barrett, possibly for his sergeant's sake. Warren Smith sat in the ward with the nurse and Gay, and the room was very quiet. It was a long vigil. They were only waiting.

At five o'clock he was still alive—just that, Smith came out to say. Meredith sent a telegram to Helen which would give Plattville the news that Harkless was found and was not yet gone from them. Horner left for the station, to catch a train; there were things for him to do in Carlow. At noon Meredith sent a second telegram to Helen, as barren of detail as the first; he was alive, was a little improved. But this telegram did not reach her, for she was on the way to Rouen, and half of the population of Carlow —at least, so it seemed to the unhappy conductor of the Accommodation—was with her.

They seemed to feel that they could camp in the hospital halls and corridors, and they were an incalculable worry to the authorities. More came on every train, and nearly all brought flowers, and jelly, and chickens for preparing broth, and they insisted that the two latter delicacies be fed to the patient at once. They were still in ignorance of the truth about the Cross-Roads, and spent the day (it was Sunday) partly in getting in the way of the attendants and partly in planning an assault upon the Rouen jail for the purpose of lynching Slattery, in case Harkless's condition did not improve at once. Those who had heard his statement kept close mouths until the story appeared in full in the Rouen papers on Monday morning; but by that time every member of the Cross-Roads White Caps was lodged in the Rouen jail with Slattery. Horner and a heavily armed posse rode over to the muddy corners on Sunday night, and the sheriff discovered that he might have taken the Skilletts and Johnsons single-handed and unarmed. Their nerve was gone; they were shaken and afraid; and, to employ a figure somewhat inappropriate to their sullen, glad surrender, they fell upon his neck in their relief at finding the law touching them. They had no wish to hear "John Brown's Body" again. They wanted to get inside of a strong jail, and to throw themselves on the mercy of the court as soon as possible. And those whom Harkless had not recognized made no delay in giving themselves up; they did not wish to remain in Six-Cross-Roads. Bob Skillett, Force Johnson, and one or two others needed the care of a physician badly, and one man was suffering from a severely wrenched back. Horner had a train stopped at a crossing, so that his prisoners need not be taken through Plattville, and he brought them all safely to Rouen.

It took nearly a week to persuade the people from Plattville that it was better for them to go home, and it was only the confidence inspired by the manner of the two eminent surgeons (they lay in wait, at all hours, to interview these gentlemen) that did persuade them to return—this and the promise of two daily bulletins.

As many of them said on their return, Plattville didn't "feel like the same place," and a strange thing had happened: for the first time in five years, the "Carlow County Herald" missed fire altogether. Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday passed. Mr. Fisbee only sat staring out of the dingy office windows with Parker, in a demented silence. There was no "Herald"; there was no one to get it out.

In the Rouen hospital John Harkless feebly moved on his bed of pain. His constant delusion was that the universe was a vast, white-heated brass bell, and he a point at the center of it, listening, listening for years, to the brazen hum it gave off, and burning in hot waves of sound.

Finally he came to what he would have considered a lucid interval, had it not appeared that Helen Sherwood was whispering to Tom Meredith at the foot of his bed. This he knew to be a fictitious presentation of his fever, for was she not by this time away and away for foreign lands? And, also, Tom Meredith was a slim young thing, and not a middle-aged youth with an undeniable stomach and a baldish head, who, by the preposterous necromancy of fever, assumed a grotesque likeness of his old friend. He waved his hand to the figures, and they vanished like figments of a dream; but, all the same, the vision had been realistic enough for the lady to look exquisitely pretty. No one could help wishing to stay in a world

which contained as charming a picture as that.

But the next night Meredith waited near his bedside, haggard and disheveled. Harkless had been lying in a long stupor; suddenly he spoke, quite loudly, and the young surgeon, Gay, who leaned over him, remembered the words and the tone all his life.

"Away—and away—across the waters," said John Harkless. "She was here—once—in June."

"What is it, John?" whispered Meredith huskily. "You're feeling easier, aren't you?"

And John smiled a little, as if, for the moment, he saw and knew his old friend again.

That same night a friend of Rodney McCune's sent a telegram from Rouen: "He is dying. His paper is dead. Your name goes before convention in September."

CHAPTER XI.

A RESCUE.

MR. ROSS SCHOFIELD was engaged in decorating the battered chairs in the "Herald" editorial room with blue satin ribbon, the purchase of which at the Dry Goods Emporium had been directed by a sudden inspiration of his superior, Mr. Parker, of the composing force. It was Ross's intention to garnish each chair with an elaborately tied bow; but as he was no sailor and understood only the intricacies of a hard knot, he confined himself to that species of ornamentation, leaving, however, very long ends of ribbon hanging down after the manner of the pendants of rosettes. Mr. Schofield was alone at his labor, his two *confrères* having betaken themselves to the station to meet the train from Rouen.

It was a wet, gray day: the wide country lay dripping under formless wraps of thin mist, and the warm, drizzling rain blackened the weather-beaten shingles of the station, made clear-reflecting puddles on the unevenly worn planks of the platform, and dampened the packing-cases too thoroughly for occupation by the station lounger. The 'bus-driver, Mr. Bennett, and the proprietors of two attendant "cut-unders," and three or four other worthies whom business, or the lack of it, called to that locality, availed themselves of the shelter of the waiting-room; but the gentlemen of the "Herald" were too agitated to be confined save by the limits of the horizon.

They had reached the station half an hour before train time, and consumed the interval in pacing the platform under a big cotton umbrella, addressing each other only in monosyllables. Those in the waiting-room gossiped eagerly, and for the thousandth time, about the late events, and particularly about the tremendous news of Fisbee. Judd Bennett looked out through the rainy doorway at the latter with reverence and a fine pride of townsmanship: he declared it to be his belief that Fisbee and Parker were waiting for her now.

For all Carlow knew why Fisbee had gone to meet the strange lady at the station when she had come to visit the Briscoes, why he had come with her to the lecture, why he had taken supper at the Briscoes' three times and dinner twice when she was there. Fisbee had told the story to Parker, on a melancholy afternoon, as they sat together in the "Herald" office, and Parker had told the town. It was simple enough indeed, and Fisbee's past was a mystery no longer. It might have been revealed years before had there been anything in particular to reveal, and if it had ever occurred to Fisbee to talk of himself and his affairs. Things had a habit of not occurring to Fisbee.

Mr. Parker, very nervous himself, felt his companion's elbow trembling against his own as the great engine, reeking in the mist, and sending great clouds of white vapor up to the sky, swooped down the track, rushed by them, and came to a standstill beyond the platform. Fisbee and the foreman made haste to the nearest vestibule, and were gazing blankly at its barred approaches, when they heard a silvery laugh behind them and an exclamation.

"Upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber! Just behind you, dear."

Turning quickly, the foreman beheld a blushing and smiling little vision, a vision with light-brown hair, a vision enveloped in a light-brown rain-cloak and with brown gloves from which the handles of a big brown traveling-bag were let fall as the vision disappeared under the cotton umbrella, while the smitten Judd Bennett reeled gasping against the station.

"Dearest," the girl cried to the old man, "you should have been looking for me between the devil and the deep sea, the parlor-car and the smoker! I've given up cigars, and I've begun to study economy, so I didn't come on either."

The drizzle and mist blew in under the top of the "cut-under," as they drove rapidly into town, and bright little drops sparkled on the fair hair above the new editor's forehead and on the long lashes above the new editor's cheeks. She shook these transient gems off lightly as she paused in the doorway of the office, at the top of the rickety stairway.

Mr. Schofield had just added the last touch to his decorations and managed to slide into his coat as the party came up the stairs; and now, perspiring, proud, embarrassed, he assumed an attitude at once deprecatory of his endeavors and pointedly expectant of commendations for the results. (He was a modest youth and a conscious: after his first sight of her, as she stood in the doorway, it was several days before he could lift his distressed eyes under the new editor's glance, or, indeed, dare to avail himself of more than a hasty and fluttering stare at her when her back was turned.) As she entered the room, he sidled along the wall and laughed sheepishly at nothing.

Every chair in the room was ornamented with one of his blue rosettes, tied carefully (and firmly) to the middle slat of each chair-back. There had been several yards of ribbon left over, and there was a hard knot of glossy satin on each of the ink-stands and on the door-knobs; a blue band passing around the stove-pipe lent it an antique rakishness suggestive of the charioteer; and a number of streamers suspended from a hook in the ceiling encouraged a supposition that the employés of the "Herald" were contemplating the intricate festivities of May Day. It needed no ghost to infer that these garnitures had not embellished the editorial chamber during Mr. Harkless's activity, but, on the contrary, had been put in place that very morning. Mr. Fisbee had not known of the decorations, and as his eye fell upon them a faint look of pain passed over his brow; but the girl examined the room with a dancing eye, and there were both tears and laughter in her heart.

"How beautiful!" she cried. "How beautiful!" She crossed the room and gave her hand to Ross. "It is Mr. Schofield, isn't it? The ribbons are delightful. I didn't know Mr. Harkless's room was so pretty."

Ross looked out of the window and laughed as he took her hand (which he shook with a long up and down motion), but he was set at better ease by her apparent unconsciousness of the fact that the decorations were for her. "Oh, it ain't much, I reckon," he replied, and continued to look out of the window and laugh.

She went to the desk and removed her gloves, and laid her rain-cloak over a chair near by. "Is this Mr. Harkless's chair?" she asked, and Fisbee answering that it was, she looked gravely at it for a moment, passed her hand gently over the back of it, and then, throwing the rain-cloak over another chair, said cheerily:

"Do you know, I think the first thing for us to do will be to dust everything very carefully?"

"You remember, I was confident she would know precisely where to begin," was Fisbee's earnest whisper in the willing ear of the long foreman. "Not an instant's indecision, was there?"

"No, siree," replied the other, and as he went down to the press-room to hunt for a feather-duster which he thought might be found there, he collared Bud Tipworthy, the devil, who, not admitted to the conclave of his superiors, was whistling on the rainy stairway.

"You hustle and find that dustbrush we used to have, Bud," said Parker. And presently, as they rummaged in the nooks and crannies about the machinery, he melted to his small assistant. "The paper is saved, Buddie—saved by an angel in light brown. You can tell it by the look of her."

"Gee!" said Bud.

Mr. Schofield had come, blushing, to join them. "Say, Cale, did you notice the color of her eyes?"

"Yes; they're gray."

"I thought so, too, show-day, and at Kedge Halloway's lecture; but say, Cale, they're kind of changeable. When she come in upstairs with you and Fisbee, they were jest as blue!—near matched the color of our ribbons."

"Gee!" repeated Mr. Tipworthy.

When the editorial chamber had been made so neat that it almost glowed—though it could never be expected to shine as did Fisbee and Caleb Parker and Ross Schofield that morning—the lady took her seat at the desk and looked over the few items the gentlemen had already compiled for her perusal. Mr. Parker explained many technicalities peculiar to the "Carlow Herald," translated some phrases of the printing-room, and enabled her to grasp the amount of matter needed to fill an issue.

When Parker finished, the three incompe-

tents sat watching the little figure with the expression of hopeful and trusting terriers. She knit her brow for a second, but she did not betray an instant's indecision.

"I think we should have regular market reports," she announced earnestly. "I am sure Mr. Harkless would approve. Don't you think he would?" She turned to Parker.

"Market reports!" Mr. Fisbee exclaimed. "I should never have thought of market reports, nor do I imagine would either of my —my associates. A woman to conceive the idea of market reports!"

The editor blushed. "Why, who would, dear, if not a woman, or a speculator, and I'm not a speculator; and neither are you, and that's the reason you didn't think of them. So, Mr. Parker, as there is so much pressure, and if you don't mind continuing to act as reporter as well as compositor until after to-morrow, and if it isn't too wet—you must have an umbrella—would it be too much bother if you went around to all the shops—*stores*, I mean—to all the grocers, and the butchers, and the leather place we passed, the tannery, and if there's one of those places where they bring cattle, would it be too much to ask you to stop there—and at the flour-mill, if it isn't too far, and at the dry-goods store—and you must take a blank-book and a sharpened pencil; and will you price everything, please, and jot down how much things are?"

Orders received, the impetuous Parker was departing on the instant, when she stopped him with a little cry, "But you haven't any umbrella!" And she forced her own, a slender wand, upon him; it bore a cunningly wrought handle, and its fabric was of glistening silk. The foreman, unable to decline it, thanked her awkwardly, and, as she turned to speak to Fisbee, he bolted out of the door and ran down the steps without unfolding the umbrella, and then as he made for Mr. Martin's Emporium he buttoned it securely under his long Prince Albert, determined that not a drop of water should touch and ruin so delicate a thing. Thus he carried it, triumphantly dry, through the course of his reportings of that day.

When he had gone, the editor laid her hand on Fisbee's arm. "Dear," she said, "do you think you'd take cold if you went over to the hotel and made a note of all the arrivals for the last week and the departures too? I noticed that Mr. Harkless always filled two or three—sticks, isn't it?—with them and things about them, and somehow it 'read' very nicely. You must ask the landlord all about them, and if there aren't any, we can take up the same amount of space lamenting the dull times, just as he used to. You see I've read the 'Herald' faithfully. Isn't it a good thing I always subscribed for it?" She patted Fisbee's cheek with her soft hand, and laughed gayly into his mild, vague old eyes. "It won't be this scramble to 'fill up' much longer; I have plans, gentlemen, and before long we will print News. I had a talk with the Associated Press people in Rouen, but that's for afterwhile. And I went to the hospital this morning, before I left. They wouldn't let me see him again, but they told me all about him, and he's better; and I got Tom to go to the jail, and he saw some of those beasts, and I can do a column of description, besides an editorial, about them; and I will be fierce enough to suit Carlow, you may believe that. And I've been talking to Senator Burns—that is, listening to Senator Burns, which is much stupider, and I think I can do an article on national politics. I'm not very well up on local issues yet, and I—" She broke off suddenly. "There, I think we can get out to-morrow's number without any trouble. By the time you get back from the hotel, father, I'll have half my—my stuff written—'written up,' I mean. Take your big umbrella and go, dear, and please ask at the express office if a type-writer has come for me?"

She laughed again with sheer delight, like a child, and ran to a corner and got the cotton umbrella and placed it in the old man's hand. As he reached the door, she called after him, "Wait!" and went to him and knelt before him, and, with the humblest, proudest grace in the world, turned up his trousers to keep them from the mud. Ross Schofield had never considered Mr. Fisbee a particularly sacred sort of person, but he did from that moment. The old man made some timid protest at the girl's action, but she answered: "The great ladies used to buckle the Chevalier Bayard's spurs for him, and you're a great deal nicer than the Chev—*You haven't any rubbers!* I don't believe *any* of you have any rubbers!" And not until both Fisbee and Mr. Schofield had promised to purchase overshoes at once and in the meantime not to step in any puddles would she let the former depart upon his errand. He crossed the Square with the strangest, jauntiest step ever seen in Plattville. Solomon Tibbs had a warm argument with Miss Selina as to his identity, Miss Selina maintaining that the figure under the big umbrella

—only the legs and coat-tails were visible to them—was that of a stranger, probably an Englishman.

In the "Herald" office the editor turned, smiling, to the paper's remaining vassal. "Mr. Schofield, I heard some talk in Rouen of an oil company that had been formed to prospect for kerosene in Carlow County. Do you know anything about it?"

Ross, surfeited with honor, terror, and possessed by a sweet distress at finding himself *tête-à-tête* with the lady, looked at the wall and replied: "Oh, it's that Eph Watts's foolishness."

"Do you know if they have begun to dig for it yet?"

"Ma'am?" said Ross.

"Have they begun the diggings yet?"

"No, ma'am, I think not. They've got a contrapshun fixed up about three mile south. I don't reckon they've begun yet, hardly; they're gittin' the machinery in place. I heard Eph say they'd begin to bore—*dig*, I mean, ma'am, I meant to say dig—" He stopped, utterly confused and unhappy, and she understood his manly purpose and knew him for a gentleman whom she liked.

"You mustn't be too much surprised," she said; "but in spite of my ignorance about such things, I mean to devote a good deal of space to the oil company; it may come to be of great importance to Carlow. We won't go into it in to-morrow's paper beyond an item or so, but do you think you could possibly find Mr. Watts, and ask him for some information as to their progress and if it would be too much trouble for him to call here to-morrow afternoon or the day after? I want him to give me an interview, if he will. Tell him, please, he will very greatly oblige us."

"Oh, he'll come all right," answered her companion quickly. "I'll take Tibbs's buggy, and go down there right off. Eph won't lose no time gittin' *here!*" And with this encouraging assurance he was flying forth when he, like the others, was detained by her solicitous care. She was a born mother. He protested that in the buggy he would be perfectly sheltered; besides, there wasn't another umbrella about the place; he *liked* to get wet, anyway; had always loved rain. The end of it was that he went away in a sort of tremor wearing her rain-cloak over his shoulders, which garment (as it covered its owner completely when she wore it) hung almost to his knees. He darted around a corner, and there, breathing deeply, tenderly removed it, then borrowing paper and cord at a neighboring store wrapped it neatly and stole back to the printing office, on the ground floor of the "Herald" building, and left the package in the hands of Bud Tipworthy, charging him to care for it as for his own life, and not to open it, but if the lady so much as set one foot out of doors before his return, to hand it to her with the message, "He borrowed another off J. Hankins."

Left alone, the lady went to the desk and stood for a time looking gravely at Harkless's chair. She touched it gently, as she had touched it once before that morning, and then she spoke to it as if he were sitting there, and as she would not have spoken had he been sitting there.

"You didn't want gratitude, did you?" she whispered with sad lips.

Soon she smiled at the blue ribbon, patted the chair gaily on the back, and, seizing upon pencil and pad, dashed into her work with rare energy. She bent low over the desk, her pencil moving rapidly; she seemed loath to pause for breath. She had covered many sheets when Fisbee returned, and as he came in softly, in order not to disturb her, she was so deeply engrossed that she did not hear him; nor did she look up when Parker entered, but pursued the formulation of her fast-flying ideas with the same single purpose and abandon; so the two men sat and waited while their chieftainess wrote absorbedly. At last she glanced up and made a little startled exclamation at seeing them there, and then gave them cheery greeting. Each placed several scribbled sheets before her, and she, having first assured herself that Fisbee had bought his overshoes, and having expressed a fear that Mr. Parker had found her umbrella too small, as he looked damp (and, indeed, he *was* damp), cried praises on their notes and offered the reporters great applause.

"It is all so splendid," she cried. "How could you do it so quickly? And in the rain, too! It is just what we need. I've done most of the things I mentioned, I think, and made a draft of some plans for hereafter. Doesn't it seem to you that it would be a good notion to have a woman's page—'For Feminine Readers' or 'Of Interest to Women'—once a week?"

"A woman's page!" exclaimed Fisbee. "I could never have thought of that—could you, Mr. Parker?"

Before that day was over system had been introduced, and the "Herald" was running on it, and all that warm rainy afternoon the editor and Fisbee worked in the editorial

rooms. Parker and Bud and Mr. Schofield (after his return with the items and a courteous message from Ephraim Watts) bent over the forms downstairs, and Uncle Xenophon was cleaning the store-room and scrubbing the floor. An extraordinary number of errands took the various members of the printing force up to see the editor-in-chief, literally to see the editor-in-chief. It was hard to believe that the presence had not flown, hard to keep believing, without the repeated testimony of sight, that the dingy room upstairs was actually the setting for their jewel; and a jewel they swore she was. The printers came down chuckling and gurgling after each interview; it was partly the thought that she belonged to the "Herald," *their* paper. Once Ross, chuckling, looked up and caught the foreman giggling to himself.

"What in the name of common sense you laughin' at, Cale?" he asked.

"What are *you* laughing at?" rejoined the other.

"I dunno!"

The day wore on, wet and dreary outside, but all within the "Herald's" bosom was snug and busy and murmurous with the healthy thrum of life and prosperity renewed. Toward six o'clock, system accomplished, the new guiding spirit was deliberating on a policy, as Harkless would conceive a policy were he there, when Minnie Briscoe ran joyously up the stairs, plunged into the room, waterproofed and radiant, and caught her friend in her eager arms, and put an end to policy for that day.

But policy and labor did not end at twilight every day. There were evenings, as in the time of Harkless, when lamps shone from the upper windows of the "Herald" building. For the little editor worked hard, and sometimes she worked late; she always worked early. She made some mistakes at first, and one or two blunders which she took much more seriously than any one else did. But she found a remedy for all such results of her inexperience; and she developed experience. She set at her task with the energy of her youthfulness and no limit to her ambition, and she felt that Harkless had prepared the way for a wide expansion of the paper's interests; wider than he knew. She brought a fresh point of view to operate in a situation where he had fallen, perhaps, too much in the rut, and she watched every chance with a keen eye, and looked ahead of her with clear foresight. What she waited and yearned for and dreaded was the time when a copy of the new "Herald" should be placed in the trembling hands of the man who lay in the Rouen hospital. Then, she felt, if he, unaware of her identity—as he was, and as he was to be kept—should place everything in her hands unreservedly, that would be a tribute to her work—and how hard she would labor to deserve it!

After a time she began to see that as his representative and editor of the "Herald" she had become a factor in district politics. It took her breath—but with a gasp of delight, for there was something she wanted to do.

Rodney McCune had lifted his head, and the friends of his stricken enemy felt that they and the cause that Harkless had labored for were lost without the leader. For the old ring that the "Herald" had beaten rallied around McCune; "the boys were in line again." Every one knew that Halloway, a dull but honest man, the most available material that Harkless had been able to find, was already beaten. If John Harkless had been "on the ground to work for him," it was said, Halloway could have received the nomination again; but as matters stood, he was beaten, and beaten badly, and Rodney McCune would sit in Congress, for nomination meant election.

But one afternoon the Harkless forces, demoralized, broken, hopeless, woke up to find that they had a leader. There was a political conference at Judge Briscoe's. The politicians descended sadly at the gate from the omnibus that had met the afternoon train: Boswell and Keating, two gentlemen of Amo, and Bence and Shannon, two others of Gaines County, to confer with Warren Smith, Tom Martin, Briscoe, and Harkless's representatives, Fisbee and the editor of the "Herald." They entered the house gloomily, and the conference began in dejected monosyllables. But presently Minnie Briscoe, sitting on the porch pretending to sew, heard Helen's voice, clear, soft, and trembling a little with excitement; she talked for only two or three minutes, but what she said seemed to stir up great commotion amongst the others. All the voices burst forth at once in exclamations—almost shouts. Then Minnie saw her father, seated near the window, rise and strike the table a great blow with his clenched fist. "*Will* I make the nominating speech?" he cried. "I'd walk from here to Rouen and back again to do it!"

"We'll swim out," exclaimed Mr. Keating of Amo. "The wonderful thing is that

nobody thought of this before. There are just two difficulties : Halloway and our man himself—he wouldn't let his name be used against Kedge. Therefore, we've got to work it quietly and keep it from him."

"It's not too difficult," said the speaker's colleague, Mr. Boswell. "All we've got to do is to spring it as a surprise on the convention ; some of the old crowd themselves will be swept along with us when we make our nomination—and you want to stuff your ears with cotton. You see, all we need to do is to pass the word quietly amongst the Halloway people and the shaky McCune people. Rod may get wind of it, but you can't fix men in this district against us when they know what we mean to do *now*. On the first ballot we'll give Halloway every vote he'd have got if he'd run against McCune alone; it will help him to understand how things were, afterward. On the second ballot—why, we nominate ! Of course, it can't be helped that Halloway has to be kept in the dark, too ; but he's got to be."

"There's one danger," said Warren Smith, "Kedge Halloway is honest, but I believe he's selfish enough to disturb his best friend's death-bed for his own ends. It's not unlikely that he will get nervous toward the last and be telegraphing Harkless to have himself carried on a cot to the convention to save him. That wouldn't do at all, of course ; and Miss Sherwood thinks maybe there'd be less danger if we set the convention a little ahead of the day appointed. It's dangerous, because it shortens our time ; but we can fix it for three days before the day we'd settled on, and that will bring it to September 7th."

"It's a great plan," said Mr. Bence, who was an oratorical gentleman. He thrust one hand in his breast, raised the other toward heaven, and continued, "For the name of Harkless shall——"

"Wait a minute," said Keating. "I'd like to hear from the 'Herald' about its policy, if Miss Sherwood will tell us."

"Yes, indeed," she answered. "It will be very simple. Don't you think there is only one course to pursue ? We will advocate no one very energetically, but we will print as much of the truth about Mr. McCune as we can, with delicacy and honor, in this case ; but as I understand it, the work is almost all to be done amongst the delegates. We shall not mention our plan at all, and we will contrive that Mr. Harkless shall not receive his copy of the paper containing the notice of the change of date, and I think the chance of his seeing it in any Rouen paper may be avoided. That is all, I think."

"Thank you," said Keating. "That is certainly the course to follow."

Every one nodded or acquiesced in words ; and Keating and Bence came over to Helen and engaged her in conversation. The others began to look about for their hats, vaguely preparing to leave.

"Wait a minute," said the Judge ; "there's no train due just now." And Minnie appeared in the doorway with a big pitcher of crab-apple cider, rich and amber-hued, sparkling, cold, and redolent of the sweet-smelling orchard where it was born. Behind Miss Briscoe came Mildy Upton with glasses and a fat, shaking, four-storied jelly-cake on a second tray. The Judge passed his cigars around, and the gentlemen took them blithely, then hestitatingly held them in their fingers and glanced at the ladies, uncertain of permission.

"Let me get you some matches," Helen said quickly, and found a box on the table and handed them to Keating. Every one sat beaming, and fragrant veils of smoke soon draped the room.

"Why do you call her 'Miss Sherwood' ?" Boswell whispered in Keating's ear.

"That's her name."

"Ain't she the daughter of that old fellow over there by the window ? Ain't her name Fisbee ?"

"No ; she's his daughter, but her legal name's Sherwood. She's an adop——"

"Great Scott ! I know all about that ; I'd like to know if there's a man, woman, or child in this part of the country that doesn't. I guess it won't be Fisbee, or Sherwood either, very long ; she can easy get a new name, *that* lady ! And if she took a fancy to Boswell, why, I'm a bach——"

"I expect she won't take a fancy to Boswell very early," said Keating.

"Go 'way," returned Mr. Boswell. "What do you want to say that for ? Can't you bear for anybody to be happy a minute or two now and then ?"

Warren Smith approached Helen, and inquired if it would be asking too much if they petitioned her for some music ; and she went to the piano and sang some darky songs for them, with a quaint suggestion of the dialect ; two or three old-fashioned negro melodies of Foster's, followed by some rollicking modern imitations, with the movement and spirit of a tin-shop falling down a flight of stairs. Her audience listened in delight from the first ; but the latter songs quite over-

came them with pleasure and admiration, and, before she finished, every head in the room was jogging from side to side and forward and back in time to the music, while every foot shuffled the measures on the carpet.

When the gentlemen from out of town discovered that it was time to leave if they meant to catch their train, Helen called to them to wait, and they gathered around her.

"Just one second," she said, and she poured all the glasses full to the brim; then, as she stood in the center of the circle they made around her, she said:

"Before you go, sha'n't we pledge each other to our success in this good home-grown Indiana cider that leaves our heads clear and our arms strong? If you will—then—" She began to blush furiously and her voice trembled, but she lifted the glass high over her head and cried, bravely: "Here's to Our Candidate!"

The big men, towering over her, threw back their heads and quaffed the gentle liquor to the last drop. Then they sent up the first shout of the campaign, and cheered till the rafters rang.

"My friends," said Mr. Keating, as he and Boswell and the men from Gaines drove away from the brick house, "my friends, here is where I begin the warmest hustling I ever did. Now, I guess we all think this is a great plan——"

"It is a glorious idea," said Mr. Bence. "The name of Harkless——"

Keating drowned the oratory: "But that isn't all. That little girl wants it to succeed, and that settles it. He goes."

That night Mr. Parker, at work in the printing office, perceived the figure of Mr. Tipworthy beckoning him mysteriously from the pavement.

"What's the matter, Buddie?"

"Listen. She's singin' over her work."

Parker stepped outside. On the pavement people had stopped to listen; they stood in the shadow, looking up with parted lips at the open, lighted windows whence came a clear, soft, reaching voice, lifted ineffably in song. Now it swelled louder, unconsciously; now its volume was more slender, and it melted liquidly into the night; again it trembled and rose and dwelt in the ear, strong and pure, and hearing it you sighed with unknown longings. It was the "Angels' Serenade."

Bud Tipworthy's sister, Cynthia, was with him, and Parker saw that she turned from the window and that she was crying, quietly. She put her hand on the boy's shoulder and patted it with a forlorn gesture which, to the foreman's eye, was as graceful as it was sad. He moved closer to Bud, and his big hand fell on Cynthia's brother's other shoulder as he realized that red hair could look pretty sometimes; and he wondered why the editor's singing made Cynthia cry; and at the same time he decided to be mighty good to Bud henceforth. The spell of night and song was on him; that, and something more: for it is a strange, inexplicable fact that the most practical chief ever known to the "Herald" had a singularly sentimental influence over her subordinates from the moment of her arrival. Under Harkless's domination there had been no more steadfast bachelors in Carlow than Ross Schofield and Caleb Parker; and, like timorous youths in a graveyard, daring and mocking the ghosts in order to assuage their own fears, they had so jibed and jeered at the married state that there was talk of urging the minister to preach at them; but now let it be recorded that at the moment Caleb laid his hand on Bud's other shoulder, his associate, Mr. Schofield, was enjoying a walk in the far end of town with a widow, and it is not to be doubted that Mr. Tipworthy's heart, also, was no longer in his possession; though, as it was after eight o'clock, the damsel of his desire had probably long since retired to her couch.

For a faint light on the cause of these spells we must turn to a comment made by the invaluable Mr. Martin, some time afterward. Referring to the lady to whose voice he was now listening in silence (which shows how great the enthralling of her voice was), he said: "When you saw her or heard her or managed to be around anywhere she was, why, if you couldn't git up no hope of marryin' *her*, you wanted to marry *somebody!*"

Mr. Lige Willetts, riding idly by, drew rein in front of the lighted windows, and listened with the others. Presently he leaned from his horse and whispered to a man near him, "I know that song."

"Do you?" whispered the other.

"Yes; he and I heard her sing it the night he was shot. We stood outside Briscoes' and listened."

"So!"

"'It's a seraphic song,' he said," continued Lige.

"No!" exclaimed his friend; then, shaking his head, he sighed: "Well, it's mighty sweet."

The song was suddenly woven into laughter in the unseen chamber; and the lights in the windows went out, and a small lady and a tall

lady and a thin old man, all three laughing and talking happily, came down and drove off in the Briscoe buckboard. William Todd took his courage between his teeth, and, the song ringing in his ears, made a desperate resolve to call upon Miss Bardlock that evening in spite of its being a week-day; and Caleb Parker gently and stammeringly asked Cynthia if she would wait till he shut up the shop and let him walk home with her and Bud.

Soon the Square was quiet as before, and there was naught but peace under the big stars of July.

That day the news had come that Harkless, after weeks of alternate improvement and relapse, hazardously lingering in the borderland of shadows, had passed the crucial point and was convalescent. His recovery was assured. But from their first word of him, from the message that he was found and was alive, none of the people of Carlow had really doubted. They are simple country people, and they know that God is good.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TREACHERY OF H. FISBEE.

AN Indiana town may lie asleep a long while, but it always wakes up *some* time; and Plattville woke up in August, when the "Herald" became a daily. It was then that history began to be made. The "Herald" printed News; it had made a connection with the Associated Press, and it was sold every morning at stands in every town in that section of the State. Its circulation tripled. Two new men were brought from Rouen for the editorial and reportorial staff, and Parker talked of new presses. During the first week of the daily venture, Eph Watts struck oil, and the "Herald" boomed the field. People swarmed into town; the hotel was crowded; strangers became no sensation whatever. A capitalist bought the whole north side of the Square to erect new stores, and the Carlow Bank began the construction of a new bank building of Bedford stone, on the corner opposite the "Herald." Then it was whispered, next affirmed, that Main Street was to be asphalted. That was the end of the "old days" of Plattville.

But the man who had laid the foundation upon which the new Plattville was to be built, he who through the quiet labor of years had stamped his spirit on the people, lay sick in his friend's house, and did not care.

Tom Meredith had taken him from the hospital to his own home on a quiet street in Rouen; and John was well enough of his hurts to be taken abroad, sometimes, in a victoria, where he reclined, gray and thin, seemingly no more than a long afternoon shadow. But for days he would lie in a lethargy that made Tom despair. The soul of the country editor was sick inside of him; he was weary and worn; and pain had left him dulled, except when he thought of returning to Plattville—then he felt physical horror. The place did not need him, nor he the place. Fisbee had found a young relative to run the "Herald," who signed his type-written business letters "H. Fisbee," in a strapping hand that suggested six feet of muscle spattering ink on its shirt-sleeves. John wondered idly where old Fisbee had raked up a relative, and he thought it probable that H. Fisbee was a Yankee cousin of the old man's; but he did not care much for that, or for anything, except to keep away from Carlow for the rest of his life—since he was to live. And there was no longer need to go there—he was glad to know that; H. Fisbee had written him before the oil bubbled in Eph's wells that to buy stock in Mr. Watts's company might be profitable, especially as the stock was then so low that it was almost imperceptible and Harkless had a little money he had saved. He let Meredith arrange it for him, and a few days later the stock leaped cloudward.

However, his modest riches interested him as little as did everything else; he left his bed less and less, took no more drives, and his lethargy deepened.

The only thing in which he showed interest was the Congressional campaign of the district. It was far advanced before the "Herald" spoke of it at all, and Harkless saw that McCune had lifted his head.

One day Tom came in and found him writing on a pad on his knee.

ROUEN, *September* 2, ——.

Dear Mr. Fisbee:—Yours of the 1st to hand. I entirely approve all arrangements you have made. I think you understand that I wish you to regard *everything* as in your own hands. You are the editor of the "Herald," and have the sole responsibility for everything, including policy, until, after proper warning, I relieve you in person, if that ever happens; but until that time, regard me as a mere spectator. I do not fear that you will make any mistakes; you have done very much better in all matters than I could have done myself. At present I have only one suggestion: I observe that your editorials concerning Halloway's renomination are something lukewarm. It is very important that he be renominated, not so much on account of assuring his return to Washington (for he is no Madison,

I fear), but the fellow McCune must be beaten, if we have to send him to the penitentiary on an old issue to do it. The man is corrupt to the bone; he has been bought and sold, and I am glad the proofs of it are in your hands, as you tell me you found them, as directed, in my desk. The papers you hold drove him out of politics once by the mere threat of publication; you should have printed them last week, as I suggested. Do so at once; the time is short. The "Herald" is a little paper (not so little nowadays, after all, thanks to you), but it is an honest one, and it isn't afraid of Rod McCune and his friends. Please let me see as hearty a word as you can say for Halloway also. You can write with ginger; please let us have some in this matter.

I am, very truly yours,

JOHN HARKLESS.

When the letter was concluded, he handed it to Meredith. "Please address that, put a 'special' on it, and send it, Tom. It should go at once, so as to reach him to-night."

"H. Fisbee?"

"Yes; H. Fisbee."

"I believe it does you good to write, boy," said the other as he bent over him. "You look more chirrupy than you have for several days."

"It's that beast McCune. This young Fisbee is rather queer about it. I felt stirred up as I went along." But even before the sentence was finished the favor of age and utter weariness returned, and the dark lids closed over his eyes. They opened again slowly, and he took the other's hand, and looked up at him mournfully; but, as it were, his soul shone forth in dumb and eloquent thanks.

"I—I'm giving you a jolly summer, Tom," he said, with a quivering effort to smile. "Don't you think I am? I don't—I don't know what I should have—done——"

"You old Indian!" said Meredith, tenderly.

Three days later Tom was rejoiced by symptoms of invigoration in his patient. A telegram came for Harkless, and Meredith, bringing it into the sick-room, was surprised to find the occupant sitting straight up on his couch without the prop of pillows. He was reading the day's copy of the "Herald," and his face was flushed and his brow stern.

"What's the matter, boy?"

"Mismanagement, I hope," said the other in a strong voice; "worse, perhaps. It's this young Fisbee; I can't think what's come over the fellow. I thought he was a treasure beyond dreams, and he's turning out bad. I'll swear it looks like they'd been—well, I won't say that yet. But he hasn't printed that McCune business I told you of, and he's had two days. There is less than a week before the convention, and—" He broke off, seeing the yellow envelope in Meredith's hand. "Is that a telegram for me?" His companion gave it to him. He tore it open, and read the contents. They were brief and unhappy.

Can't you do something? Can't you come down? It begins to look the other way. K. H.

"Tom, give me that pad and pencil," said the sick man. He rapidly dashed off a note to H. Fisbee.

September 5, ——.

H. FISBEE,

Editor "Carlow Herald."

Dear Sir:—You have not acknowledged my letter of the 2d September by a note (which should have reached me the following morning), or by the alteration in the tenor of my columns which I requested, or by the publication of the McCune papers which I directed. In this I hold you grossly at fault. If you have a conscientious reason for refusing to carry out my request, it should have been communicated to me at once, as should the fact—if such be the case—that you are a personal (or impersonal, if you like) friend of Mr. Rodney McCune's. Whatever the motive which prevents you from operating my paper as I direct, I should have been informed of it. This is a matter vital to the interests of our community, and you have hitherto shown yourself too alert in accepting my slightest suggestion for me to construe this failure as negligence.

You will receive this letter by seven this evening by special delivery. You will print the facts concerning McCune in to-morrow morning's paper.

I am well aware of the obligations under which your extreme efficiency and your thoughtfulness in many matters have placed me. It is to you I owe my unearned profits from the transaction in oil, and it is to you I owe the "Herald's" extraordinary present circulation, growth of power, and influence. That power is still under my direction, and is an added responsibility which shall not be misapplied.

Are you sorry for McCune? I warned him long ago that the papers you hold would be published if he ever tried to return to political life, and he is deliberately counting on my physical weakness and absence. Let him rely upon it; I am not so weak as he thinks. I am sorry for him from the bottom of my heart; but the "Herald" is *not*.

You need not reply by letter. To-morrow's issue answers for you. Until I have received a copy, I withhold my judgment.

JOHN HARKLESS.

The morrow's issue—that fateful print on which depended John Harkless's opinion of H. Fisbee's integrity—contained an editorial addressed to the delegates of the convention, warning them to act for the vital interest of the community, and declaring that the opportunity to be given them in the present convention was a rare one, a singular piece of good fortune, indeed; they were to have the chance to vote for a man who had won the love and respect of every person in the district—one who had suffered for his cham-

pionship of righteousness—one whom even his few political enemies confessed they held in personal affection and esteem—one who had been the inspiration of a new era—one whose life had been helpfulness, whose hand had reached out to every struggler and unfortunate—a man who had met and faced danger for the sake of others—one who lived under a threat for years, and who had been almost overborne in the fulfilment of that threat, but who would live to see the sun shine on his triumph, the tribute the convention would bring him as a gift from a community that loved him. His name needed not to be told; it was on every lip that morning and in every heart.

Tom was eagerly watching his companion as he read. Harkless fell back on the pillows with a drawn face, and for a moment he laid his thin hand over his eyes in a gesture of intense pain.

"What is it?" Meredith said quickly.

"Give me the pad, please."

"What is it, boy?"

The other's teeth snapped together.

"What is it?" he cried. "What is it? It's treachery, and the worst I ever knew. Not a word of the accusation I demanded—lying *praises* instead! Read that editorial—there, *there!*" He struck the page with the back of his hand, and threw the paper to Meredith. "Read that miserable lie. 'One who has won the love and respect of every person in the district!' 'One who has suffered for his championship of righteousness!' *Righteousness!* Save the mark!"

"What does it mean?"

"Mean! It means McCune, Rod McCune, 'who has lived under a threat for years'—*my* threat; I swore I would print him out of Indiana if he ever raised his head again, and he knew I could. 'Almost overborne in the fulfilment of that threat'—*almost!* It's a black scheme, and I see it now; this man came to Plattville and went on the 'Herald' for nothing in the world but this. It's McCune's hand all along. He daren't name him even now, the coward! The trick lies between McCune and young Fisbee—the old man is innocent. Give me the pad. Not *almost* overborne; there are three good days to work in—and if Rod McCune sees Congress it will be in his next incarnation!"

He rapidly scribbled a few lines on the pad, and threw the sheets to Meredith. "Get those telegrams to the Western Union office in a rush, please. Read them first."

With wide eyes Tom read them. One was to Warren Smith:

Take possession "Herald." This is your authority. Publish McCune papers, so labeled, which H. Fisbee will hand you. Beat McCune.

JOHN HARKLESS.

The second was addressed to H. Fisbee:

You are relieved from the cares of editorship. You will turn over the management of the "Herald" to Warren Smith. You will give him the McCune papers. If you do not, or if you destroy them, you cannot hide where I shall not find you.

JOHN HARKLESS.

(To be concluded next month.)

THE RECHRISTENING OF DIABLO.

BY W. A. FRASER,

Author of "The Ballygunge Cup," "The Luck of the Babe," and other stories.

THE Maharaja of Darwaza was tired of crocks. He said so himself, and when the Raja spoke it was law; also if any one contradicted him it was—the deuce. By "crocks" he didn't mean pickle-jars; he meant broken-down race-horses. He had been a fair mark for every racing officer in the land. When a high-priced nag threw a splint, split a hoof, or went wrong in his wind, he was sold to Darwaza as a special favor at a generous price. The result was that he had a rare collection of antiquities in horse-flesh. Yearly he gave a cup at the big meet in Calcutta, and yearly he failed to win any sort of a cup himself. He was a Maharaja with a string on. The British really ran his Raj through the resident Political Agent. So, relieved of most of the executive drudgery of a boss monarch, he had nothing to do but play at being king. "Racing is the sport of kings," so naturally the Raja played the game after an expensive

fashion. He had considerable fun at it; but, as I have said, had little loot, for he won nothing.

Of course he had a high-priced trainer—a man resembling a cocktail in his genealogical make-up. Irish, Scotch, and English had contributed their quota, and the result was Drake—"Dumpy" Drake, as he was called. The only distinctive national trait that had survived the evolution of Drake was an elliptical English form of speech. Each year, when the Maharaja said they must win the Cooch Behar Cup, or the Durbungha, the Ballygunge, or some other cup, Dumpy would look through the equine bric-à-brac, and report on the possibilities. Why the report should come as a surprise to the Raja was not understandable, for it was monotonous in its annual sameness. The Kicker couldn't be trained—his feet wouldn't stand it; Ring was only fit for the stud; Diablo's temper was worse than ever—the stable-boy had to feed him through a hole in the wall now; Silver King had liver; and so on through the whole list, running into the hundreds, there was a black mark against every name.

The Raja had been educated at Eton. He had also attained to various bits of learning in other quarters, so he could give expression to his astonishment and indignation in very aristocratic Hindoo-English. Dumpy, who was more or less of a linguist on occasion himself, used to retire from this annual cyclonic interview with a perilous regard for the higher forms of education.

That was pretty much the state of things the year Darwaza set his heart on winning the Pattialla Cup. Raja Pattialla, who had only been racing a short time, had won two of *his* cups; so why, in the name of all the Hindoo pantheon, should he not annex one of Pattialla's mugs to grace his Darwaza palace? He asked Dumpy about it. Drake ran his fingers meditatively through his hair, as he stood before the Raja cap in hand, as if he might, by some peculiar physical method, quicken the thought germ into life and bring forth a goodly idea. "It's no good buyin' a 'orse from hany the hofficers, Yer 'Ighness," he said.

"No," replied Darwaza, his impenetrable Indian face showing nothing of the strong things that were working in him over Dumpy's remark; "we must always buy horses from them, but not to win races, eh?"

Dumpy passed over this observation judiciously, for sometimes, when these same horses were sold, a commission dropped from the clouds, and was found on his dining-table in the shape of a big bag of rupees. "Yer 'Ighness might send to Haustralia for a cup 'orse."

"We tried that twice," answered the Raja. "One year the man we sent blew in the 'oof' on the Melbourne Cup, and we never saw man, horse, or money again. The other time, we got two horses, and between them they couldn't furnish four sound legs."

The Raja saw that Dumpy was thinking. This was usually a laborious operation, eating up much time; but Darwaza had the patience pertaining to the Orient, so he waited. At last spoke the trainer: "If Diablo would gallop, Yer 'Ighness, there's nothin' in the land would stand afore 'im."

"Which nag is that, Trainer? Can't remember to have seen him. Didn't know we had a fast horse in the stables."

"Don't think Yer 'Ighness never saw 'im. We bought 'im from Major Gooch. 'E's never run much."

"Well, I don't want to see him if he's like that. I hate the sight of the whole imperial lot. But can't you do anything with him?"

"No, Yer 'Ighness. There never was but one man could ride 'im—Captain Frank Johnson. He rode 'im for Major Gooch."

"Then he'll never gallop for me if he waits for Captain Frank," said the Raja, with fine English decisiveness.

Dumpy knew that; he knew that Johnson's caustic-tipped tongue had laid into Raja Darwaza at the Rawal Pindi durbar over some fancied racing grievance. "Diablo's turned reg'lar cannibal, too, Yer 'Ighness; 'e'd rather heat a man nor gallop hunder 'im."

"What has he been doing now, Trainer Drake?"

"Heaten the harm ov the ridin' boy, Yer 'Ighness. Pulled 'im hout o' the saddle this mornin', hand shook 'im like Nipper would a rat."

"That's bad," remarked the Raja. "I don't want the people eaten up by my horses. It's bad enough for them to get mauled when we're out after tiger."

"What'll I do with 'im, Yer 'Ighness?" asked Dumpy.

"What do we do with an elephant when he gets bad, Drake?"

"Tie 'im by the 'ind leg to a tree, Yer 'Ighness, hand leave 'im to think hit hover. But that won't do Diablo no good. We've tried starvin' 'im, an' heverythink else."

"What happens the *hathi* when he's *real* bad?"

"You shoot 'im, Yer 'Ighness."

"'IT'S NO GOOD BUYIN' A 'ORSE FROM HANY THE HOFFICERS, YER 'IGHNESS.'"

"Well, you now know what to do with this son of Lucifer; you can arrange the details."

When Dumpy left His Highness, he had every intention of carrying out the king's order about Diablo; but he got thinking about Captain Johnson, and the longer his mind plodded along on that road, the clearer he saw his way to doing a stroke of business. Also he would be a humanitarian. It would be a sin to shoot a fine, up-standing English horse, whose grandsire had won a Derby. Why not sell him to Captain Frank?—that was the goal his mind arrived at. It stood like a huge, whitewashed fence at the end of this lane of thought; he could see nothing else. There was no need of bothering the Raja any more about it.

Now Captain Frank was down at Lucknow, two hundred miles away; but that didn't matter—in fact, it was all the better; if he could make the sale, Diablo would be that much farther off. That night Drake took the train for Lucknow, to bury a cousin of his wife's. Dumpy had not had native servants for years without learning something of Eastern diplomacy.

Of course they made a deal. One doesn't want a fancy price for a horse that's got to be shot. And Captain Frank's mouth had long watered for Diablo, for he knew just how good a horse he was and could get that good out of him.

"I want you to change his name," the trainer said to Captain Frank.

"What for?" queried the Captain.

"Family reasons," answered Drake. "My grandmother hobjects to 'is name."

"Dumpy, you're fat, and your brain lies deep," remarked Johnson, pleasantly; "and to relieve the sensitiveness of your maternal ancestor, I'll call him 'The Dove.' Do you think that will please the old lady?"

"Hi'm sure she'll be satisfied," said the trainer, shoving Captain Frank's check in his pocket.

"I'll change it in the right way, though," continued the Captain. "It'll cost me twenty-five rupees to give the Calcutta stewards notice of the change. I'll have to run him at some small meeting as 'The Dove,' late 'Diablo,' and after that your ancestress will sleep easier."

Drake went back to Darwaza with a thousand rupees in his pocket, and the feeling that he had saved the life of a good horse—good as far as speed went, but very bad as regards temper. On his return he found the Raja bubbling over with a scheme to get a good horse. The plan was simple—simple for a king, who had the means to carry it out. He would give the Darwaza Ruby as a prize for a race to be run at the Calcutta meeting. The race would be a very swell affair, and also it would test the staying powers of the horses entered. A mile and three-quarters on the flat was the thing, the Raja declared; no sprint for him. There would be no entrance fees, absolutely nothing. The winner would take the ruby, worth at least 20,000 rupees; and all Darwaza claimed was the right to buy the first or any other horse in the race at an outside limit of 20,000.

"AND SO HE GALLOPED, . . . ALMOST BUCKING FRANK OUT OF THE SADDLE WITH HIS VICIOUS, SHORT, PONY-JUMPS."

"It will bring out a big field," he said to the trainer; "and the horses dicky on their pins will never stay the distance, for the ground will be as hard as a bone then. It'll be a straight-run race—they'll go for the ruby. And even if I think the best horse hasn't won, I can claim him, you see."

It was a unique way of getting a good horse; quite Napoleonic in its subtle strategy, and it looked all right. Certainly the horses in Darwaza's stable at that time had cost him the price of twenty rubies, and he hadn't a beast fit to start at a "sky meeting."

That was in October. The Raja would have his race, the Darwaza Ruby Trials, run at the Calcutta first meeting in December. All the good horses would be there, and the ruby would bring out a large field. The Pattialla Cup would be run for at the second Calcutta meeting, the 20th January; so if he got a good horse by means of this

plan, he could certainly win the coveted cup.

The Raja's secretary corresponded with the Calcutta stewards, and the announcement of the new race was published broadcast—on the notice boards, in "The Asian," the racing calendar—in fact, everywhere. It opened up a pleasing vista to the eyes of racing men on the *qui vive* for that charmingly illusive thing known as a "soft snap."

The scale of weight was very simple. A handicap would give a poor horse the same chance of winning as a good one; so Darwaza would none of that. "Catch weights over 8st. 7," was what he said, and let the best horse win.

When Captain Frank heard of it, he whistled softly to himself, and went and winked at Diablo. The horse laid his ears back on his neck, and put both hind feet through the side of his stall, in an ineffectual effort to brush the captain to one side. "You're feeling good enough to run a mile and three-quarters, my buck," said Johnson, looking admiringly at the great glossy quarters of the horse. Then he went in beside Diablo, and twisted his ear good and hard. "That's for kicking, my beauty," he said; "now behave."

The horse curled his lip, and turned his head away in disdain, but he didn't kick any more. That was why Frank could ride him. The horse knew Johnson wasn't afraid of him, and when a horse knows that, you can do anything with him.

Other owners went and looked at their horses, too, when they heard of Darwaza's good thing. They looked, and their souls watered in sweetened anticipation of the big ruby and the 20,000 that might be won in the matter of about three minutes, ten seconds of hard galloping. Darwaza was after a good horse, while the owners were after that ruby and purse.

Lord Dick really had a great chance. In his string was an English horse, Badger, strong of limb and good of wind. He would carry this tidy weight, 8st. 7, and gallop from start to finish of the mile and three-quarters. Lord Dick was a man to whom people told things, also people's trainers; so he knew about as well as the many owners themselves what they could turn out. In this he had a slight percentage the best of it. So he rounded up all the knowledge, and said to himself, "I'll *pakaroa* [catch] that ruby, and get 20,000 for Badger."

Captain Frank looked at Diablo meditatively. "I must hurry up and get your name changed, old man; not that it makes any *great* difference, for it's a free for all." So Diablo went through his little rechristening race, and henceforth was known as "The Dove."

From October to the 20th December were months of peace. Darwaza solicited aid from all the divinities, Christian and Hindoo, to enable him to do up Pattialla. Dumpy put on ten pounds of fat through the soul-cheering thought of the immediate prospect of getting the best horse in India in his hands. Captain Frank went the length of securing a passage home in a P. & O. sailing for England in January. "If I pull off that 40,000," he thought, "I'll go home and see what they're doing on the turf there." Lord Dick wrote to England arranging for a horse to replace Badger at £500. So, you see, everybody was going to do well out of the Darwaza Ruby. It was really a good thing.

One day Dumpy Drake's share of the peace carnival was destroyed; he lost seven pounds weight that day. It was Captain Frank's entrance of The Dove for the Darwaza Ruby that caused this disaster. "With Johnson hup 'e'll win, an' Hi shall be ruined," whispered Dumpy to himself. "'Is 'Ighness'll fire me sure." And indeed for days he was very unhappy. Then something came his way. By the purest fluke in the world, he learned that Captain Frank had backed a note for a friend. An avaricious Hindoo money-lender held the note, and Cashmere held the friend. He was there shooting. Dumpy was not exactly a quick thinker, but, as Johnson had remarked in banter, he was deep. So he went to the money-lender and toasted him on his tender side, his fear of losing the amount of the note for ever and ever.

"This sahib who's gone to Cashmere," said Dumpy, "'asn't a bloomin' rupee to 'is name. 'E howes a *lackh* of debt; besides 'e's in Cashmere, where the law can't touch 'im. Captain Johnson's in Calcutta, an' 'e's booked a passage for 'ome," and Drake showed the money-lender Johnson's name in the newspaper's list of engaged passages.

"*Huzoor*," cried the Hindoo, "these sahibs of evil descent, who scatter rupees as a *bheesti* throws water, will ruin me."

"Hof course they will," affirmed Dumpy.

"Tell me," begged the money-lender, "you who are my friend, tell me what I shall do."

"*Puckerow* Johnson sahib afore 'e gets hoff 'ome," said Drake, decisively; "an' keep 'im in jail till 'e pays hup. You can

do that heasy. Hall you've got to do is swear 'e's leavin' the country."

"That'll stop 'im," thought the trainer to himself, as he left the Hindoo. "If they coop Captain Frank hup, nobody else can ride The Dove. Hi 'ate to do it, for it's clear dirty, but Hi can't 'ave 'im ruinin' me. There's nobody down Calcutta way knows 'im well enough to pay 5,000 to keep 'im hout the *thanna*."

This was why Captain Frank got a pleasant surprise the day before the race for the Darwaza Ruby. He had been riding The Dove in all his work, and felt sure that the same gem was all but in his pocket. He was having his bath at his hotel when his bearer came and said, "Sahib wanting to see master."

"Give him my salaams and a drink," answered the Captain; "and tell him to sit down for a minute."

When Frank came back to his room, he was greeted by a gentleman who was most effusively polite. He was awfully sorry—painful duty, sir. No doubt the Captain would arrange it satisfactorily——

"What are you driving at?" asked Captain Frank blandly.

Well—well, the truth, the unpleasant truth, was that he had a warrant for the gallant Captain's arrest, on account of that note he had backed in Lucknow.

The Captain's argument was somewhat erratic. The Hindoo was a blood-sucking Jew. His friend was an officer and a gentleman, and would pay the note as soon as he returned from his hunting expedition in Cashmere. It was an outrage, and the Hindoo money-lender was the unregenerate offspring of low-caste animals.

The bailiff admitted that this was probably all quite true; in fact, speaking from his own varied experience, he was almost certain it was. But, at the same time, the little informality of his friend's not having paid the note before he left had placed Captain Frank in this awkward predicament. The law did not look much at the antecedents of the contracting parties in a case of this kind.

"Oh, bother the law!" said Captain Frank, irritably; "it's a blundering, bull-headed thing anyway."

"I quite agree with you," rejoined the patient, polite bailiff; "but you can arrange this matter easily by paying the amount, or depositing it; and when your friend comes back, you can settle the matter between you."

It was very simple, according to the bailiff; but to Frank it appeared to be no end of a mess. He'd have to pay the other man's bill or lose the Darwaza Ruby. The Calcutta law firm issuing the writ had attached a polite note asking the Captain to call at their office to arrange the matter—pay or deposit the amount.

Now Captain Johnson banked at Lucknow. This he explained to the bailiff.

"That's nothing," remarked the latter. "Come over to Bang and Cox's, and through them wire to your banker."

Everything was so simple—with the bailiff. Together they went to Bang and Cox's; in fact, from that moment forth, until the money-lender was paid off, Frank and the bailiff would be together, the latter explained politely.

Through the solicitors the arranged-for telegram was sent. But Dumpy's depth of wisdom had extended even to this eventuality; and because of divers reasons, for which he was responsible, the telegram brought forth nothing, not even a reply. While they were waiting for the answer, Frank entertained the bailiff. He was really a good fellow, and it wasn't his fault, but he stuck to his man as closely as Victor Hugo's policeman did to Jean Valjean. They drank together, and they smoked together. Captain Frank had visionary ideas of putting the bailiff under the table by generous hospitality, but he gave it up just in time to save himself utter annihilation. The bailiff was a strong-headed man.

Frank had to give The Dove a gallop that afternoon, as a final preparation for his struggle on the morrow. "Most certainly, it was quite in order," only the bailiff would accompany him, that was all. When they returned, no doubt the matter would have been all arranged.

Of course the bailiff couldn't stick close to Johnson when he got on The Dove's back. He was thinking over this point while Frank was preparing to mount. As soon as the captain was in the saddle, and The Dove commenced to pick holes in the atmosphere with his feet, it became a certainty with him.

"I'll take your word not to clear out," he said, and sat down where he wouldn't interfere with the horse.

When they got back to Bang and Cox's office, they found things just as they had left them. It was depressing, this ominous silence of the wires. "What if we don't hear from there at all?" asked Johnson, apprehensively.

"I'm afraid you'll have to accompany our

"SOMETHING DARK SWEPT BY HIM LIKE A CLOUD, ON THE OUTSIDE, AND WON."

friend here to the Queen's hotel [jail], Captain," answered Mr. Bang. "But why not get somebody to go security for the amount?" continued the lawyer, inquiringly. "That's simple."

"Yes, everything's infernally simple, according to you fellows," drawled Captain Frank; "but it seems to me I'm the only simple thing in it. You see," he continued, thoughtfully, "I hardly know a soul here that's good enough—unless it's Lord Dick."

"The very man!" ejaculated Bang, brightening up. "Just step over to Government House with your friend here, and get him to endorse your check for 5,000."

Now Lord Dick was one of the best little men ever put together—muscles, head, heart, and all; so as soon as Captain Frank told him his trouble, Lord Dick said blithely, "Cert, my boy! I'll soon straighten that out." And he did. "Barrackdale" written across the check settled the whole business.

Johnson didn't say anything about The Dove to Lord Dick, which was diplomatic. Neither did Lord Dick mention the horse, which was unfortunate—for him. But then The Dove had never shown any form Badger couldn't give pounds to.

Next day the Darwaza Ruby Trials was *the* event. There had been many entries for it, and quite a dozen starters went to the post. Lord Dick rode his own horse, Badger, and of course Captain Frank piloted the diabolical son of Lucifer. Frank knew that it wasn't a question of speed at all; it was only a matter of temper on the part of The Dove. If he ran kindly, there was nothing else in it; if the horse sulked, Johnson would have a good view of the race from the rear.

Darwaza was as much interested as any native prince ever becomes in anything. It's not consistent with the ancient traditions of their lineage to appear to care two straws what happens, so he sat in considerable state up in the grand stand, and watched the twelve more or less good horses cotillion up and down the course in front of the stand in the "preliminary canter." A dozen good racing men and true had assured him that Badger would win; so the slight interest he evinced was directed toward Lord Dick's handsome bay. Dumpy was watching, with a beating heart, Captain Frank on the Raja's cast-off. If he should win—it was too horrible to think of. He piously invoked heavenly help to avert that disaster.

They were soon away to a good start. Even when the shout went up, "They're off!" Darwaza paid little attention. It wasn't kingly to do so, you know. But, all the same, no movement of the many-colored silk jackets escaped his full, dark eyes—he saw it all.

The Dove had been shaking his head viciously from side to side at the start, throwing flecks of foam over his glossy dark skin and the black jacket of his rider. "Steady!" commanded Captain Frank, giving him a full pressure with his knees in the ribs, by way of authority. And so he galloped, stubbornly sticking his toes in the hard earth like a proper pig, and almost bucking Frank out of the saddle with his vicious, short pony-jumps. Johnson had all the qualifications of a good rider, of which common sense is the greatest; so he didn't bustle the horse, but let him think that he liked it, that it was just what he had expected of him. "He'll get lonesome," he muttered, "when the others begin to leave him." It was that way all round the back of the course.

Badger, moving like a beautiful piece of mechanism, was well up with the leaders, lying handy for a rush to the front when the proper time should come. The Dove was last; there could be no doubt about that, for a good three lengths of daylight shone between him and the nearest horse. Still Johnson made no effort. There was plenty of time yet, he knew, before they had covered the mile and three-quarters, so be it The Dove took it in his head to gallop. But it looked as though the horse meant to cut it for the whole length of the race. Half a mile from home he was still last, but his rider sat quiet, and nursed the iron mouth of the sulky brute with a gentle bit.

As they passed the old race stand, three furlongs from the finish, something happened. It occurred to The Dove that his master wanted him back there, and he set the bit hard against his bridle teeth, and, straightening his neck rigid as an iron bar, laid his ears back and galloped as though a thousand bees were bustling his hind quarters. Captain Frank braced his face to the cutting wind, and laid his body close down over the working withers of the mad animal. He carried the horse wide on the outside at the corner; it wouldn't do to get pocketed near the rail with a sour-tempered brute like The Dove; he would give up running, and take to savaging the others. He was going at a terrific pace. One by one they commenced to drop by him, as he tore around the turn and into the straight. Then three dropped back in a bunch, looking as though

"'YOU, JOHNSON! NIPPED ME ON THE POST! I WISH I HAD LET YOU GO TO JAIL.'"

they were standing still. Ahead of him still were Badger and two others. As Johnson overhauled them rapidly, a mighty shout went up from the stand. A babel of voices were shouting: "What's that dark horse coming?" "It's The Dove! He'll win in a walk! Look at him gallop!"

Frank was muttering to himself: "If he'll only stick it to the end." The Dove was thinking: "I'm running away. He wants to keep me back there with the others, but I'll show them. Bur-r-r!" That was the clamping of the bit against the hard white of his ivory teeth.

And he *did* show them. Never had such a gallop been seen on the Calcutta course. He won by a clear length from Badger. Lord Dick thought he had the race well in hand toward the finish, and was trying to remember just what they had said the ruby was worth, when the thunder of vicious pounding hoofs struck on his ear. Before he could pull Badger together for a supreme effort, something dark swept by him like a cloud, on the outside, and won. The horse ran a quarter of a mile before Frank could pull him up. When he rode back to the scales to weigh in, Lord Dick was there. He saw Johnson as he dismounted, and a look of blank, utter amazement came into his placid, blue eyes. "*You*, Johnson! Nipped me on the post! I wish I had let you go to jail, then I'd have got this infernal Darwaza Ruby."

It had taken a kingly effort on the part of Darwaza to keep from shouting when the gallant brown flashed past the judges' stand. Never had he seen such a horse in his life—never! "Secure him at once," he said to his secretary. And turning to the trainer, added: "Eh, Drake, we want that fellow in our stable."

Dumpy was paralyzed, he could say nothing. He kept feeling his neck to see if it were not already broken; they would hang him sure.

Now it had happened that the Raja had not recognized The Dove as Diablo, neither had he heard any man say that The Dove had ever been known as Diablo; so when the secretary came back and told him that Captain Johnson didn't want to sell the horse, as he thought he might not suit His Highness, Darwaza himself went down to see about it. He settled the matter in his own imperious way. "Examine that horse," he said to a veterinary surgeon.

When the latter reported the horse sound as a bell, he said: "That settles it; I claim him for 20,000 rupees."

Dumpy was quaking in his shoes. Then, when he saw that the Maharaja did not recognize the horse, hope rose in his breast, and it occurred to him that with Frank's help they might yet win that Pattialla Cup that Darwaza wanted so much. To the Maharaja he spoke thus: "Your 'Ighness, this 'orse we've got is halso ov an evil temper, but if Yer 'Ighness will consent to request Captain Johnson to ride 'im, yer sure ov the Pattialla Cup."

To be a good enemy to a man he didn't like was a pleasant thing with the Raja—a proper thing; but to win the Pattialla Cup was also a great thing—a greater; for there he played against a king, you see—Raja Pattialla. So it was all arranged that way. Captain Frank rode The Dove for Darwaza, and won the Pattialla Cup in grand style.

GUARDING THE HIGHWAYS OF THE SEA.

By Theodore Waters.

THE WORK, RECORDS, AND ROMANCES OF THE HYDROGRAPHIC OFFICE.

THE "trackless deep," as it was known to Magellan, Balboa, Da Gama, and other great navigators of the olden time, no longer exists. Instead, the ocean has become as minutely surveyed, and in its elements as closely tabulated, as the land. Constantly in its more traveled parts, and frequently in other parts, it is systematically observed and noted in all its winds, currents, temperatures, depths, and obstructions, transient or permanent; and from the records thus obtained the shipmaster is able to lay out his course with a knowledge and precision that could hardly be greater if he were projecting a journey through the most familiar region on land. The comprehensiveness and exactitude of the observation are nothing less than marvelous. Scarcely a swerve from wonted direction in winds or currents; scarcely one dangerous rock; scarcely a derelict, or even an iceberg, escapes detection and advertisement to all whom the knowledge of it may concern. And the appliances, organization, and methods by which these priceless results are obtained are scarcely less marvelous than the results themselves.

On the wall of one of the rooms of the Hydrographic Office, in the Navy Department Building at Washington, there hangs what is known as a blank chart. It is really a large blackboard, on which are drawn in permanent outline all the oceans of the world, with the continents which divide them traced between. The parallels of latitude and the meridians of longitude are also shown. Then, starting at various points in the oceans, and running, seemingly, at random over the surface, are many irregular lines traced tran-

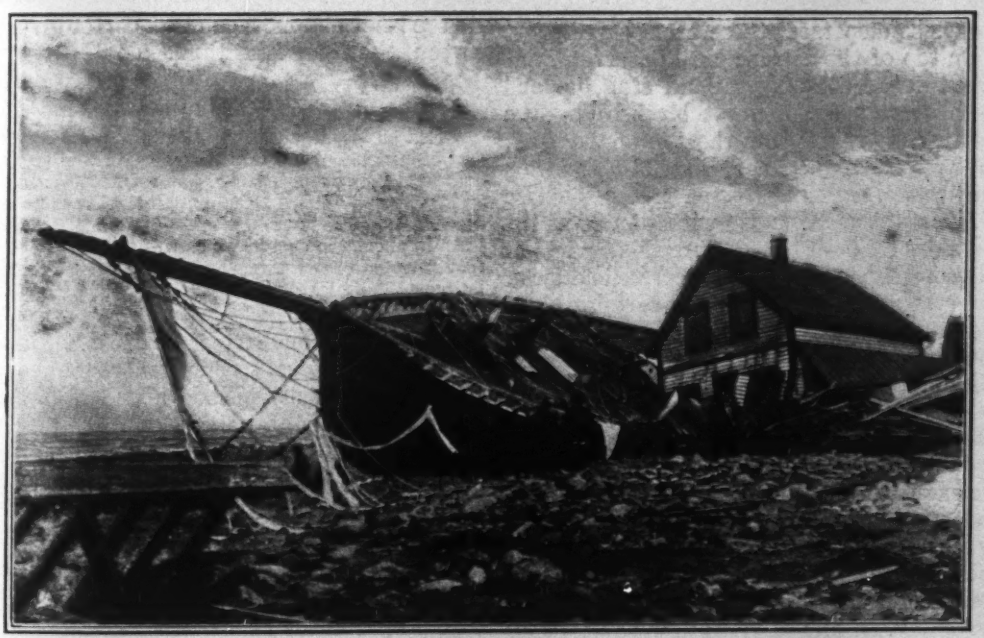
siently in chalk. At the end of each of these lines is stuck a pin, from which is hung by a string a little green tag.

At frequent intervals during the day an official of the office removes one of these tags and pins, continues the corresponding line further across the chart, and then places the tag and the pin at the new termination of the line. Several extensions like this may be made in most of the lines in the course of a day, until finally they come to straggle and zigzag and curve in all directions. On each tag is the name of a derelict vessel that is known to be floating free in the ocean, and the lines represent the course which the derelict has been pursuing, the tag marking the point at which she is reported to the office as having been last seen.

On another wall hangs another blank chart, covered with lines reaching in long stretches from the Gulf of Mexico to the North Irish coast, or turning short of that and curving down past the Spanish headlands and back again above the Equator, until lost in the swirl of the Sargasso Sea. Others, in the South Atlantic, endeavor, like the "Flying Dutchman," to weather the Cape of Good Hope, and lose themselves in the Indian Ocean, or to round the Horn and enter the Pacific. These are the tracks of bottles designedly cast overboard and allowed to drift as they may, for the purpose of showing the trend of ocean currents. On this chart, too, the lines are extended or amended from time to time, according to information received by telegram or letter. Some one, perhaps, has found a bottle thousands of miles out at sea, and at the first opportunity has telegraphed the news to Washington.

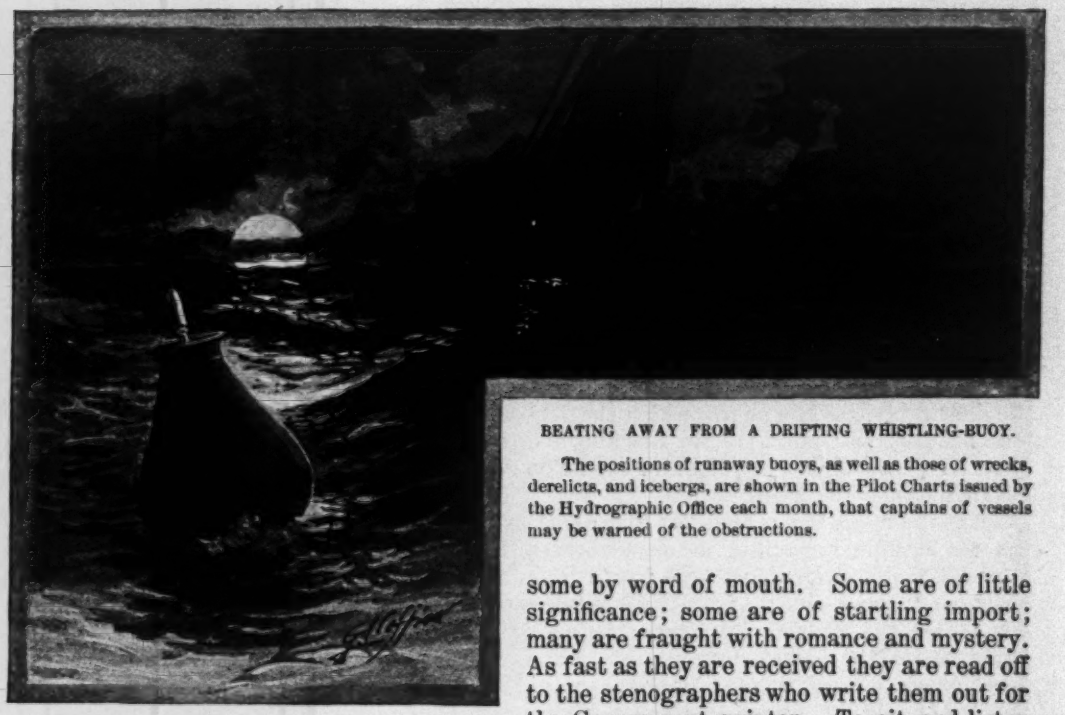
Other charts show, with gradually growing detail, the progress of cyclones, the position and drift of icebergs, the position of waterspouts, the temperature of surface water, the movements of the Gulf Stream, the peculiar aberrations in the audibility of fog signals, the growth of fog banks, the peculiar formation of clouds, and so on through a list which comprehends almost every item in the condition and movement of the sea.

The very nature of the tidings set forth in these charts gives them an exceptional interest; but more interesting than their contents is the fact that the charts are really made by thousands of shipmasters scattered over the whole earth. The shipmasters themselves make all of the observations which are collated in the charts and so published for the shipmaster's special guidance. The officials in Washington are intelligent overseers who direct the business, but the real work is done by plain, weather-beaten skippers, who perhaps at the time of making their most



A WRECK OF THE STORM OF NOVEMBER 26, 1898, AT SANDHILLS, MASSACHUSETTS.

From a photograph by A. H. Newcomb. The schooner was driven ashore, dragging her anchors (the chains are seen in the picture, hanging from the bow). The sea was so high that an inmate of the house, in trying to escape, was drowned.



BEATING AWAY FROM A DRIFTING WHISTLING-BUOY.

The positions of runaway buoys, as well as those of wrecks, derelicts, and icebergs, are shown in the Pilot Charts issued by the Hydrographic Office each month, that captains of vessels may be warned of the obstructions.

important contribution are laboring in heavy seas, in some out-of-the-way corner of the world. But in order that it may have any high value, there must be method and unity in the work; and it is interesting to know how, among workmen so numerous and always so dispersed, these are secured.

On top of the astronomical observatory at Greenwich, England, is a tall staff, up and down which slides a great black ball. The ball usually rests near the top of the staff, but every day when the clock at Greenwich marks noon the ball drops swiftly to the base of the staff; and the dropping of this ball is the agreed signal to mariners in all parts of all the oceans to make a prescribed series of observations. In sea and air certain things are to be unfailingly taken note of at this hour; the results recorded in a certain way; and in a certain way the record transmitted to the Hydrographic Office. To be sure, when it is noon at Greenwich, it may be midnight somewhere else; but the seaman, peering eagerly through the darkness of the antipodes, can, by means of his chronometer and by making observations, calculate Greenwich noon to the moment, and then make his record accordingly.

All day, as into a great newspaper office, the reports stream from every latitude and every longitude of the sea; some by post, some by telegraph, some by telephone, and some by word of mouth. Some are of little significance; some are of startling import; many are fraught with romance and mystery. As fast as they are received they are read off to the stenographers who write them out for the Government printer. To sit and listen to this reading, as the visitor to the Hydrographic Office easily may, is a unique experience. It is a swift succession of skeleton sea tales, and your whole fancy is soon on fire to fill in the blanks, supply the local color, insert the characters, develop the incidents. As the brief and methodical reporter gives it to you, the story runs thus:

Captain L. Lloyd of the British ship "Crompton" reports as follows:

"That on May 2, at 7.40 A.M., we passed within 600 feet of a rock. Weather very fine, water very smooth, and could very plainly see the water washing over the rock. Length of rock about sixty feet; breadth about seven feet. It was awash, with the exception of a small lump in about the center, which was from six to eight feet above water and covered with seaweed." Position, latitude 46° N., longitude 37° 20′ W.

Evidently an uncharted rock in mid-ocean! Perhaps the nose of some submarine mountain peak suddenly pushed above the water by a convulsion of nature, and destined to become the occasion of more wrecks than Sable Island, or to sink (as many of them do) far beneath the waters as mysteriously as it came. The reader continues:

May 10.—Latitude 27° 80′, longitude 68° 17′, passed a large whistling-buoy painted red and black, vertical stripes, apparently in good working order.—"Narcissus" (Br. sch.), Veinot.

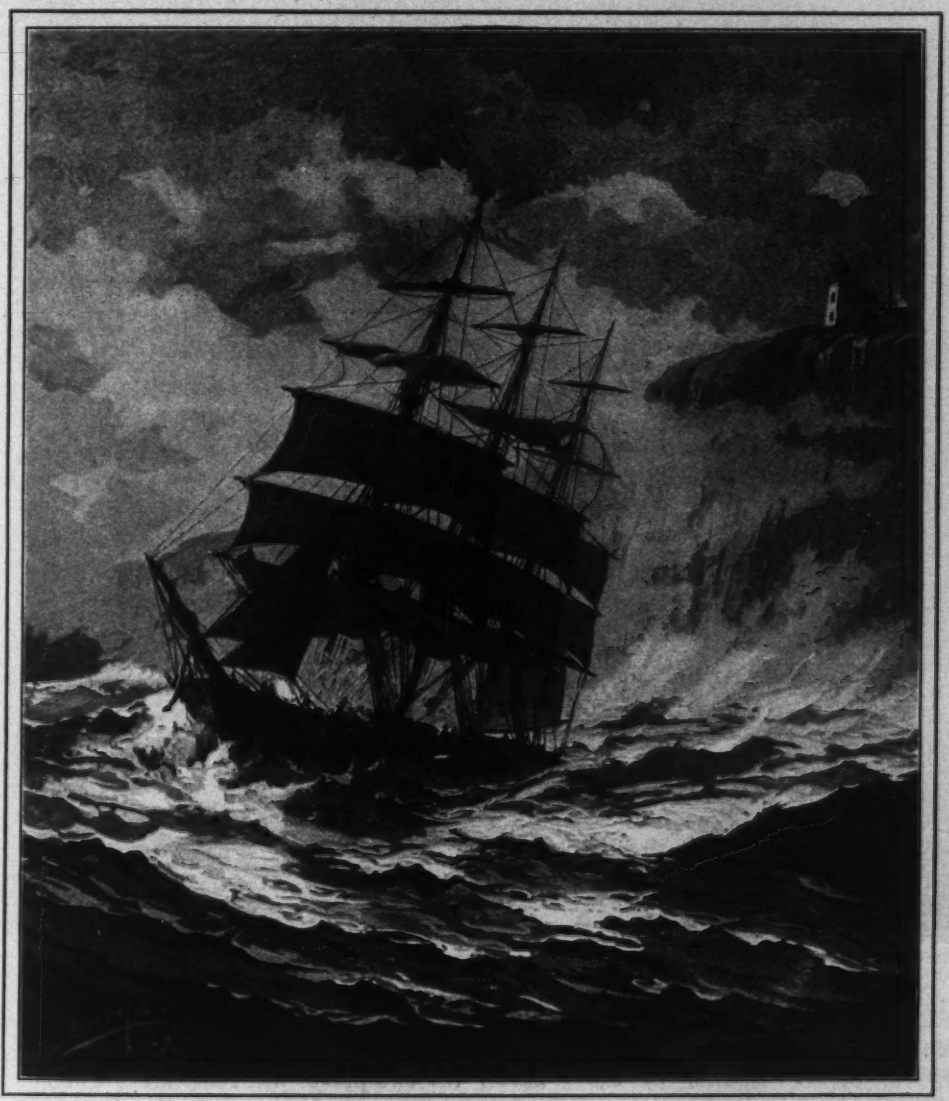
What should have been the sailor's protection, has slipped from its post and become

his danger. He can no longer trust its warning, and he must see that it does not get into his path. Intermixed with the reports of these slighter menaces to navigation come others of more formidable character:

May 16.—Latitude 48°, longitude 48°, passed some small bergs; latitude 48°, longitude 49°, found ourselves surrounded by field ice and bergs; steamed around the field in latitude 48° 30′, passing countless bergs. Dense fog caused us to stop the ship for the night; kept clear of ice by noting the wash of the sea.—"Durango" (Br. ss.), Evans.

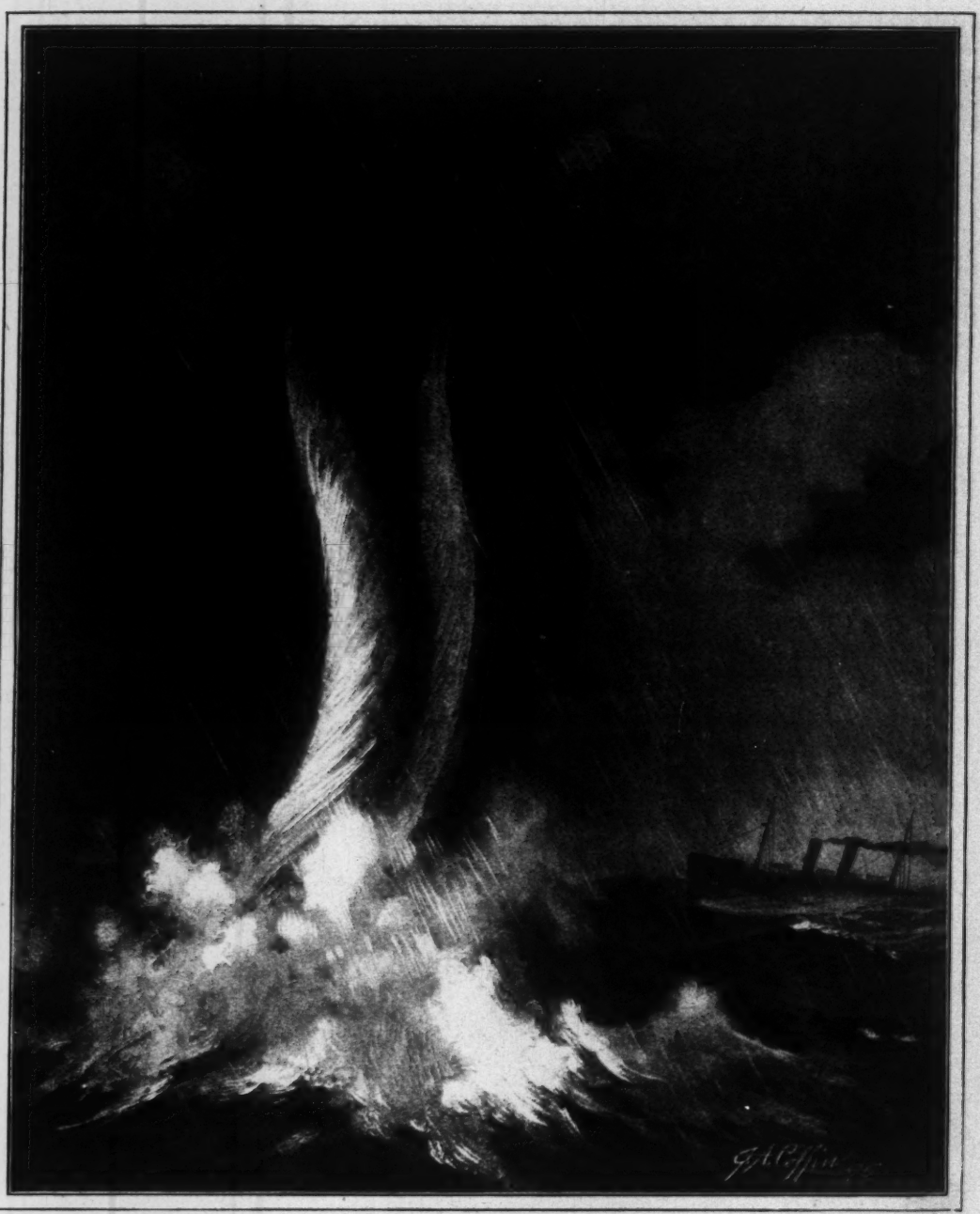
June 3.—Latitude 50° 05′, longitude 45° 45′, passed a large conical berg 150 feet high; saw four others during the day, the last one in latitude 49° 41′, longitude 47°, being about 1,000 feet long and fifty feet high, with two pinnacles at the end 500 feet high.—"Jacob Bright" (Br. ss.), Mills.

Think of the menace to the "Durango" when she lay by all night, her side lights unnoticed by her invisible and invincible foe, her fog-horn unheard, and escaping collision only by so uncertain a means as that of noting "the wash of the sea"! And what must



"CLAWING OFF" A LEE SHORE.

The lee shore is a constant danger, especially to coastwise vessels; but the careful surveys of the Hydrographic Office have latterly much lessened it. The full-rigged ship shown in the picture (which portrays an actual occurrence) has come dangerously near the coast, a heavy fog having concealed its proximity until the breakers were in sight. She has now just changed her tack, and it is yet a question whether the inertia of the enormous fabric can be sufficiently overcome by the wind controlled by her sails to enable her to "claw off," just rounding the dangerous point, before her previous motion and the sweep of the sea drift her on the rocks.



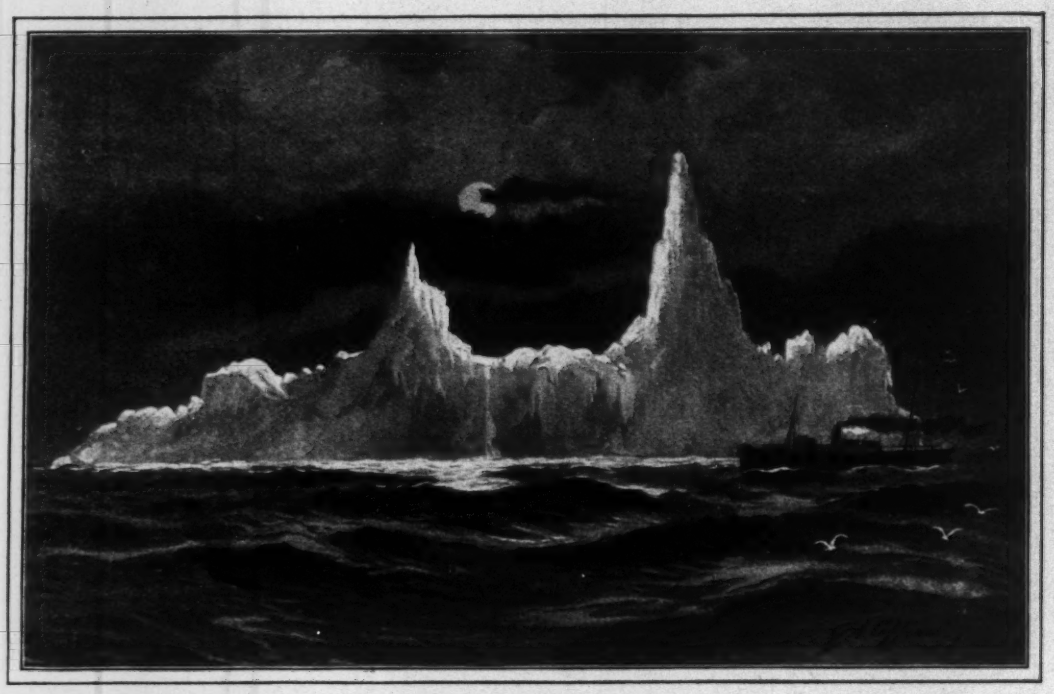
A TYPICAL WATERSPOUT SEEN NEAR BY.

have been the magnificence of that vast cathedral of ice sighted by the "Jacob Bright"—1,000 feet long, with twin spires reaching heavenward as high as the Washington Monument! Even this is small, however, in comparison with the iceberg reported by Captain Towson. That, indeed, was an ice island, 300 feet high, sixty miles long, and forty miles wide. It was in the form of a large hook, and the bay formed between the two points was forty miles wide.

When a vessel starts out on a voyage, the Hydrographic Office furnishes the captain two small blank books containing forms to be filled in. There is a leaf for each day. One book is a general weather report, the other is a supplementary storm log. The observations taken at Greenwich noon are to

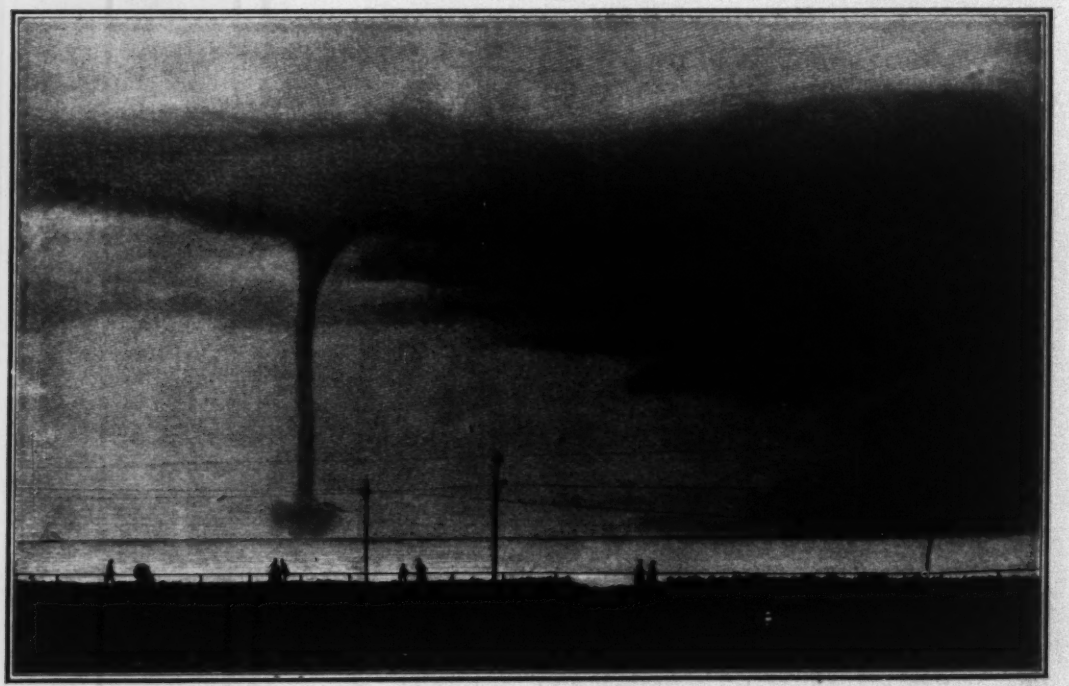
AN OCEAN LINER RUNNING DOWN A DERELICT.

be recorded in them. It is from these books that the daily chart of the ocean is plotted. Nothing is left to chance or to the possible ignorance of the skipper. The forms are so arranged that all the observer has to do is set down a symbol beside the questions asked. The symbols, rendered according to what is known as Beaufort's scale, are understood by all seamen. The questions asked concern the time of the observations; the latitude and longitude; the true direction and force of the wind; the state of the barometer; the temperature of the air and of the surface water; the forms of clouds and the direction of their movement; the state of the waves and the direction in which they are running; the estimated current for twenty-four hours; the weather experienced for twenty-four hours; the apparent periodic time, or interval, in seconds, between the



A TYPICAL ICEBERG.

Next to derelicts, icebergs are perhaps the greatest peril of which the Hydrographic Office strives to keep the sailor fully advised.



A WATERSPOUT AT COTTAGE CITY, MASSACHUSETTS, AUGUST 19, 1896.

From a photograph by J. W. Chamberlain. Professor Dwight of Vassar College pronounced this a genuine waterspout. Its height was estimated at from one to one and a quarter miles; diameter, 200 feet. The water of Vineyard Sound was disturbed for several hundred yards until it looked like a boiling pool. The spiral motion of the spout, as it drew the water up, was plainly observed through the camera. The water thus taken up was poured down in torrents in a storm a few hours later, as was shown by the fact, discovered by passengers on a boat and by persons on land, that the water that fell was salt water.

crests of successive waves as they pass; the true direction from which they come, and the ship's true course and speed at the time; the estimated heights of the several waves, from hollow to crest; the depth of the sea where the observations are made, or at least the exact position of the ship, so that the depth may be obtained; information concerning fogs; general description of electric phenomena, and any experience in using oil to prevent heavy seas from breaking on the vessel. In the books are diagrams by which the observer may indicate the exact position of clouds and their height above the horizon.

These books, filled with reports of observations made from day to day, come into the Hydrographic Office by thousands. All the reports for each day are grouped and collated, and the balances and averages thus arrived at are set down in a chart, which thus becomes approximately a complete account and description of the whole ocean for that day. This is work of a very delicate and exacting character, requiring the closest attention and also excellent judgment, and it is entrusted only to men who have graduated at Annapolis and have had extended sea experience. In the back of each book are a number of pages reserved for any special information which cannot be set forth in the forms. Thus one is apt to come upon interesting data concerning cyclones in the South Pacific, or an account of a typhoon that has recently swept over Japan.

After the reports of daily observations, one of the most fruitful sources of information to the Hydrographic Office is the sealed bottle. Every captain, before starting on a voyage, is furnished a number of bottles, with a printed form for each, in which is to be entered the time and place at which the bottle is cast overboard, and, in case it is recovered, also the time and place of the recovery. Full directions for its use are printed on the form, in seven different languages—English, French, German, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese—so that into whatever hands the bottle comes, the purpose of it can scarcely fail to be found out. The name of the captain, the name of the ship, and the time and place of setting the bottle afloat having all been duly entered, the form is sealed up in the bottle, and the bottle thrown out. Then, when the bottle is picked up and opened, the form (well preserved, if the sealing has been careful) is taken out, the entry of the finding made in the same manner as the entry of the casting overboard, and the form transmitted either to a convenient United States consul, or directly to the Hydrographic Office at Washington.

The special purpose of the sealed bottle is to give indication of the strength and direction of the ocean currents. When a bottle is cast loose on the water the currents, of course, take it up and carry it in their own direction, at their own rate of speed. With the time and place of starting and stopping all accurately recorded, many valuable inferences are possible regarding the course and character of the journey. And very curious and romantic the journey often proves to be. Sometimes a captain, on finding a bottle, opens it and makes the due record in the form, and then resealing it, casts it overboard for a second journey. Bottles have been recovered that had floated over 4,000 miles, and others that have been in the water over a year. Some have followed tortuous courses; some have gone straight across the Atlantic in the wake of the ocean liners; some have been picked up in mid-ocean; some have been found scraping up and down rough beaches, and some have even been found in the bellies of sharks. Many are lost, of course; but it is often miraculous the way in which they survive delay and disaster, and turn up to report their story for record in the charts which the Hydrographic Office is always busy compiling out of this, as out of other information.

The information which the captains of ships are thus faithfully gathering for the Hydrographic Office comes back to them in new form ultimately, to their own great profit. The sense of this is their encouragement in collecting and transmitting it. First, they receive from the Hydrographic Office a weekly bulletin of about all the news that comes to the office. This is valuable, but the information is not classified to any extent; it is put down about as it is received. Far more useful, therefore, is what is known as the pilot chart, in which the information received during a month is summarized and tabulated, and in which are given forecasts for the month to come. The pilot chart in no wise displaces the regulation geographical chart, but it supplements it, giving in diagram a pretty full history of the recent behavior of all the seas, and of any lawless company with which they may lately have taken up, and also cautious guesses as to what their behavior and that of their questionable associates may be through the near future.

A captain as he studies his pilot chart, preparatory to undertaking a voyage, must

be impressed with the force of the old saying that "the longest way around is the shortest way home," for on it the seas are dotted all over with designations, in red ink, of stationary wrecks, floating derelicts, rafts, logs, runaway buoys, waterspouts, icebergs, whales, and objects and points of danger without number. All of these are shown in red because they have been reported. Printed in blue are the predictions for the month, and for these the past accuracy of the Hydrographic Office has engendered the greatest respect among sailors. Within each rectangle formed by the lines of latitude and longitude are set four small circles with small arrows projecting from them. Within each circle is a numeral. The arrows point the probable direction of the wind, and by their length and character indicate for what time and with what force it may be expected to blow from a given quarter. The numeral within the circle denotes the number of chances in one hundred for calms in that locality.

Next, the pilot chart sets forth for the captain the latest important changes in the direction and strength of currents, as these have been indicated by the recovered sealed bottles; and it marks, in accordance with the latest information, the "region of frequent fog." It shows exactly the tracks of the storms of the past month, and gives such forecasts as are possible of the course and time of those of the coming month. It traces the lanes newly made by transatlantic steamers; it shows the best Equator crossings; and it tells where to expect a succession of tropical rains, where the northeast trade winds cease to blow, where the southeast trades begin, the yearly average set of drift currents, the lines of magnetic variation, the northern and southern ice limit, and so on, until all the recent occurrences and most of the near possibilities in ocean mutation and movement are exhausted.

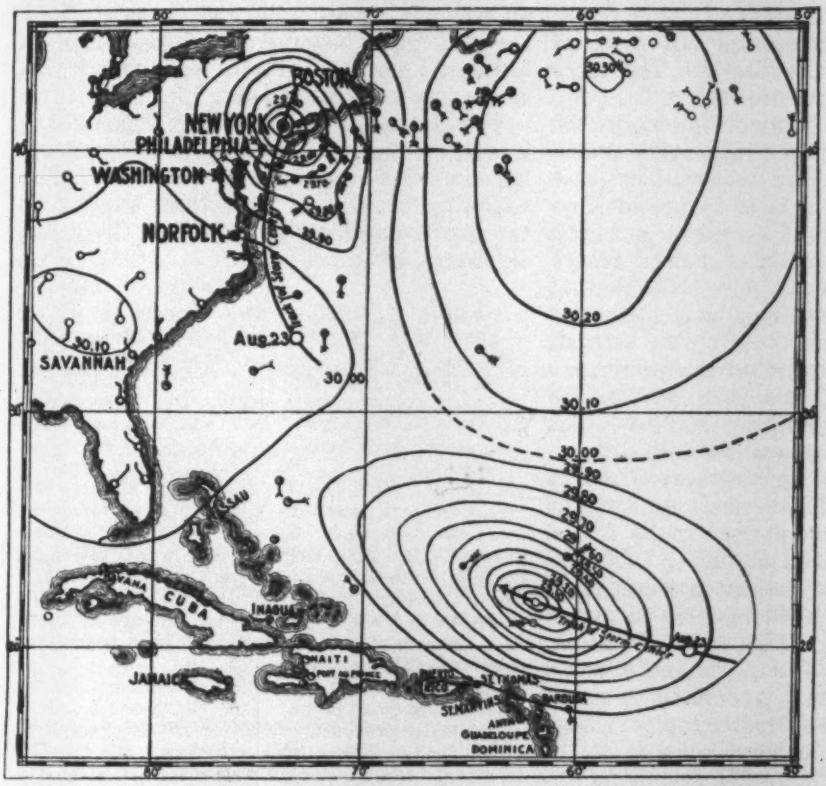
As the daily synoptic chart is averaged and compiled into the pilot chart, so the pilot chart is averaged and compiled, and, with the addition of governmental surveys, made into a series of general charts and sailing directions. The sailing directions are pamphlets containing minute information regarding harbors, islands, bays, straits, and the like, all over the world. They are based on the best and latest information obtainable by the Hydrographic Office, and they are to the sea captain what Baedeker is to the tourist. Then the Hydrographic Office periodically issues information sheets that give special information regarding derelicts, storms, icebergs, waterspouts, and kindred things. These special reports are often its most valuable publications, and also the most interesting.

Of all the features of the ocean, none appeals more strongly to the fancy and none offers greater and more secret danger to the navigator than derelicts. Under no human guidance, at the mercy of winds which often drive them with great speed, and drifting oftenest in those very currents that form the most frequented ocean highways, these abandoned vessels offer a menace which was at no recent time to be disregarded, but which is daily increasing with the daily growth of navigation. For the most part, the destruction of these conscienceless rovers is left to nature and chance; all organized effort to destroy them has failed. The United States and other governments endeavor to blow up with torpedoes such as come within their observation and reach; but these are comparatively few. Merchantmen, to which they offer the largest and most constant danger, rarely pause in their course, much less turn out of it, to destroy one. The possibility of salvage does not attract the captains of merchant vessels to tow a derelict into port, because usually vessels of this class are insured to carry passengers and freight between prescribed ports, and if a vessel should turn out of her path to tow a derelict, and suffer an accident while thus out of her prescribed course, the insurance policy would not cover it, and the full loss would fall on the shipowners.

A computation made by the Hydrographic Office shows that 1,628 derelicts were sighted upon the North Atlantic Ocean within a period of seven years. Of this number only 482 were identified; the others were too weather-beaten or too much broken up to be recognized by the captains of passing ships. The average number sighted is 232 a year, or nearly twenty a month. One year (1893) 418 were sighted, an average of thirty-five a month. Inasmuch as the average term of survival for a derelict is one month, it is estimated that at least nineteen must be constantly floating over the North Atlantic Ocean. There are more derelicts sighted during September, October, and November than during other months of the year. The pilot charts show that most of the derelicts have been sighted in the Gulf Stream, off the coast of the United States, north of 30° north latitude and west of 60° west longitude. The number gradually decreases toward the

eastward, along the routes of transatlantic steamers. About fifty ocean-going vessels are known to have collided with derelicts in the North Atlantic within a period of seven years; but this cannot be the whole number of such collisions, for doubtless of the many vessels destroyed in a manner never made known some are destroyed through running into derelicts. Of these fifty, nearly one-fourth proved fatal to the manned vessel; and in some cases new derelicts have been made in this way. Probably not more than 100 derelicts have been destroyed by human means and design. Nearly all of these were set on fire; but setting fire to them has not always proved efficacious. After drifting a long time the vessel often becomes too waterlogged to burn.

It is not known precisely what derelict has had the longest life, but the "Fannie E. Wolston," a schooner abandoned in 1891, is known to have floated three years and six days, and to have drifted over 10,000 miles. She was abandoned off Cape Hatteras, and floated in a northeasterly direction with the Gulf Stream until she passed the sixtieth meridian. She then wandered off toward the southeast, and circled around in the track of steamers westbound from Gibraltar. Next she wandered south, until she reached the northern limit of the northeast trade winds. She followed the general direction of the sailing route from the Equator, approaching the United States coast until she encountered the Gulf Stream, which carried her northward again three degrees north of where she was wrecked, and there she was last sighted. She was reported by various vessels, and in all about forty-five times.



SPECIMEN OF THE SYNOPTIC WEATHER CHARTS ISSUED BY THE HYDROGRAPHIC OFFICE. THIS ONE MARKS THE COURSE OF TWO STORMS.

The arrows are placed in the positions of vessels from which the Hydrographic Office derives its reports. They point in the direction in which the wind was blowing, and by the varying number of their barbs indicate its force. The disks in which the arrows end mark the state of the sky, being white when the sky is clear, and partly or wholly black as the sky is little or much clouded. The circular lines mark the areas of given barometric pressures, the figures beside them telling what the several pressures are. Charts of this kind are published daily.

Another famous derelict was the schooner "W. L. White," wrecked off the Delaware Capes during the great blizzard of 1888. She was probably the most to be feared of all the derelicts, as she was constantly in the track of the transatlantic liners. Her course was remarkable, and her floating rate was very fast. Instead of foundering, as her crew thought that she would when left to herself, she sailed straight away. The Gulf Stream carried her in a northeasterly direction until she reached the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. She then circled around and around for months, within an area of ten degrees of latitude and longitude, maintaining a position not only in the track of the ocean steamers, but also in the region of almost constant fog. Suddenly

she started off again to the northeast, and finally grounded on one of the Hebrides. In her cruise of ten months she drifted 6,800 miles, and was reported forty-five times. During part of her drift she accomplished an average rate of thirty-two miles a day. She is blamed for several ocean catastrophes.

But the most curious of all derelicts was the "Fred B. Taylor." She collided with the steamer "Trave," and was literally cut in two. But she did not sink; the two parts, bow and stern, each started out upon an independent voyage for itself. The stern went north; the bow went south. The stern brought up on Wells Beach; the bow drifted down opposite to the Carolinas, and was ultimately destroyed. This instance illustrates how almost impossible it is to predict anything of the course of derelicts, and how useless would be even an organized search for them. In this case, it is probable that the stern part of the ship was influenced more by the wind and less by the current than was the bow part; that the latter sank lower in the water, and thus was carried away by the cold southerly current which flows between our coast and the Gulf Stream.

Next to derelicts, icebergs are probably the greatest peril of the sea. As with the derelict, the greatest danger to be feared from them is a collision at night. The tremendous inertia of an iceberg, however small the iceberg may be, renders collision with it nearly always fatal. If its extent be great, it adds all the perils of a lee shore, and a moving shore at that. According to observations made by the Hydrographic Office, great accessions of icebergs come in cycles. There are years during which few or no icebergs are sighted, followed by a period of years when the number is too great to be accurately counted. From 1891 to 1895 was a period of numerous icebergs. The year 1898 was especially fruitful in them.

The motion of an iceberg is apt to be a composite of the motion of wind, surface current, and undercurrent. It may be almost directly with the wind, or it may be as directly against it. The specific gravity of the iceberg allows only one-ninth of it to stand above the water. Hence the greater portion of it may be subject to currents far beneath the surface of the ocean, and its direction may be quite the contrary to that taken by surface currents, and, for the same reason, to that taken by the wind.

About the only means of discovering the proximity of an iceberg in fog or darkness is by the changes it is apt to effect in the temperature of the air and the water; but this is most uncertain, for there are frequent instances of vessels coming close to an iceberg and finding both the air and water temperature unaffected. Even a very slight change, however, can always be ascertained by means of the electric thermostat. This is an automatic appliance which, responding with the greatest nicety to variations of temperature, opens an electric current, which in turn rings an alarm. Sometimes simply "the wash of the sea" gives warning of the presence of an iceberg, as in the case of the ship "Durango," already mentioned.

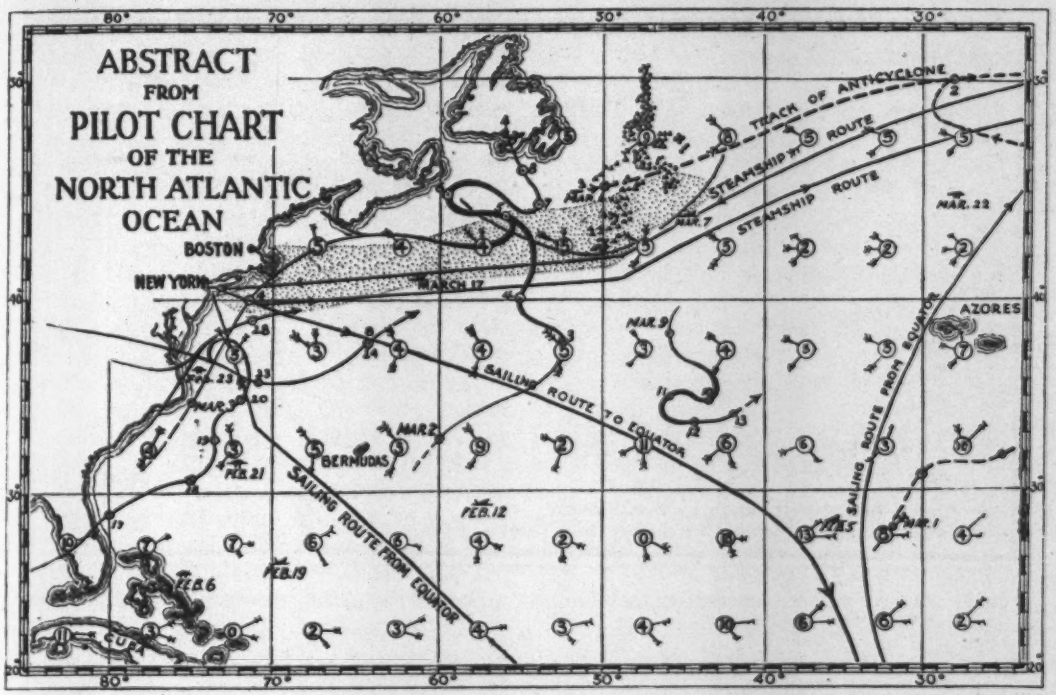
The last really great iceberg encountered was sighted in 1893; it is probably now floating somewhere in the Antarctic Ocean. The following account of it is from the log of the American ship "Francis," on file in the Hydrographic Office:

February 16, 1893, at noon, latitude 51° 01′ S., longitude 49° 15′ W., we passed between two large icebergs, about fifteen miles apart, and saw to the S.S.E. of us another *very* large berg, several hundred feet high and a mile or more in length. Put the ship under easy sail for the night. At 1 A.M., 2.30 A.M., and 4 A.M., passed large bergs. Weather cloudy and misty. Wind hauling to N.W. Soon after 4 A.M., it began to get daylight, when we saw before us an immense *barrier of ice*, extending from N.W. to S.E., as far as we could see from aloft. Some of the floating glaciers were miles in length, and from 300 to 500 feet high. Stood to within a mile of the track, but seeing no safe passage through the barrier, we wore ship to southwestward at 5 A.M. We now saw icebergs all about us. Temperature of air and water from forty-seven degrees to fifty degrees.

At noon, wore ship to northward, passing a number of large and small bergs. At 3 P.M., saw the barrier again, to leeward, still continuing its line from N.W. to S.E., and as impenetrable as before. Stood on till 5.30 P.M., and as the ice was visible to N.W. (two points off weather bow) as far as we could see from aloft, we again put the ship on the southern tack. Wind hauling to S.W. and steadily increasing to a moderate gale. Now, having the ice fields for a lee shore was anything but pleasant to contemplate during the long night watches. February 18th, midnight, wore ship to W.N.W. Reefed upper fore topsail, furled upper mizzen. Rough sea.

At daylight we saw a berg ahead about one mile long and 300 or 400 feet high. It was perfectly level on top, and its sides and ends were as perpendicular and clean cut as the blocks of ice taken from our lakes and rivers at home. It is also apparent that these immense pieces of ice are in the same condition as when first broken from the main glaciers, as the irregular angles of the smaller bergs indicated that they have turned over occasionally.

At 11 A.M., saw the dreaded barrier again, still extending to N.W. At noon our position was latitude 50° 29′, longitude 47° 12′ W. Found we had a very strong N.E. current setting us towards the ice, adding another factor to the manifold dangers by which we were surrounded. At 1 P.M., judged we could see the end of the barrier to the N.W., or about one and a half points off our lee



SPECIMEN OF THE PILOT CHARTS—THE MOST IMPORTANT CHARTS ISSUED BY THE HYDROGRAPHIC OFFICE.

Here, as in the weather charts, the arrows, by their direction and the number of their barbs, mark the direction and the force of the wind. By their varying lengths they mark also its frequency. The numbers in the circles mark the chances in 100 of finding calms. Thus ⑦ shows that the prevailing winds are west, force three, and northeast, force two, with the former more frequent (longer arrow); and that there are seven chances in one hundred of finding calms at this point.

Cyclone track—heavy lines indicate storms of great severity.

Icebergs and field ice.

Probable region of frequent fog.

Probable limit of ice.

Wrecks and derelicts—the dates given are those on which the object was sighted.

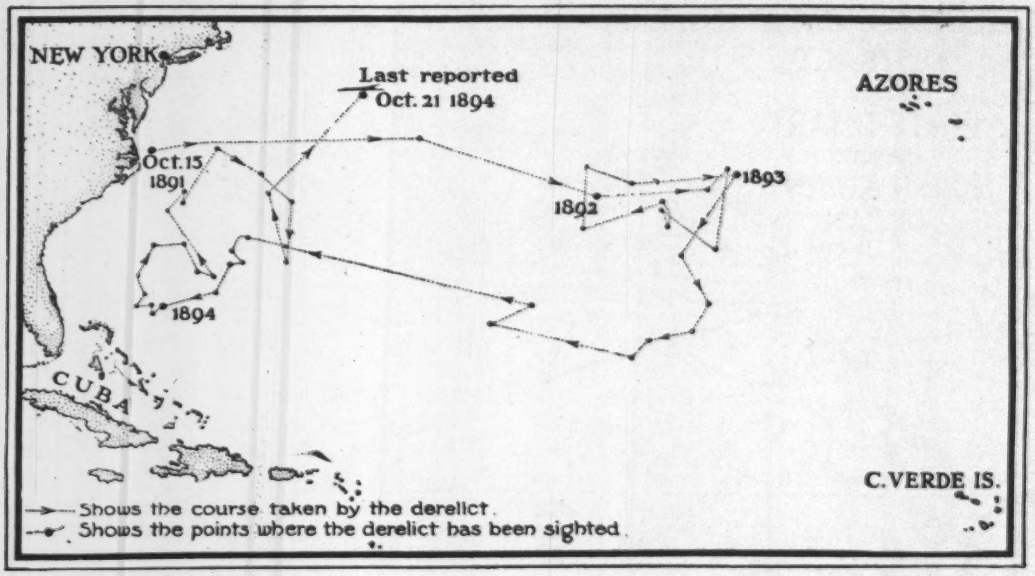
The sailing and steamship routes shown are those that the Hydrographic Office recommends as best for the given month.

bow. Gave the good ship all the sail she could bear, and pushed her through a very large and turbulent sea, caused partly by the deflection of the strong N.E. current against the large mass of ice under water, the pack being from two to four miles to leeward. We now had the satisfaction of seeing the ship steadily draw past the last fearful piece of this gigantic ice field, which we found by careful measurement by the patent log was just six miles long, and, as near as we could judge, it was three or four miles wide. This would give an unbroken area of eighteen or twenty square miles between 300 and 400 feet *above* the sea.

Too much notice cannot be given to our mercantile marine of this great danger that lies directly in the fair way of vessels bound eastward around Cape Horn, as it will doubtless be years before such a mountain of ice as I have described will be destroyed.

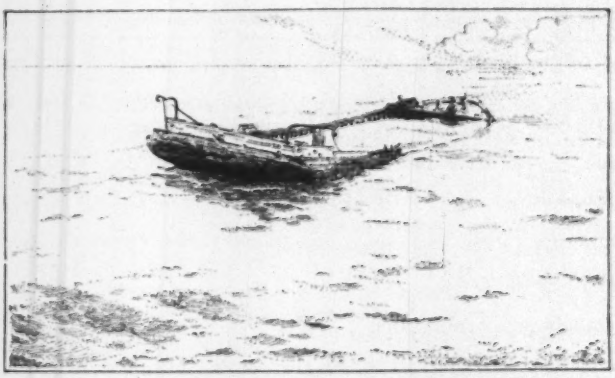
Waterspouts may well be numbered among the perils of the sea, although they seem not to be greatly feared by captains of very large vessels. Old prints show us vessels drawn up into the very clouds by these ocean whirlwinds; but while small craft undoubtedly would be swamped if caught in the middle of one, the general opinion is that an ocean liner, proceeding at a good rate of speed, would not suffer much from one. They are sufficiently dangerous, however, to call forth much warning comment from the Hydrographic Office. The conditions just off the coast of the United States are such as to make them especially frequent in the region between the fortieth parallel and Cuba and as far out as the Bermudas.

Some very remarkable waterspouts have been reported to the Hydrographic Office. Captain Cleary, of the British steamship



A CHART SHOWING THE WANDERINGS OF THE DERELICT SCHOONER "FANNIE E. WOLSTON" IN THE ATLANTIC.

"River Avon," states that he saw what he thought was a heavy squall to the southeast, but upon looking at it through his glass, he discovered that it was a whirlwind, raising the water to a great height. It must have been over a mile in diameter, but he hesitates to even estimate the height to which the water was raised or the size of the spout, although it must have had terrific power. A severe waterspout passed over the American bark "Reindeer" when she was under full sail. It completely dismasted her below the heads of the three lower masts. No previous warning was received; the weather was apparently clear at the time, and the whole affair was over in a few minutes. But the most striking story is from the log of the schooner "Ethel A. Merritt." She was in the Gulf Stream, off Key West. "There was a light breeze from the northeast at the time, and the sky was about half covered with nimbus clouds, moving slowly. Just after a light squall had passed by, the first appearance of a waterspout was indicated by the formation of a whirlwind, gradually increasing in size. It was cylindrical in shape below, spreading out above, and rotating in the direction of the hand-movement of a watch. When within about 100 yards of the vessel its angular altitude was about 35°, which would indicate a height of 250 feet or less. It was moving at the rate of eight miles an hour. At the base it was transparent, and descending currents seemed to be plainly visible, causing the water at the surface to fly in all directions. A heavy shower accompanied the phenomenon."



THE DERELICT "FANNIE E. WOLSTON."

Drawn from a photograph. The "Fannie E. Wolston," a three-masted schooner, was abandoned October 15, 1891, off the coast of Virginia, and was last seen October 21, 1894, having been a derelict three years and six days. She drifted half way to the coast of Spain and back again, covering a total course of 8,995 sea miles, equal to 10,357 land, or statute, miles.

A cyclonic storm is a waterspout on a greatly extended scale; and, keeping in view its vortex-like character, and knowing the laws which govern its motion, the Hydrographic Office is able to issue instructions to

sailors regarding the character and behavior of a cyclonic storm that will enable them to keep out of the storm center. In order to be as practical as possible, these instructions are printed on a "storm-card," which may be hung up in the cabin of a vessel for general inspection. The laws of storms are apparently so absolute, that if a vessel is conducted according to the suggestions laid down on the card, she will almost certainly be able to weather the gale. The contrary result is the exception. In fact, so plain and so minute are these instructions, that by them the captain of a vessel can determine not only the direction in which the storm center is moving, but also its location within an eighth of a mile; and it is safe to say that a considerable per cent. of the wrecks wrought by storms in mid-ocean are due to neglect of the Hydrographic Office's instructions.

Against the dangers of darkness and fog at sea there is still far from any perfect protection. For guarding against the latter, the main dependence is still the fog-horn or steam-whistle. Various electrical devices for notifying one vessel of the approach of another have been tried, and we are told that the time is near when, by means of wireless telegraphy, every vessel will be able to calculate exactly the approach of other vessels at night or during a fog. To warn vessels from rocky coasts, our shore line is bordered with lighthouses carrying enormous refracting lenses. One which will soon be in operation at Barnegat will be capable, by means of electric currents, of flashing its rays thirty miles out to sea. In cloudy weather, the reflection of these rays upon low-lying clouds will be visible over sixty miles from the Jersey coast. All appliances for signaling or warning by sound have this disadvantage, that their audibility varies greatly in response to the varying conditions of the atmosphere. Sometimes a fog-horn will be audible everywhere within a given area; at other times, the same horn will be inaudible near at hand, and audible farther off. Again, there will be successive belts of audibility and inaudibility. What the Hydrographic Office aims especially to do, with reference to fogs, is to keep close watch on the fog belts and warn sea captains where these belts are, which way they seem to be moving, and by what courses they are likeliest to be avoided.

Another subject of constant study in the Hydrographic Office is means of subduing the waves. They have full faith there in the power of oil to quiet troubled waters, and constantly recommend its use to seamen. Special instructions are issued as to the manner of applying it so that it will be of most service. The position of the vessel, the direction of the wind, and the set of the waves all need to be considered. Sometimes the oil should be thrown from the bow of the vessel, sometimes from the sides, and sometimes from the stern. It has been found that oil of turpentine possesses the best spreading qualities; but even simple soap-suds have proved of good service in laying the waves.

Yet another matter in which the Hydrographic Office gives instruction is cloud forms. It is most important that seamen should be familiar with the aspects of clouds, and know what their several shapes portend. A most useful book, showing all varieties of clouds, with plates printed in colors, is issued by the Office; and its colored cloud plates, by the way, are one of the special distinctions of the United States office.

Thus the Hydrographic Office is interested in everything that can impart greater accuracy and security to the navigation of the seas. If a wreck occurs along shore, the Secretary of the Navy is at once notified, and the first man-of-war passing that way receives orders to destroy it. If a new shoal is discovered, a channel deepened, a new buoy placed in position, a new range-light established, a new light-ship stationed somewhere—or if, in short, anything takes places that may in the slightest manner influence the conditions of seafaring, the fact is at once published in bulletins and sent free of cost to all seamen. It is the sailor's own fault if he fails to note the event. All the United States consuls assist the Office, and forward every report or notice of importance. Within the United States, all mail matter for the Office is transmitted free of postage. The Western Union Telegraph lines are always open for hydrographic messages, either to or from the Office; and the establishment of branch offices in prominent sea and lake port towns is a further promoter of despatch. Nothing, in fact, has been omitted that would forward or perfect the work. The bureau has not come to its present extent and efficiency in a day; it has been, indeed, the growth of years; and with the natural extension of scientific knowledge and the natural impulse to give such knowledge practical application, it is bound to grow still further, until by the accuracy of its information it has made almost literally true the old sailors' contention that the sea is the safest place in the world.

LINCOLN'S FUNERAL.

By Ida M. Tarbell,

Author of "The Early Life of Lincoln."

THE first edition of the morning papers in all the cities and towns of the North told their readers on Saturday, April 15, 1865, that Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, lay mortally wounded in Washington. The extras within the next two hours told them he was dead. The first impulse of men everywhere seems to have been to doubt. It could not be. They realized only too quickly that it was true! There was no discrediting the circumstantial accounts of the later telegrams. There was no escape from the horror and uncertainty which filled the air, driving out the joy and exultation which for days had inundated the country.

In the great cities like New York a death-like silence followed the spreading of the news—a silence made the more terrible by the presence of hundreds of men and women walking in the streets with bent heads, white faces, and knit brows. Automatically, without thought of what their neighbors were doing, men went to their shops only to send away their clerks and close their doors for the day. Stock exchanges met only to adjourn. By ten o'clock business had ceased. It was not only in the cities, where the tension of feeling is always greatest, that this was true. It was the same in the small towns.

"I was a compositor then, working in a printing-office at Danville, Illinois," says Professor Amos Draper, of Washington, D. C. "The editor came into the room early in the forenoon with a telegram in his hand; he was regarding it intently, with a pale face. Without saying a word he passed it to one and another of the compositors. I noticed that as the men read it they laid down their sticks, and without a word went, one after another, took their coats and hats off the nails where they were hanging, put them on, and went into the street. Finally the telegram was passed to me. It was the announcement that Lincoln had been shot the night before and had died that morning. Automatically I laid down my stick, took my hat and coat, and went into the street. It seemed to me as if every man in town had dropped his business just where it was and come out. There was no sound; but the people, with pale faces and tense looks, regarded one another as if questioning what would happen next." *

Just as the first universal impulse seems to have been to cease all business, so the next was to drag down the banners of victory which hung everywhere and replace them by crape. New York City before noon of Saturday was hung in black from the Battery to Harlem. It was not only Broadway and Washington Square and Fifth Avenue which mourned. The soiled windows of Five Points tenements and saloons were draped, and from the doors of the poor hovels of upper Manhattan west of Central Park bits of black weed were strung; and so it was in all the cities and towns of the North.

"About nine o'clock on Saturday the intelligence reached us of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln and the attempt upon Mr. Seward's life," wrote Senator Grimes from Burlington, Iowa. "Immediately the people began to assemble about the 'Hawkeye' office, and soon Third Street became packed with people. And such expressions of horror, indignation, sorrow, and wonder were never heard before. Shortly, some one began to decorate his house with the habiliments of mourning; and soon all the business parts of the town, even the vilest liquor dens, were shrouded with the outward signs of sorrow. All business was at once suspended, and not resumed during the day; but every one waited for further intelligence from Washington."

And this was true not only of the towns; it was true of the distant farms. There the news was slower in coming. A traveler journeying from the town stopped to tell it at a farm-house. The farmer, leaving his plow, walked or rode across lots to repeat it to a neighbor. Everywhere they dropped their work, and everywhere they brought out a strip of black and tied it to the door-knob.

* From an interview with Professor Draper for McClure's Magazine.

The awful quiet of the North through the first few hours after the tragedy covered not grief alone; below it was a righteous anger, which, as the hours passed, began to break out. It showed itself first against those of Southern sympathy who were bold enough to say they were "glad of it." In New York a man was heard to remark that "it served old Abe right." Cries of "Lynch him, lynch him!" were raised. He was set upon by the crowd, and escaped narrowly. All day the police were busy hustling suspected Copperheads away from the mobs which seemed to rise from the ground at the first word of treason.

"I was kept busy last night," further wrote Senator Grimes from Burlington, "trying to prevent the destruction of the store of a foolish woman who, it was said, expressed her joy at Mr. Lincoln's murder. Had she been a man, so much was the old Adam aroused in me, I would not have uttered a word to save her."

In Cincinnati, which had spent the day and night before in the most elaborate jubilation, the rage against treason broke out at the least provocation. "Some individuals of the 'butternut' inclination," says a former citizen, in recalling the scenes, "were knocked into the gutters and kicked, because they would make no expression of sorrow, or because of their well-known past sympathy with the rebellion. Others as loyal as any suffered also, through mistaken ideas of meanness on the part of personal enemies. Junius Brutus Booth, a brother of the assassin, was closing a two-weeks' engagement at Pike's Opera House. He was stopping at the Burnet House. While there was no violent public demonstration against him, it was well known that his life would not be worth a farthing should he be seen on the streets or in public. Of course the bills were taken down, and there was no performance that night. Mr. Booth was well pleased to quietly escape from the Burnet and disappear."

In one New Hampshire town, where a company of volunteers from the country had gathered to drill, only to be met by the news, it was rumored that a man in a factory near by had been heard to say, "The old abolitionist ought to have been killed long ago." The volunteers marched in a body to the factory, entered, and dragged the offender out into the road. There they held a crude court-martial. "The company surrounded him," says one of the men, "in such military order as raw recruits could get into, and questioned him as to his utterances. He was willing to do or say anything. 'Duck him!' was the cry raised on every hand. The canal was close at hand, but there were voices heard saying: 'He's an old man. Don't duck him. Send him out of town.' And so it was done. He was compelled to give three cheers for the Stars and Stripes. I shall never forget his pitiful little 'Hooray!' He was made to kneel down and repeat something in praise of Abraham Lincoln that one of the officers dictated to him, and then he was marched to his boarding-place, given certain minutes to pack up his effects, and escorted to the railroad station, where he was sent off on the next train. This was a very mild example of the feeling there was. Had the man been a real American Copperhead, he would scarcely have escaped a ducking, and perhaps a drubbing also; but many said: 'He's only an Englishman, and doesn't know any better.'"

The most important expression of the feeling was that at a great noon meeting held at the Custom House in New York. Among the speakers were General Butler, E. L. Chittenden, Daniel S. Dickinson, William P. Fessenden, and General Garfield. The awful, righteous indignation of the meeting is indicated in the following citations from the speeches:

"If rebellion can do this to the wise, the kind, the benevolent Abraham Lincoln," said Butler, "what ought we to do to those who from high places incited the assassin's mind and guided the assassin's knife? [Applause, and cries of 'Hang them!'] Shall we content ourselves with simply crushing out the strength, the power, the material resources of the rebellion? ['Never, never.'] Shall we leave it yet unsubdued to light the torch of conflagration in our cities? Are we to have peace in fact or peace only in name? ['Cries of 'In fact' and applause.] Is this nation hereafter to live in peace, or are men to go about in fear and in dread, as in some of the countries of the Old World, in times past, when every man feared his neighbor, and no man went about except he was armed to the teeth or was clad in panoply of steel? This question is to be decided this day, and at this hour, by the American people. It may be that this is a dispensation of God, through His providence, to teach us that the spirit of rebellion has not been broken with the surrender of its arms." [Applause.]

"Fellow-citizens," said Garfield, "they have slain the noblest and most generous spirit that ever put down a rebellion on this earth. [Applause.] It may be almost impious to say it; but it does seem to me that his death almost parallels that of the Son of God, Who cried out, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' But in taking away that life they have left the iron hand of the people to fall upon them. [Great applause.] Peace, forgiveness, and mercy are the attributes of this government, but Justice and Judgment with inexorable tread follow behind, and when they have slain love, when they have despised mercy, when they have rejected those that would be their best friends, then comes justice with hoodwinked eyes and the sword."

The tense despair and rage of the people on Saturday had not broken when they gathered on Sunday for worship. Never, perhaps, in any sorrow, any disaster that this nation has suffered, was there so spontaneous a turning to the church for consolation as on this Sabbath day. Never, perhaps, did the clergy of a country rise more universally to console the grief of the people than on this day. Everywhere, from East to West, the death of the President was the theme of the sermons, and men who never before in their lives had said anything but commonplaces rose this day to eloquence. One of the most touching of the Sunday gatherings was at Bloomington, Illinois. Elsewhere it was only a President, a national leader, who had been lost; here it was a personal friend, and people refused to be comforted. On Sunday morning there were sermons in all the churches, but they seemed in no way to relieve the tension. Later in the day word was circulated that a general out-of-door meeting would be held at the court-house, and people gathered from far and near, townspeople and country people, in the yard about the court-house, where for years they had been accustomed to see Lincoln coming and going; and the ministers of the town, all of them his friends, talked one after another, until finally, comforted and resigned, the people separated silently and went home.

On Monday a slight distraction came in the announcement of the plan for the funeral ceremonies. After much discussion, it had been decided that a public funeral should be held in Washington, and that the body should then lie in state for brief periods at each of the larger cities on the way to Springfield, whither it was to be taken for burial. The necessity of at once beginning preparations for the reception of the funeral party furnished the first real relief to the universal grief which had paralyzed the country.

The dead President had lain in an upper chamber of the White House from the time of his removal there on Saturday morning until Tuesday morning, when he was laid under a magnificent catafalque in the center of the great East Room. Although there were in Washington many citizens who sympathized with the South, although the plot for assassination had been developed there, yet no sign appeared of any feeling but grief and indignation. It is said that there were not fifty houses in the city that were not draped in black, and it seemed as if every man, woman, and child were seeking some souvenir of the tragedy. A child was found at the Tenth Street house staining bits of soft paper with the half-dried blood on the steps. Fragments of the stained linen from the bed on which the President died were passed from hand to hand; locks of the hair cut away by the surgeons were begged; his latest photograph, the papers of the day, programmes of the funeral, a hundred trivial relics were gathered together, and are treasured to-day by the original owners or their children. They

> "dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
> Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
> And, dying, mention it within their wills,
> Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
> Unto their issue."

On Tuesday morning, when the White House was opened, it was practically the whole population, augmented by hundreds from the North, who waited at the gates. All day long they surged steadily through the East Room, and at night, when the gates were closed, Lafayette Park and the adjoining streets were still packed with people waiting for admission. In this great company of mourners two classes were conspicuous, the soldiers and the negroes. One had come from camp and hospital, the other from country and hovel, and both wept unrestrainedly as they looked on the dead face of the man who had been to one a father, to the other a liberator.

Wednesday had been chosen for the funeral, and every device was employed by the Government to make the ceremony fitting in pomp and solemnity. The greatest of the nation—members of the cabinet, senators, Congressmen, diplomats; representatives of the churches, of the courts, of commerce, of all that was distinguished and powerful in the North, were present in the East Room. Mr. Lincoln's friend, Bishop Simpson, and his pastor, Dr. Gurley, conducted the services. More than one spectator noted that in the great assembly there was but one person bearing the name of Lincoln and related to the President—his son Robert. Mrs. Lincoln was not able to endure the emotion of the scene, and little Tad could not be induced to be present.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, the booming of cannon and the tolling of bells announced that the services were ended. A few moments later, the coffin was borne from the White House and placed in a magnificent funeral car, and under the conduct of a splendid military and civilian escort, conveyed

slowly to the Capitol, attended by thousands upon thousands of men and women. At the east front of the Capitol the procession halted, and the body of Abraham Lincoln was borne across the portico, from which six weeks before, in assuming for the second time the Presidency, he had explained to the country his views upon reconstruction: "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan —to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

The rotunda of the Capitol, into which the coffin was now carried, was draped in black, and under the dome was a great catafalque. On this the coffin was placed, and after a simple service there left alone, save for the soldiers who paced back and forth at the head and foot.

But it was not in Washington alone that funeral services were held that day. All over the North, in Canada, in the Army of the Potomac, even in Richmond, business was suspended, and at noon people gathered to listen to eulogies of the dead. Twenty-five million people literally participated in the funeral rites of that Wednesday.

On Thursday the Capitol was opened, and here again, in spite of a steady rain, were repeated the scenes of Tuesday at the White House, thousands of persons slowly mounting the long flight of steps leading to the east entrance and passing through the rotunda.

FROM WASHINGTON TO SPRINGFIELD.

At six o'clock on the morning of April 21st, there gathered in the rotunda the members of the cabinet, Lieutenant-General Grant and his staff, many senators, army and navy officers, and other dignitaries. After a prayer by Dr. Gurley, the party followed the coffin to the railway station, where the funeral train which was to convey the remains of Abraham Lincoln from Washington to Springfield now stood. A great company of people had gathered for the last scene of the tragedy, and they waited in absolute silence and with uncovered heads while the coffin was placed in the car. At its foot was placed a smaller coffin, that of Willie Lincoln, the President's beloved son, who had died in February, 1862. At Mrs. Lincoln's request, father and son were to make together this last earthly journey.

Following the remains of the President came the party which was to serve as an escort to Springfield. It included several of Lincoln's old-time friends, among them Judge David Davis and Ward Lamon; a Guard of Honor, composed of prominent army officers; a large Congressional committee, several governors of States, a special delegation from Illinois, and a Body-guard. From time to time on the journey this party was joined for brief periods by other eminent men, though it remained practically the same throughout. Three of its members—Judge Davis, General Hunter, and Marshal Lamon—had been with Mr. Lincoln when he came on to Washington for his first inauguration.

Precisely at eight o'clock, the train of nine cars pulled out from the station. It moved slowly, almost noiselessly, not a bell ringing nor a whistle sounding, through a mourning throng that lined the way to the borders of the town.

The line of the journey begun on this Friday morning was practically the same that Mr. Lincoln had followed four years before when he came to Washington for his first inauguration. It led through Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Indianapolis, and Chicago, to Springfield. The entire programme of the journey, including the hours when the train would pass certain towns where it could not stop, had been published long enough beforehand to enable the people along the way to arrange, if they wished, to pay a tribute to the dead President. The result was a demonstration which in sincerity and unanimity has never been equalled in the world's history. The journey began at six o'clock on the morning of April 21st, and lasted until nine o'clock of the morning of May 3d; and it might almost be said that during the whole time there was not an hour of the night or day, whether the coffin lay in state in some heavily draped public building or was being whirled across the country, when mourning crowds were not regarding it with wet eyes and bowed heads. Night and darkness in no way lessened the number of the mourners. Thus it was not until eight o'clock on Saturday evening (April 22d) that the coffin was placed in Independence Hall, at Philadelphia. The building was at once opened to the public, and through the whole night thousands filed in to look on the dead man's face. It was at one o'clock in the morning, on Monday, that the coffin was car-

ried from Independence Hall to the train, but thousands of men, women, and children stood in the streets while the procession passed, as if it were day. In New York, on the following Tuesday, City Hall, where the coffin had been placed in the afternoon, remained open the whole night. The crowd was even greater than during the day, filling the side streets around the square in every direction. It was more impressive, too, for the men and women who were willing to watch out the night in the flare of torches and gaslights were laborers who could not secure release in daytime. Many of them had come great distances, and hundreds were obliged, after leaving the hall, to find a bed in a doorway, so overfilled was the town. The crowd was at its greatest at midnight, when, as the bells were tolling the hour, a German chorus of some seventy voices commenced suddenly to sing the *Inter vitæ*. The thrilling sweetness of the music coming unexpectedly upon the mourners produced an effect never to be forgotten.

Nor did rain make any more difference with the crowd than the darkness. Several times during the journey there arose heavy storms; but the people, in utter indifference, stood in the streets, often uncovered, to see the catafalque and its guard go by, or waiting their turn to be admitted to view the coffin.

The great demonstrations were, of course, in the cities where the remains lay in state for a few hours. These demonstrations were perforce much alike. The funeral train was met at the station by the distinguished men of the city and representatives of organizations. The coffin was transferred to a stately hearse, draped in velvet and crape, surmounted by heavy plumes, ornamented in silver, and drawn by six, eight, ten, or more horses. Then, to the tolling of the bells and the regular firing of minute guns, followed by a vast concourse of people, it was carried to the place appointed for the lying in state. Here a crowd which seemed unending filed by until the time came to close the coffin, when the procession reformed to attend the hearse to the funeral train.

The first of these demonstrations was in Baltimore, the city which a little over four years before it had been thought unsafe for the President to pass through openly, the city in which the first troops called out for the defense of the Union had been mobbed. Now no offering was sufficient to express the feeling of sorrow. All buildings draped in black, all business suspended, the people poured out in a driving rain to follow the catafalque to the Exchange, where for two hours, on April 21st, the public was admitted.

As was to be expected, the most elaborate of the series of funeral ceremonies was in New York. There, when the funeral train arrived on Tuesday, April 25th, the whole city was swathed in crape, and vast crowds filled the streets. The climax of the obsequies was the procession which, on Wednesday, followed the hearse up Broadway and Fifth Avenue to Thirty-fourth Street and thence to the Hudson River station. For a week this procession had been preparing, until finally it included representatives of almost every organization of every nature in the city and vicinity. The military was represented by detachments from scores of different regiments, and by many distinguished officers of the army and navy, among them General Scott and Admiral Farragut. Companies of the Seventh Regiment were on each side of the funeral car. The city sent its officials—educational, judicial, protective. The foreign consuls marched in full uniform. There were scores of societies and clubs, including all the organizations of Irish, Germans, and Hebrews. The whole life of the city was, in fact, represented in the solid column of men which marched that day through the streets of New York in such numbers that it took four hours to pass a single point. Deepest in significance of all the long rank was the rear body in the last division: 200 colored men bearing a banner inscribed with the words, "Abraham Lincoln —Our Emancipator." A platoon of police preceded, another followed the delegation, for the presence of these freedmen would, it was believed by many, cause disorder, and permission for them to march had only been obtained by an appeal to the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton. Several white men walked with them, and at many points sympathizers took pains to applaud. With this single exception, the procession passed through a silent multitude, the only sound being from the steady tramp of feet and the music of the funeral dirges.

At four o'clock the funeral car reached the station, and the journey was continued toward Albany. But the obsequies in New York did not end then. A meeting was held that night in Union Square, at which George Bancroft delivered an oration that will remain as one of the great expressions of the day upon Lincoln and the ideas for which he

worked. It was for this gathering that Bryant wrote his "Ode for the Burial of Abraham Lincoln," beginning:

> "Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
> Gentle and merciful and just;
> Who in the fear of God did'st bear
> The sword of power, a Nation's trust."

Imposing, solemn, and sincere as was this series of municipal demonstrations over the bier of Lincoln, there was another feature of the funeral march which showed more vividly the affectionate reverence in which the whole people held the President. This was the outpouring at villages, country cross-roads, and farms to salute, as it passed, the train bearing his remains. From Washington to Springfield the train entered scarcely a town that the bells were not tolling, the minute guns firing, the stations draped, and all the spaces beside the track crowded with people with uncovered heads. At many points arches were erected over the track; at others the bridges were wreathed from end to end in crape and evergreens and flags. And this was not in the towns alone; every farm-house by which the train passed became for the time a funeral house; the plow was left in the furrow, crape was on the door, the neighbors were gathered, and those who watched from the train as it flew by could see groups of weeping women, of men with uncovered heads, sometimes a minister among them, his arms raised in prayer. Night did not hinder them. Great bonfires were built in lonely country-sides, around which the farmers waited patiently to salute their dead. At the towns the length of the train was lit by blazing torches. Storm as well as darkness was unheeded. Much of the journey was made through the rain, in fact, but the people seemed to have forgotten all things but that Abraham Lincoln, the man they loved and trusted, was passing by for the last time.

IN ILLINOIS.

At eleven o'clock on the morning of Monday, May 1st, the funeral train reached Chicago, and here the mourning began to take on a character distinctly different from what had marked it through the East. The people who now met the coffin, who followed it to the court-house, who passed in endless streams by it to look on Lincoln's face, dated their trust in him many years earlier than 1861. Man after man of them had come to pay their last tribute, not to the late President of the United States, but to the genial lawyer; the resourceful, witty political debater who had educated Illinois to believe that a country could not endure half slave and half free, and who, after defeat, had kept her faithful to the "durable struggle" by his counsel. The tears these men shed were the tears of long-time friends and personal followers.

As the train advanced from Chicago toward Springfield the personal and intimate character of the mourning grew. The journey was made at night, but the whole population of the country lined the route. Nearly every one of the towns passed—indeed, one might almost say every one of the farms passed—had been visited personally by Lincoln on legal or political errands, and a vast number of those who thus in the dead of night watched the flying train he had at some time in his life taken by the hand.

It was nine o'clock on the morning of May 3d that the funeral train stopped at the station where, four years and two months before, Abraham Lincoln had bidden his friends farewell, as he left them to go to Washington. Nearly all of those who on that dreary February morning had listened to his solemn farewell words were present in the May sunshine to receive him. Their hearts had been heavy as he departed; they were broken now, for he was more than a great leader, an honored martyr, to the men of Springfield. He was their neighbor and friend and helper, and as they bore his coffin to the State House, in the center of the city, their minds were busy, not with the greatness and honor that had come to him and to them through him, but with the scenes of more than a quarter of a century in which he had always been a conspicuous figure. Every corner of the street suggested that past. Here was the office in which he had first studied law; here, draped in mourning, the one before which his name still hung. Here was the house where he had lived, the church he had attended, the store in which he had been accustomed to tell stories and to discuss politics. His name was written everywhere, even on the walls of the Hall of Representatives in the State House, where they placed his coffin, for here he had spoken again and again.

During the time that the body lay in state—from the noon of May 3d until the noon of May 4th—the place Lincoln held in Springfield and the surrounding country was shown as never before. The men and women who came to look on his face were many of them the plain farmers of Sangamon and adjacent counties, and they wept as over the coffin

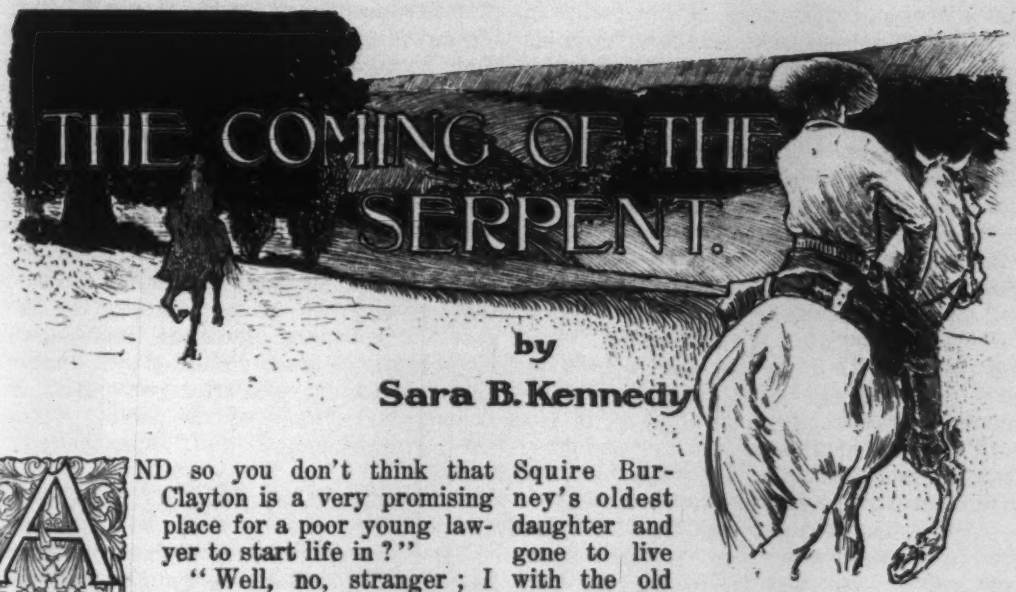
of a father. Their grief at finding him so changed was inconsolable. In the days after leaving Washington the face changed greatly, and by the time Springfield was reached it was black and shrunken almost beyond recognition. To many the last look at their friend was so painful that the remembrance has never left them. The writer has seen men weep as they recalled the scene, and heard them say repeatedly, "If I had not seen him dead; if I could only remember him alive!"

It was on May 4th, fifteen days after the funeral in Washington, that Abraham Lincoln's remains finally rested in Oakland Cemetery, a shaded and beautiful spot, two miles from Springfield. Here, at the foot of a woody knoll, a vault had been prepared; and thither, attended by a great concourse of military and civic dignitaries, by governors of States, members of Congress, officers of the army and navy, delegations from orders, from cities, from churches, by the friends of his youth, his young manhood, his maturer years, was Lincoln carried and laid, by his side his little son. The solemn rite was followed by dirge and prayer, by the reading of his last inaugural address, and by a noble funeral oration by Bishop Simpson. Then, as the beautiful day drew toward evening, the vault was closed, and the great multitudes slowly returned to their duties.

The funeral pageant was at an end, but the mourning was not silenced. From every corner of the earth there came to the family and to the Government tributes to the greatness of the character and the life of the murdered man. Medals were cast, tablets engraved, parchments engrossed. At the end of the year, when the State Department came to publish the diplomatic correspondence of 1865, there was a volume of over 700 pages, containing nothing but expressions of condolence and sympathy on Lincoln's death. Nor did the mourning and the honor end there. From the day of his death until now, the world has gone on rearing monuments to Abraham Lincoln.

The first and inevitable result of the emotion which swept over the earth at Lincoln's death was to enroll him among martyrs and heroes. Men forgot that they had despised him, jeered at him, doubted him. They forgot his mistakes, forgot his plodding caution, forgot his homely ways. They saw now, with the vision which an awful and sudden disaster so often gives, the simple, noble outlines on which he had worked. They realized how completely he had sunk every partisan and personal consideration, every non-essential, in the tasks which he had set for himself—to prevent the extension of slavery, to save the Union. They realized how, while they had forgotten everything in disputes over this man, this measure, this event, he had seen only the two great objects of the struggle. They saw how slowly, but surely, he had educated them to feel the vital importance of these objects, had resolved their partisan warfare into a moral struggle. The wisdom of his words, the sincerity of his acts, the steadfastness of his life were clear to them at last. With this realization came a feeling that he was more than a man. He was a prophet, they said, a man raised up by God for a special work, and they laid then the foundation of the Lincoln myth which still enthralls so many minds.

The real Lincoln, the great Lincoln, is not, however, this prophet and martyr. He is the simple, steady, resolute, unselfish man whose supreme ambition was to find out the truth of the questions which confronted him in life, and whose highest satisfaction was in following the truth he discovered. He was not endowed by nature with the vision of a seer. His power of getting at the truth of things he had won by incessant mental effort. From his boyhood he would *understand*, though he must walk the floor all night with his problem. Nor had nature made him a saint. His lofty moral courage in the Civil War was the logical result of life-long fidelity to his own conscience. From his boyhood he would keep faith with that which his mind told him was true, though he lost friend and place by it. When he entered public life these qualities at first won him position; but they cost him a position more than once. They sent him to Congress; but, in 1849, they forced him out of public life. They brought him face to face with Douglas from 1854 to 1858, and enabled him to shape the moral sentiment of the Northwest; but later they defeated him. They made him Illinois's candidate for the Presidency in 1860; but they brought upon him as President the distrust and hatred of even his own party. It took four years of dogged struggle, of constant repetitions of the few truths which he believed to be essential, to teach the people of the United States that they could trust him; it took a murderer's bullet to make them realize the surpassing greatness of his simplicity, his common sense, and his resolution. It is this man who never rested until he had found what he believed to be the right, and who, having found it, could never be turned from it, who is the Real Lincoln.



by

Sara B. Kennedy

AND so you don't think that Clayton is a very promising place for a poor young lawyer to start life in?"

"Well, no, stranger; I shouldn't say it was," came the answer, in that slow, easy voice which just misses being a drawl and is so characteristic of the South. "You see there are five lawyers here already, and they don't have more than half a dozen good cases among them during the year. There's old Squire Burney, he's rich—staked out a big claim when immigration set this way ten years ago—so he can afford the luxury of a small practice. Lawyer Steel teaches Latin and mathematics in the town academy between cases—and his time is mostly that way—to help make buckle and tongue meet. As for Smith and Carruthers, they formed a partnership, as you see by that sign up there; but the biggest part of their practice is on their potato crops, and they lay down more law to two old mules and a couple of plow p'ints than to any judge or jury."

The stranger laughed. "And how about the fifth fellow?"

"Nathan Hide? Oh, he turned up here with a bran'-new license about eighteen months ago," replied the loquacious townsman, carving a fresh watermelon on top of a dry-goods box, and motioning those who sat about him, under the shade of the elm tree at the street corner, to help themselves. When the pink meat was all gone from his slice, he went on with his story. "Nathan rented an office, and furnished it with two chairs and a table, and then sat down to wait for clients. But the clients never came, and folks do say that, if Nathan hadn't married Squire Burney's oldest daughter and gone to live with the old man, the sheriff would have been under the painful necessity of selling those two chairs and the table to pay his board bill."

Again the stranger showed his handsome white teeth in a good-tempered smile. "It's a wise lawyer who feathers his own nest so well," he remarked. "How long is it since you had a murder hereabouts?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Ain't been but two murders in this deestrick sence the redskins was run out," put in the groceryman, who, up to this point, had been a silent member of the party sitting in front of his door.

"Many robberies?"

"Not unless you count those committed on the hen-roosts and melon-patches," answered the first townsman. "You can travel the States over, and you won't find a safer district or a more honest people than this. There's an illustration of the fact," he continued, pointing to a man just about to mount a horse across the street from them. "That's Sim Holeman, paymaster for this new railroad they are building through the country. To-morrow is pay-day, and he is going up to Redville, the section station, this evening, with the money for the surveyors and hands. Reckon he's got near to $1,000 in his saddle-bags."

"Of course he takes a guard along?"

"Yes," with a significant touch to the belt; "a pair of loaded pistols. Nobody's going to monkey with Sim when he has his shooting-irons on—he's got such a reputation for a cool head and a steady aim. He's

got a ten-mile ride ahead of him; that is why he starts so early in the afternoon. Are you stopping in the village overnight?"

"No, I only stopped to rest my horse during the heat of the day, for you have a tropical sun here in Tennessee. I shall ride as far as Boon to-night; I believe I catch the north-bound stage at that point?"

"Yes; about twelve miles to the north; you can get there by bed-time and never blow your horse, and, the moon being full, you will have no difficulty."

"That is how I put it up to myself," said the stranger. "I confess I felt a little uneasy about the night ride through a strange country, but you have put my fears to rest with your description of the law and order that reign hereabouts. Perhaps you will give me some directions as to my road?"

"Oh, it's a straight enough way. You turn to the right where you see that barber-pole yonder, and just follow the big road straight to the north. About six miles out you'll come to where it forks; your way lies still to the right—you can't make a mistake, for the other fork is scarcely more than a bridle-path. It cuts across country to the Redville road, two miles away."

After another melon had been disposed of, the stranger got up, shook hands with his informer, nodded pleasantly to the other loungers, and went away to the village inn. Half an hour later he rode down the street, and curbed his horse in front of the group. Leaning toward the man with whom he had been conversing, he extended a bit of pasteboard.

"I have taken a fancy to this Tennessee Eden," he laughed. "Here is my card. When the serpent has found an entrance here and made men of my profession a necessity, let me know, will you?"

"All right," was the hearty answer. "My name is Stephen Hill—William and Mary man of the class of '40. I'll apprise you of the coming of his Satanic majesty. Safe trip to you. Keep to the right at the fork of the road."

The stranger looked back and waved his hand in a final adieu as he rounded the corner by the barber-shop; then let his horse fall into an easy trot down the wide village street.

"An Eden surely. What a peaceful life one might lead here!" he mused, glancing from side to side at the home-like residences embowered in trees or shrubs. Men and women sat on the piazzas, children romped on the lawns, and girls and boys of a larger growth sauntered along the sidewalks drinking in the coolness of the hour. Now and then a high-swung carriage passed him, showing that mature gentility was out for an airing; or prancing horses ridden by happy lovers swept by, leaving in their wake an indefinable impression of blushes and tender eyes.

Near the end of the street stood the most pretentious residence he had yet passed, a roomy house, set back somewhat from the road, in a grove of maples. By the small gate which flanked the more imposing carriage entrance stood a slender girl, scarcely more than child, a scarlet geranium at her throat, the radiance of the flaming west on her up-turned face.

"Eyes that hold the shadowed gray
Of the storm-cloud's prisoned strife."

Something seemed to catch at the man's heart as he quoted the couplet under his breath, and he struck his horse sharply, and rode on.

Outside of the village the road lay up a long hill, not very steep and devoid of trees. At the top of this eminence he drew rein and looked back. Under the drifting glory of the sunset clouds crouched the drowsy pioneer village, which needed but the quickening pulse of the coming railroad to make it a thriving town. Peace and beauty seemed the twin guardians of the clustered homes and color-flecked gardens. With a half-whimsical, half-expectant glance, his eyes went to the limits of the town, as though he thought to see there the angel with the flaming sword keeping guard over this new Paradise. The cross upon a church spire, bathed in the red radiance of the dying day, became a startling symbol of that greater cross when crimsoned with the blood of immortality. Lesser spires were also touched with the hue, and the statue of Justice on the court-house turret stood out in mammoth proportions against the beaten gold of a flying cloud. Was it fancy, or did a ray from that pale statue, blending with a ray from the encrimsoned cross, flash lightning-like downward to a gate where fluttered the white dress of a dreaming girl? With an impatient gesture the man drew his hand across his eyes. What ailed him this afternoon? Then he smiled cynically, and shook his rein. "Yes, an Eden," he said. "Who will be the serpent to enter it?"

As he rode on through the gathering shadows he fell to dreaming of his life, its past triumphs and its new trials. His pam-

pered boyhood, his successful college career, his gay life in the national capital, where for two years he had drunk ceaselessly at the bubbling spring of pleasure—all these rose before him with a vivid clearness. Then that quarrel over a game of cards, the flash of pistols, and a white face turned toward him beseechingly! For all the quarrel, the man was his friend, and he would not leave him there to be caught by the officers already pounding at the door. The others had fled. There was an open window, and he had sprung to the roof with the wounded man in his arms. Half of that freezing night they two had lain on the tiles, keeping the cold out of their veins by hugging the chimney pots. Finally relief came, and they parted with the former friendship cemented. But the disgrace of the affair clung to him. Then had come the hasty summons home, and the double tragedy of his father's financial ruin and death. He was wonderfully shaken by the sorrow of it all, for he was more pleasure-loving than vicious, and possessed that ready quality of repentance which belongs to impressionable natures. A new scheme of life had been planned, and he had set himself to save what was possible out of the wreck of his father's fortune. It was now a year since the old man's death, and though his industry had provided for his mother's comfort, it had not raised the necessary funds—$800—to liquidate some debts standing against him—debts called debts of honor because rooted deep in dishonor. Until those obligations were satisfied, it would be impossible for him to return to the life he loved best in the far capital. He could not meet the haughty coldness such a forfeiture of his word would draw upon him. It was in the hope of raising this money on some lands his father had purchased in primitive days that he had made this journey into Tennessee. But the acres lay still in the wilderness, and there was no sale for them; so he was going home empty-handed and bitterly disappointed. Why was money so easy to spend, so hard to get? He had always held such a high head among his comrades; he would have bartered five years of his life to meet those notes when they fell due next month.

"BY THE . . . GATE . . . STOOD A SLENDER GIRL, . . . A SCARLET GERANIUM AT HER THROAT."

"But Mephistopheles makes no bargains with the present-day Faust," he said to himself, with a touch of the humor which was one of his chief charms and characteristics.

So profound had been his meditations that he had not noticed the final going of the day and the fall of the shadowy night. He did not realize how long he had been in the saddle until high weeds rapping against his feet drew his attention to the road he traveled. It was not the wide, worn highway on which he had started, but a narrow lane, flanked on one side by a tangle of briers and vines, and on the other by a rail fence. Where was he? How had he missed the way? Should he turn back and seek another track? At that moment a bend in the lane gave to sight a long stretch of road ahead over which the moonlight fell in a white splendor. And, plainly visible in the moonlight, not fifty yards away, there went a man and horse, a man with square shoulders and a wide hat, and a raw-boned white horse, now limping painfully.

"Sim Holeman, the paymaster," he said with a sigh of relief, realizing that at the fork of the road he had taken the wrong turn. It would be easy to follow the trail back and rectify the mistake; and he opened his lips to call after the man and ask what had befallen his horse that it was so lame.

"THERE WAS . . . A COLLISION, . . . A SWINGING BLOW, . . . AND THEN A WHITE HORSE WENT RIDERLESS OUT OF THE SHADOW INTO THE MOONLIGHT."

Then suddenly into his heart there came a pricking thought, just as a hell-snake turns hissing in its egg. His clenched teeth shut back the call and crushed the thought; but it struck him again with its venomed fang. In the saddle-bags across that limping horse was the money that would lift him out of debt and give him his old place in the esteem of his comrades. Again he fought back the thought, and pulled his horse resolutely about. Should he forswear his better nature, go back on the teachings of a Christian mother? No, a thousand times no!

But the tempter was still beside him. (Does Mephistopheles make no bargains with the modern Faust?) Nay, that money would do more than pay his debt; the surplus, staked on the right-colored card, might put him once more on the high road to luxury and pleasure. One of these days he could quietly return this borrowed stake. Again the horse's head was turned about, this time more slowly.

Railroads are grasping corporations, and this one will never miss this paltry sum, went on the wheedling voice of the tempter; the man who carries it need not be hurt. Then over his faint-heartedness there came a sudden evil decision. He held his rein steady for a moment, and took a long, searching look around. Not the sign of a habitation anywhere; not a moving figure in all the landscape except that horseman ahead, walking his beast leisurely along the grass-grown path. The shiny leather of the saddle-bags glistened in the moonlight.

With a quick instinct of self-concealment, the man whipped out his handkerchief and tied it over the lower part of his face and turned down his hat brim. Cautiously he began to follow. Just where that tree threw its shadow over the path was the place for the attack.

All unconscious of any danger, the rider ahead jogged on across the moonlit stretch and entered the shadow. Then the chestnut mare behind felt the spurs prick deep into her flanks and the taut rein hold her to her course. There was a streaking shadow across the moonlight, the sound of a collision, a hoarse cry, a swinging blow from a hand grasping the butt end of a pistol—and then a white horse went riderless out of the shadow into the moonlight beyond, and stopped to look back in animal fear for its erstwhile rider. But that rider was on the ground, face upward, white as the wan starlight, his eyes stark and staring.

"He is but stunned," said his assailant, shuddering; and went hastily to the white horse, and unstrapped the saddle-bags. To cut them open was the work of a moment, and the coveted money was in his grasp. But as he rammed it into his pockets, the sharp snapping of a twig caught his ear, and looking up, he saw above the rail fence the head and shoulders of a man. Even in the peril of the moment he noted the unkempt hair and the ragged shirt. For one brief second the two stared into each other's faces, standing not ten steps apart. Then the stranger reached for his pistol, but with a yell that echoed fiendishly through the dark recesses of the night the other man

threw up his hands and fled into the underbrush of the field beyond. The stranger started in pursuit, but wiser thoughts prevailed. The man would give the alarm, or Sim Holeman himself might recover consciousness, and then escape would be impossible. As he turned back from the fence, something attracted his attention in the grass —a worn felt hat which the late intruder had dropped in his fright. With a harsh laugh the man kicked it close to the prostrate form in the shadow, and springing into his saddle, drove the white horse before him at a rapid gait down the lane whence he had come. Where there were some bars in the fence he dismounted, and turning the driven horse in, he closed the gap, and rode on faster than before.

"That gives me a chance, for when Sim Holeman recovers from that blow on the head he cannot follow me afoot," he said to himself.

At the fork of the road he turned to the right, and went steadily and rapidly onward. He knew the horse he rode, the scion of a famous Kentucky racer, and he felt sure that if nothing else happened he could make up the lost hour and reach Boon in time to avert suspicion. He asked himself no questions, he dared not even think as he pressed onward; but at his heart was a sickening sense of loneliness, a nausea of life and of self which he could not shake off. On the outskirts of Boon he dismounted, and with a cloth from his knapsack rubbed off his horse, so that the animal had no appearance of being jaded when he turned him over to the hostler at the inn.

"What time is it? Quarter to ten, sir. Yes, the stage goes by at daylight. All right, sir; I'll get you up in time," were the answers to his questions.

Then he lay down and counted every hour that struck until the thin gray dawn crept into his window and the warning knock at his door told him it was time to be up. Mechanically he ate the breakfast spread before him, and shortly afterward found himself on top of the stage, straining his eyes through the mist to catch a glimpse of the road they traveled. Sleep seemed to have deserted him; his throat was parched, and his eyes burned in their sockets. He did not notice that the road was muddy until the driver said something of the heavy rain that had fallen after midnight.

Eight days later, he sat in a Louisville clubroom, and read the morning paper. There were no telegraphs in those days, and news traveled slowly. Under a glaring headline he found the following item:

The pioneer town of Clayton, Tennessee, has had its first sensation since the days of the Indian raids. On Friday, the 15th, Sim Holeman, paymaster for the A. and Z. road now building through that district, went out as usual with the funds to pay off the hands and some other expenses of the week, amounting in all to $1,000. He started alone on horseback from Clayton to go to Redville, leaving the former place at 4 P.M. The next morning about eight o'clock his body was found in a lonely part of the road. His rifled saddlebags and three pistols lay beside him, and his horse, which must have been hurt in the fracas, since it was lame, was at graze in a near-by field. A heavy rain which fell late in the night had wiped out all traces and tracks of the murderer. As Holeman's horse was a good one, he must have reached this point in the road about dark, and there been waylaid. There was a stranger in Clayton that afternoon, but he did not leave the town for an hour after Holeman's departure, and

"HE WENT FORWARD TO MEET HER."

inquiries show that this man reached Boon, his destination, before ten o'clock ; so it would have been impossible for him to have gone so far out of his way as this point on the Redville road where the murder and robbery were committed.

Below followed a paragraph entitled:

LATER NEWS FROM CLAYTON'S MURDER.

It now develops that near the body of the dead man there was found a tattered brown felt hat which has been amply identified as the property of Ben Rule, a white laborer whose house is not more than five hundred yards from the fatal spot. It seems that on his last trip Sim was accosted by this man about the money he carried, but as he was only about half-witted, Holeman took no notice of it. If further proof of the man's guilt were needed, it would be found in the fact that Rule is missing. It seems that, on going home, he told his wife a bungling story of a fight he had witnessed on the public road and of his having to run for his own life. The next morning he disappeared, and the woman pretends to know nothing of his whereabouts. It is a clear case against him, and justice will claim her own when he is caught and returned to the district. Not only Clayton, but the whole county, is incensed over the crime.

By sheer will power the man held the paper in front of his face as though still absorbed in its contents. Some instinct bade him hide his tell-tale pallor. Dead? That swinging blow had then done more than stun his victim. A murderer! He who loved life so had taken a fellow-being's life; his hands were red with blood! He could not tear his eyes from the fatal lines; they careened, then steadied themselves to burn again into his brain. A cold sweat of horror broke out on his brow. A murderer—what would they do with him?

Then he read again how the stranger was held blameless and the blood-stain laid on the fugitive laborer. The twisting heat in his throat relaxed. "Waiter," he called sharply, "bring me a brandy and soda, and be quick about it."

Ten years went by. The railroad had done for Clayton what the prophets had foretold. The town had crept far up the valley, and the new houses crowded so close upon each other that flower gardens were out of the question. Among the signs that glittered in the sun or swung in the wind were many that bore the explanatory words, "Attorney at Law," for under the rose of progress the serpent had entered the new Eden.

There had recently been held an election for judge of the criminal court, and Stephen Hill, meeting the successful candidate on the street one afternoon, shook him warmly by the hand. "Great victory for you, old fellow; and you deserved it. I was just now telling Carruthers that you know more law than the rest of the bar combined could scrape together on their shingles. Strange how things happen, isn't it? Remember that little joke about the coming of his Satanic majesty to our village, that day you passed through on your way to Boon?"

"I shall never forget it."

"Little we thought then that one day you would really come back here to live and become our criminal judge. At that time you doubted if you could make your salt in so exemplary a neighborhood; now lawing is about the best-paying business among us. Queer commentary on the morals of progress, hey?—On your way to the Squire's as usual, I suppose? Well, to win there were better than fifty judgeships. She's an angel, no doubt of it—that's why she would not have me, though I wanted her as a man wants air and sunshine. But I wasn't good enough for her. Now, you are different; you neither smoke nor swear nor gamble nor drink, while I do a little of each."

"I lost all taste for such things years ago."

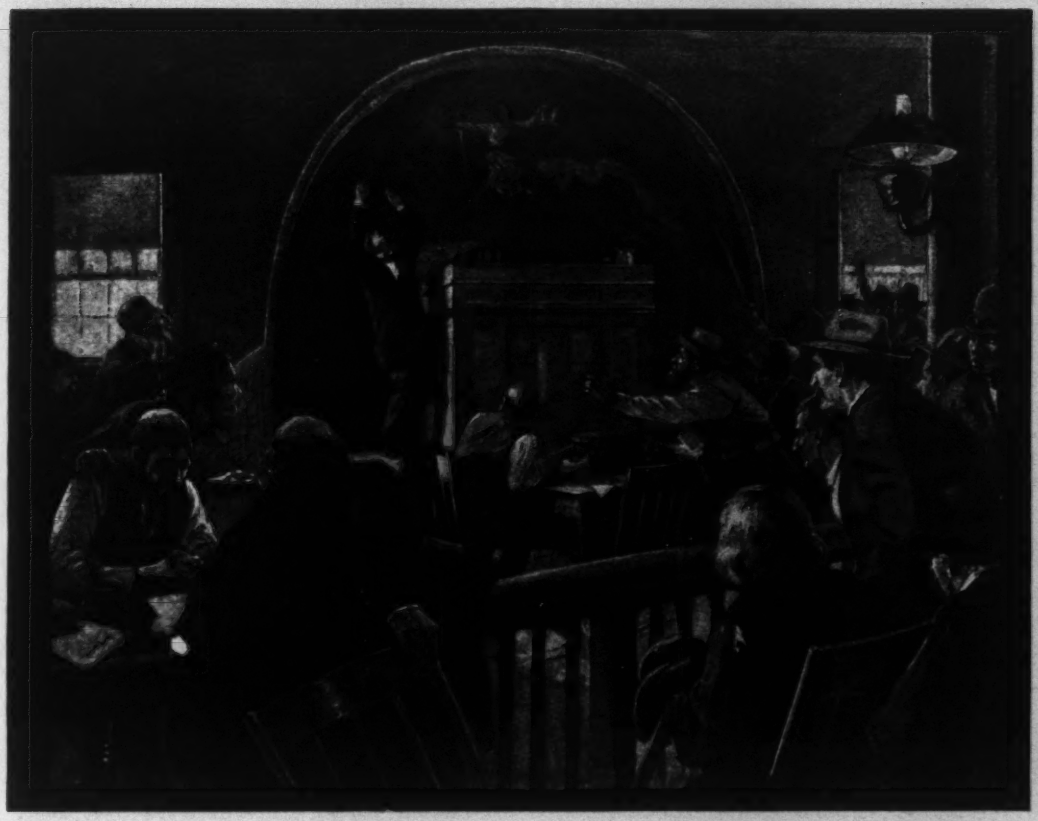
"Good thing for you; wish I could get rid of mine, too; but there are some things some fellows cannot lose."

"Memory, for instance." There was a strange wistfulness in the tone which struck the other oddly.

"Oh, well," he laughed, "I don't think either one of us wants to forget his identity. But to go back to Dolores Burney: I used to think I'd kill the man she favored above me; but you are worthy of her, and the greatest proof of my friendship is that I can say 'good luck' to you."

He did not notice that the hand he grasped gave back none of his pressure, nor that on the face opposite him had gathered a sorrow that was as a passion of self-reproach. He lounged away, and the new judge stood looking after him a moment with the shadow still in his eyes. Then he resumed his walk, stepping resolutely, as though resolved not even to think. Looking at him carefully, one would have said that his habitual self-control had come only after a long struggle with his will. The storm that often raged in his soul never came to the surface in public. Alone he might break down, as though some strange grief gnawed at his heart; but the world knew him only as a man of iron will.

His walk ended at a side gate that flanked the carriage entrance to maple-shaded



"THEN WITH AN ANSWERING CRY SUCH AS A LOST SOUL GIVES . . . HE TOSSED UP HIS ARMS."

grounds; for here there stood a young woman in a white dress, a scarlet blossom at her throat, and the sunset clouds flying like victorious banners above her. He stopped abruptly, with a sudden catch at his heart, as if the picture were the restoration of some old memory.

"Eyes where tears shall drown the smiles,
Eyes that hold the pain of life,"

he said softly to himself, as though completing some unfinished quotation. Then he went forward to meet her.

"I have come for my answer, Dolores," he said, when they had reached the house among the maples. And the gray eyes, holding now only the light of love, looked steadily into his as she answered: "It is 'yes.'"

Later, as they sat in the starlight, a knowledge of his own unworthiness, coupled with a lurking dread lest his happiness be not real, betrayed itself in the words: "Strange that you should care for me; I am so worldly, so much older than you."

"Older only in years. I have always been sober in tastes beyond my age. Nurse says the shadow of my mother's coffin fell on my cradle and made me serious-minded. You know it was once my thought to go into the Sisterhood, but you broke that up." In her tone was only a sweet gravity. Presently she added: "But, after all, there are only fourteen years between us in spite of your gray hair. How came it so white at thirty-six?"

He started slightly, then answered with a forced smile: "They say the head of youth turns white but for two causes, piety and—remorse."

"Then you must have been very good all of your life." And he let her have her way uncontradicted.

A new glory dwelt upon the earth for this man who, for long years, had looked at life as through a smoked glass. Now the glass had suddenly cleared, so that the prismatic beauties beyond were unobscured. Dolores said it was but the frost touch on the forests that made them so beautiful, but he knew that some subtler spell lay over the face of nature. He had made a supreme effort against this passion which had besieged his heart. Success in all other lines

came to him almost unbidden, but he set his face against love. He never intended to marry; his profession was to be sweetheart, wife, and child to him; and so for six months he had even absented himself from the city of his adoption, that absence might do for him what will power could not accomplish. But the very day of his return the joy of again beholding her swept away all his austere resolutions, and betrayed him into a confession he had never meant to make. After that, there was no going backward, and he gave himself up to the joys of love. In her deep piety, her calm-eyed purity, he found a new baptism for his own spirit; and life, which for so many years had been all disappointment and repression, suddenly held in it a note of redemption.

But all dreams have an hour of awakening. One day Stephen Hill came hastily into his private office, without waiting for an answer to his summons, and said: "I have news for you this morning. Whom think you the authorities nabbed last night?"

"Rooker, the horse thief?"

"Horse thief? Bigger game than that! You'll have a murder case that will test your legal abilities. Why, they caught Ben Rule last night, while he was trying to get to his wife's house. A couple of officers stumbled on him in the swamp by the merest accident— 'Sdeth, man, what makes you look like that?"

"I—I was trying to recall who Ben Rule is and what he did." The Judge's voice was slow and even, but the hand on his desk was clammy and nerveless. He threw the long white hair from his forehead with a backward shake of the head, and blew a cloud of smoke from his pipe. It was a magnificent bit of acting, only the spectator did not know it.

"Do?" Hill repeated. "Why, it was he who robbed and murdered Sim Holeman, the paymaster. Did you ever see the pistol he used on that occasion? It is in the sheriff's office—but no, I believe Duncan the detective begged it out of the clerk. I always did wonder where Rule got it—beautiful weapon, quaintly carved; just the thing for a gentlemanly killing. How things work around. Ten years Rule has dodged the officers, but we've got him now. He was the serpent who entered our modern Eden, don't you recollect?"

"Was he?" The fine shade of doubt in the question was lost on the excited listener, who launched out with a history of the celebrated murder. Through it all the man sitting before his desk smoked passively. What need had he to listen? But when the visitor was gone, he bolted his door, and dropped his pipe on the hearth, and over his features crept a grayness as of despair.

Caught at last, this man whom he had sought unsuccessfully for five years, and then given up for dead—caught and brought back to Clayton for trial. And then came the sickening realization that he himself was the judge before whom the case would come. He could not—he could not! Men who had voted for him because he seemed ever so calm, so unswayed by passion, would have been aghast to see the storm-swept face ere he buried it in his arm.

Ben Rule's wife had dwelt in her house during all these years, awaiting her husband's return. But she had not waited in penury; no wolf had ever howled at her humble door, for every quarter there came to her a mysterious envelope containing a fifty-dollar bill folded in a blank sheet of paper. Always it came from a different place, first from one city and then from another, which seemed to prove that the sender was ever on the move; never any word or message, only the money. It was Ben who sent it, for her and the babies, people said; and wild rumors were afloat as to the fortune he had made with that filched $1,000 as the corner-stone. Men said to each other that he could not have been so stupid after all; and the public disapprobation of him began to be leavened by that indefinable regard which success, even in a bad cause, engenders. But none the less the deserted woman's condition was pitiful, and the years that had turned her babies into half-grown girls had marked her face with the unmistakable evidences of sorrow.

"Tain't like she was a for-sure widow," said a neighbor commiseratingly, "for then she could take another man. Ben always was duncy about her, for all his simple ways, and I believe he just sends that money often enough to keep her from getting married again; and I don't know but what I think it's sorter low down in him."

It was this woman who went to tell the lonely wife of her husband's capture, one October morning, and saw the reflux of the tragedy enacted all over again in the humble cabin.

"And he's come back in rags and tatters like he was done busted all to pieces; and I'd just make him tell what he's done with the fortune he's been making and spending, if I were you, Sally Rule," she said, as they bent their steps toward the spired town.

But a merciful jailer shut the door of the cell when the wife had entered, and the gaping crowd without never knew the details of that meeting.

It was to be one of the most noteworthy cases the district had ever known, this murder case. The old interest was rekindled tenfold from the remarkable circumstances that surrounded it, and also because it was to be the first murder case the popular new judge had sat upon. Speculation ran riot as to the fugitive's life during those absent years, his supposed affluence, his present destitute appearance, and what defense his lawyers would make. People could talk of nothing else.

And yet not one of all the chattering gossips thought of it half so much as one man to whom it was necessarily a sealed subject of conversation. In his office, on the street, alone or in a crowd, by day and by night, it pursued him; haunting even the hours he spent with his love, and shriveling into nothingness the new glory of earth and sky. His first determination was to ask a brother judge to exchange benches with him when the case came to trial. Such an ordeal was out of all reason, all humanity; neither body nor mind could stand such a strain. But the judge to whom he wrote could not oblige him, having already an important engagement for that time. Another to whom he applied was desperately ill, and so he found the whole thing forced back upon himself. Then followed a season of feverish satisfaction: after all, the rulings of the presiding judge go far in the matter of final decisions, and who would so favor the prisoner as himself? With this thought there came a conviction that it was his duty to sit on the bench, and so far as in him lay to turn the scales of justice toward the unfortunate culprit. It became a part of his punishment, and he nerved himself to meet it; but as the days went by, he aged even to the casual observer.

The morning of the trial dawned clear and fine. The first snow of the season glistened on the housetops, but the far sky above was full of turquoise light. The court-room was crowded from aisles to walls, and a tremor of expectation pulsed and throbbed through the room. The last stroke of nine rang out, but the Judge's door remained closed. Out in the crowded room one man, leaning against a post, took out his watch as if to time the delinquent; but the next moment snapped it to, for the sheriff's voice announced shrilly that court was open, and the door to the right swung open. The Judge took his place on the bench, turned over some papers for a moment while the assembly composed itself; then, without raising his eyes, he called the first case: "The State of Tennessee, —— County, *vs.* Benjamin Rule. Murder."

And as the lawyers made answer that they were ready, every eye went to a table on the left, where, between his two attorneys, sat a slight, stoop-shouldered, shabbily dressed man, with a shock of faded sandy hair about his brows, and in his eyes an animal terror that carried its own appeal.

"Ain't much changed," was a whispered comment; "always did have a skeered-up look."

There were only two people in the room who were not observing the prisoner as his attorneys made his plea of not guilty—the man by the post and the judge on the bench. The eyes of the latter were straight ahead of him, as though on the opposite wall was some rare picture painted by a master hand. Was it a panel of rail fence, with the moonlight quivering over it and lighting up a man's head and shoulders?

The proceedings went forward quietly; but so widespread had been the original notoriety of the murder that the closing of court for the day found only the jury impaneled. Then for two more days the case dragged on. The young attorneys made a gallant fight, and cautiously the Judge backed them up. But the prosecution had things their own way, and broke down the frail defenses set up by the opposition. Then the prisoner was allowed to speak for himself. It was a jumbled and pitiful story he told, of having witnessed a fight between two men on the Redville road, finding himself discovered by the victor, and having fled away to keep from being shot. Later on he had crept back to get his hat, which he had dropped, but could not find it in the dark. Next day, when he learned that it had been found by the authorities and, being identified, was held as evidence against him, he had become frightened, and hid in the swamp. For weeks he had lived there, hoping things would be cleared up. But learning through his wife, who came sometimes to his hiding-place, that the feeling against him was unabated, he had gone away to the far South out of the teeth of the bitter winter, and ever since had lived the weary, wandering life of a tramp. Broken in health and longing to see his family once again before he died, he had ventured back, and had been taken by the officers.

"HE OPENED HIS EYES AND CRIED ALOUD: 'SERVE THE WARRANT, MR. SHERIFF.'"

"A tramp's life? Where, then, did you get so much money to send your wife each year?" asked the cross-examiner.

On the stupid, sallow face there gathered a look of wondering perplexity. "I ain't never sent Sally any money."

"Four times a year, for the past ten years, she has received through the mails a fifty-dollar bill. Did you not send it to her?"

A light almost derisive came into the watery eyes. "Why, Mr. C'ruthers, I ain't never seed a whole fifty-dollar bill in my life."

Carruthers looked disconcerted. Out in the crowd the man leaning against the post gave utterance to a long, sibilant "Ah!" and the Judge bent out of his chair to recover a dropped paper. That was all; and then the proceedings went on. Yes, it was a lame story, the lawyers agreed; but one man in the room besides the speaker knew that every word was true.

At last, on the third day, the evidence was all in, the orators on either side had spent their logic and their rhetoric, and the Judge rose up to charge the jury. Those who heard him never forgot the light in his eyes, the ring in his voice. By a phenomenal effort he held himself within the bounds of his judicial prerogative, but through the whole charge there ran a subtle appeal to the sympathies of the jurors which hearts of steel could not have resisted. The prosecution squirmed in their chairs; and yet so ingenious was his presentation that they knew not where to pick the flaw. When at last he had finished and sat down, and, under cover of wiping his brow, had hidden his face in his handkerchief, they looked helplessly at each other, while the patient wife sobbed aloud, and the man by the post muttered "Magnificent!" below his breath.

It was sun-down when the jury went out. On the lounge of his retiring-room the Judge lay all of that long night, with no eyes save those of the blinking stars to witness his agony. A note from Dolores lay unanswered, unread at his hand. No sleep came to him, no morsel of food passed his lips; he asked himself but one question: What if he had

failed and the verdict should be "Guilty"? Asked it over and over again, and never answered it.

A breathless silence reigned in the courtroom the next morning when the clock began to toll off nine. Every seat was filled, and through the open doors a crowd gaped in from the hall. The prisoner was in his place, and close behind sat his wife and daughters. The man by the middle post thought what a pathetic picture they made. At the last stroke of the clock, the Judge's door opened, and he entered slowly. He held to the knob a moment, as though to steady himself, and he was so deathly pale that an old lawyer said to his colleagues: "It is of course a lost case, and being the first time he has had to pronounce the death sentence, he is naturally a good deal shaken; but he'll get used to it."

The comment was whispered about, and kindly glances of sympathy followed him to the bench, while up in the gallery a young woman hurriedly removed her veil and leaned forward, a world of tender encouragement in her gray eyes.

When the jury were seated, the Judge opened his mouth to speak, but the contracted muscles gave forth no sound. The man by the post leaned forward, intently alert; the crowd heaved and rustled. Was he going to break down? But the next moment his voice rang out clear and distinct:

"Mr. Foreman, are you agreed?"

"We are, your Honor."

"Guilty or not—guilty?"

"Not guilty."

Was it a woman's or a man's cry of relief that startled the stillness? Commotion and question followed so close upon it that it was hard to say whence it came; but involuntarily people's glances turned toward the bench rather than the chair behind the prisoner. The Judge sank back into his seat, and with his characteristic movement put up his handkerchief to his face. It seemed as if a century of care had rolled from his heart; the blood came back to his cheek, the energy to his arm. Once more the faces before him were something more than a moving blot; once more life was love and love was divine. In the blessed relief that had come to him, in the sweet renewal of a hope that was dead, he forgot that he was there to rule, and so made no motion to quiet the tumult of the room. "Dolores, Dolores, Dolores!" he was saying over to himself, with a passion of joy that would not be repressed.

And then there followed one of the strangest scenes ever enacted in a courtroom. Suddenly, above the comment and criticism and hubbub of movement, a voice blew like a trumpet that imposes silence: "Mr. Sheriff, the man Rule has been proved innocent, and innocent he is; but the real murderer is here—the man who for ten long years has made yonder prisoner a homeless wanderer and his wife a lonely widow—I say that man is here!"

Every eye went to the man by the post, forgetful even of the Judge, who at the first words of the unusual interruption had risen to his feet, gavel in hand.

"Most of you know me," went on the speaker, unabashed by the rap upon the desk. "My name is Duncan, and I have a story to tell you. There were three pistols found by Holeman's body; two of them were known to be his, the third had never been in Clayton but a few hours. It was one of a brace which two friends had divided between them as pledges of faith after a difficulty over a game of cards. Accidentally, I found the mate to this curiously carved weapon while doing some detective work in a distant city last summer, and from the owner I learned the name of the man who had carried this one that played so fatal a part in our neighborhood. It was a name we have all known and honored. A month ago, in the city of Frankfort, Kentucky, I saw the man who bore this name post a letter. It caught in the slot of the box, and my quick eye read the address—it was to that little woman sitting yonder behind the prisoner. My friends, Sally Rule has had but one letter in all these weeks, and that one carried the Frankfort postmark, and contained a fifty-dollar bill! Do you not read the mystery for yourselves? Thus was this man, prosperous through theft and murder, striving to atone to the heart-broken wife for the guilt thrust wrongfully upon her husband. I say again the man is in this room. I have here a warrant for his arrest; and, Mr. Sheriff, I call upon you to serve it."

With the last words, the speaker strode down the aisle and thrust a paper into the sheriff's hands. The crowd stood up *en masse*, eager, breathless, dominant. The officer, mumbling something about "when the court closed," glanced helplessly from the paper toward the Judge, who towered above them all, rigid, motionless, pallid as a carven statue. Involuntarily the eyes of the assembly followed those of the officer in fascinated doubt and horror.

"Serve the warrant, Mr. Sheriff." His white lips formed the words, seemingly without his volition.

"Then, your Honor," answered the officer, stepping forward, "you are my prisoner."

For a moment no one moved, no one even breathed; then a woman's agonized scream tore the silence apart, and the spell was broken. He recognized the voice, and turning toward the gallery whence it came, met the gray eyes with a look that was confession. Then with an answering cry, such as a lost soul gives when, with Paradise in sight, it sinks into Purgatory, he tossed up his arms and swayed forward.

They picked him up from where he had fallen prone on the steps of the high tribunal of justice, and carried him away to the privacy of his retiring-room, while the crowd, with muffled footsteps, emptied itself into the street. Then the excitement broke over the town like a tidal wave.

Some there were ready to demand of him the full price of his crime; while others, more merciful, gaged from the sad eyes and white hair the penalty of penitence he had paid. Execration and commiseration were alike heaped on his name. But none of it reached him lying white and still on the narrow lounge upstairs.

"No medicine can cure him; he will never be conscious again," the physician said. "Brain nerves are like harp strings—stretch them too far, and they snap; and nature has no repair-shop for such accidents.

"To move him would be instant death," he added to the sheriff waiting outside. "You can leave your deputy here at the door if you like, but he will be tried in other courts than ours."

And the man of medicine was right. With avenging justice waiting outside and with death at his pillow, he lay for a week on his narrow bed and knew no face of friend or foe. Then suddenly one day he opened his eyes and cried aloud:

"Serve the warrant, Mr. Sheriff."

And Death obeyed the order.

AFTER A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY PAUL BUFFET.

MENELIK-AND-HIS-PEOPLE

-BY-

CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

HERE is Ménelik of Ethiopia, victor over Italian regiments with Gatling guns and smokeless powder—a homely, pock-marked man, whose skin is black; whose hair is turning white, for he has passed the fifty-year point; massive in chest, strong in tread (though of a clumsy gait), with keen, restless eyes under threatening brows—a warrior in mien and build, as in fact. There is much of contradiction in Menelik, for tradition makes him a Hebrew by descent, from Solomon and Sheba's Queen, and yet he shows no sign of the Jew; straight nose and thick lips, sternness of glance, with kindness in the smile, a fighter and a patriarch, a Christian king in Africa.

Let no one think of this man as a ruler of negroes; say rather a ruler of dark-skinned Romans, some many shades lighter than himself, with classic cut of features, high brows, thin lips, straight hair, a purer type by far than Menelik himself, who shows a mingling of races, wherefrom, it may be, comes his strength. These Ethiopians wear the garment worn in Cæsar's time, their *chemma* being quite the Roman toga in form and way of draping. They go bareheaded for the most part, though some bind their brows with a white turban, and barefooted; that is, all

save Menelik, who alone in the realm has taken to European shoes and European hat—symbols, one may believe, of his friendliness to Western innovations.

A country of lions and rugged men this Ethiopia, as the people call it, not Abyssinia, which is a disparaging word in use among the Arabs. An Ethiopian worthy to wear in battle the lion's skin that Menelik gives to the bravest must be one who can go three days without food, fighting the while or journeying over deserts and mountains; one who cares nothing for pain or death. It is a custom among these men, after battle or war-like manœuvers, to squat down on the ground in long line and fire their rifles in the air, barrels up, butts between the knees; no blank cartridges here, but balls that wound or kill whomsoever they strike in the descent. A cannon shot gives signal, and forthwith the firing starts far down the line, rolling nearer and nearer, until it swells into a roar of musketry about the Emperor himself; then dies away at the farther side. And the bullets come down upon soldiers or citizens as may be; for this firing, like as not, takes place in a crowded city.

"Would it not be wise, your Majesty," asked a French traveler, aghast at this reckless procedure, "to use blank cartridges?"

"Why so?" asked Menelik.

"It would economize rifle balls and save life."

"I do not mind losing a few rifle balls, if it makes my people despise them."

The Italians found at Adowa what these Menelik soldiers think of rifle balls; saw them come bounding on in the charge, pierced through and through with Mauser bullets, and go on fighting; saw the Emperor himself toward the close rush in waving his sword, and kill with his own hands. The Abyssinians (to use the accepted word) go into battle with modern rifles, and know how to use them; but in the heat of action, their spirit is to throw these down and come at the enemy man to man with saber and shield. Each one carries on his left arm a convex buckler made of hippopotamus hide, so thick and tough that often a swift-flying projectile is deflected by it. Of 21,000 men, blacks and whites, who fought in this battle on the Italian side, about 1,000 escaped, about 3,000 were made prisoners, and the rest were killed.

And at Amba alagui, which preceded their final disaster, the Italians found out what it means to fight an army that knows not shoes, but comes at you in your fortified place with perfect feet, with toes that can grip and cling. The Italians were on a hill rising from a plateau, impregnable, as they supposed, on three sides, and guarded on the fourth by strong artillery. Against these cannon the black men would hurl themselves, and that would be the end of them; so reasoned the Europeans, but counted without black feet; for what the Abyssinians did was to take the hill from the rear, straight up the precipice, doing this stealthily, so as to give no alarm. And when enough of them had gained the vantage ground behind, they swept down like a wave upon the Italians, and the day was won.

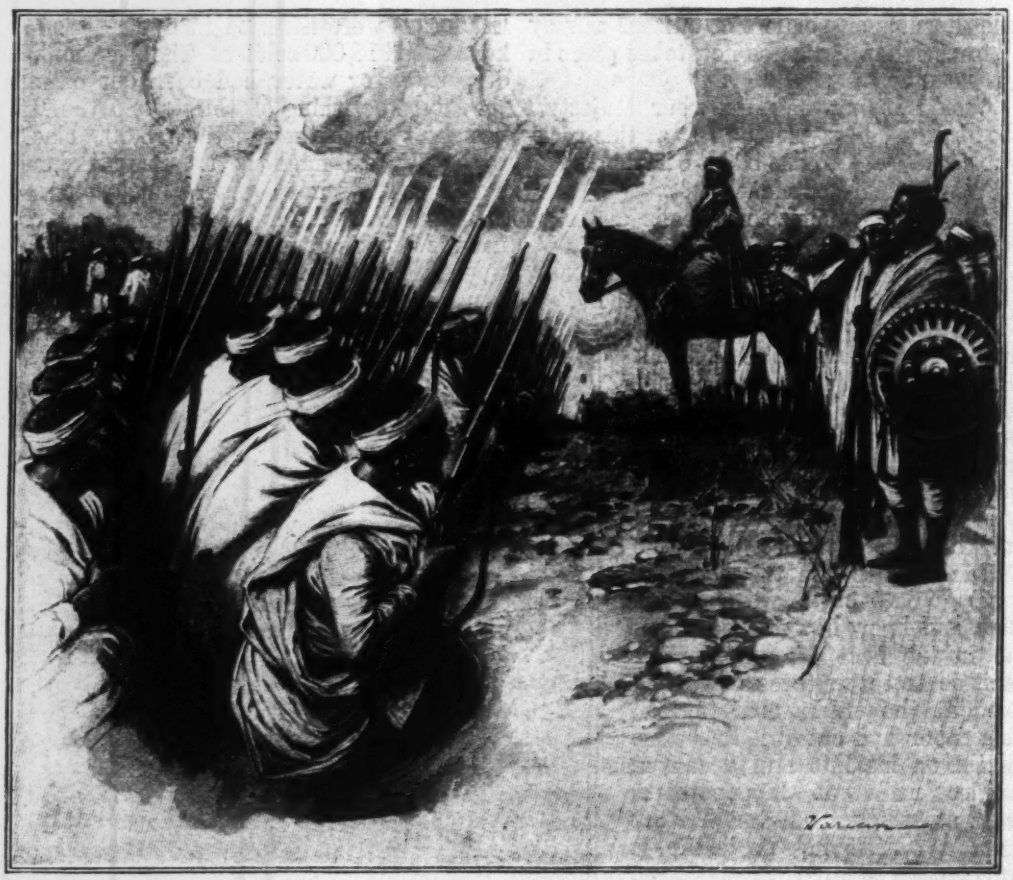
Again, at the siege of Makelle, the Italians were able to judge what kind of a Christianity it is the Abyssinians practise. The Europeans were hemmed in by the Ras Makonnen and 15,000 soldiers. The situation was desperate, for water had been cut off and they were perishing of thirst. So the Italians sent forth their natives, 3,000 blacks, to propitiate, it might be, the Ras Makonnen, a famous Abyssinian general and cousin of Menelik. And the Ras Makonnen gave the natives drink and food, and let them go their way. Then the whites, seeing their own case hopeless and that many were dying, came out

MAP OF ABYSSINIA AND THE ADJACENT COUNTRIES.

to beg for terms, and were received by Menelik himself "You have not been kind to me or mine," said he; "you have broken your pledged word, and drawn the sword against us. Nevertheless, I do not wish it said that Christians died here like dogs, so you may go." And he gave orders that the Italians should be cared for and supplied with mules for their journey, and he let them depart in peace.

Menelik is at once emperor and high-priest. He bears the title of King of Kings, and at times of state wears around his head a lion's mane bound fast with green, and on this rests a crown of gold. The Christianity of the Abyssinians, which came to them about the fourth century, is no very different thing from that of some Western nations. They have priests to read the Scriptures and interpret the law; and they have many fast days, no less than 192 in the year, and observe them scrupulously. They have churches in all their cities, with mass on Sundays and services on saints' days, but attendance at these is not very general among the masses, although Menelik and his chief men attend regularly. On the other hand, the Golden Rule receives such practical and daily enforcement as is scarcely to be met with elsewhere. Let a quarrel arise between two neighbors, and the first passer-by is called upon to decide between them, his judgment being accepted as final. And time and again, in dealing with his enemies, Menelik has shown how justice should be tempered with mercy. Thieves and criminals are punished, with the approval of all, by the cutting off of a hand or foot, which is deemed wiser and more humane than casting them into prison. And not only do those condemned to this punishment bear the saber stroke without flinching, but they hold themselves like graven images while the bleeding stumps are afterwards thrust into boiling oil for perfect cauterization.

To reach Menelik's capital, the city of



THE SALUTE TO MENELIK.

Squatting on the ground, the Ethiopian soldiers fire with ball cartridges on signal from a cannon. If people are wounded by the falling bullets, Menelik considers that they are learning not to fear rifle balls. Drawn by George Varian.

MENELIK.

From the study from life painted by Paul Buffet at Addis Abeba, the capital of Abyssinia.

Addis Abeba (which means "new flower"), the traveler from the eastern coast must journey hundreds of miles across the desert, then far back among rugged mountains. In theory, all this region belongs to Menelik; but practically the desert is left to independent tribes, often hostile, for the Ethiopians proper are mountaineers, and are seldom met with at low altitudes—indeed, they succumb to the fevers of the coast more easily than Europeans do.

"I came across the desert with ten soldiers to guard me," said the French artist, Paul Buffet, "with camels for beasts of burden and mules for my men and myself to ride on. Horses would have died on the way, but mules will go several days without eating. If a carcass dropped, we would see the vultures swarm as by magic out of a clear sky, first black dots on the horizon, then coming nearer and nearer, and finally sweeping down from overhead in narrowing circles with an uncanny whistling of wings. And at night we would have the jackals and hyenas weeping

and howling about our camp, and more than once we had trouble with the desert people at the springs."

M. Buffet spent about eighteen months in Menelik's kingdom, going in pursuance of the idea that there was the one place in the world where an artist might see with his own eyes how the ancient Romans used to drape their garments about them and what manner of garments these were. It is to him that I am indebted for much of the matter of this article, for he passed through Abyssinia not only with an eye to see, but with a mind to appreciate. I asked him about the lions in Abyssinia and the hunting of them.

"The country abounds in lions," he said, "both in the desert and on the mountains; but the people dislike to have Europeans hunt them, partly because a lion, when its mate is killed, becomes fierce and thirsts for human blood, partly because the Abyssinians have a superstitious reverence for the lion that amounts almost to worship. When a native makes his way through a region where lions are known to be, he goes forward talking to the invisible animals, assuring them of his profound respect, of his desire to serve them, of his admiration for their courage, for their beauty, and so forth, and humbly begging for safe conduct on his journey. A story is told of a post-carrier who was trotting along across the desert beside his laden camel, when suddenly an immense lion appeared before him. The man prostrated himself in fear, and then, rising timidly again, explained to the lion that he meant no harm, but was only a poor servant carrying letters down to the coast. 'See, your honor,' he went on, opening one of the mail bags, 'there is nothing here that you want; I have no meat at all, nothing but papers.' And the lion, so it is said, having heard the man's story, lifted his nose with an approving sniff and walked off."

There are many Abyssinians, however, who have not this awe of the lion, but will go against him willingly, attacking him with only the spear and often even so coming off victorious. They delight also in elephant hunting, and go into the forest in bands, pursuing the great beasts fearlessly with only their spears and ordinary rifles. And although they slay many elephants in these hunts, it must be said that the elephants also slay many of them, and of ten who go in after ivory perhaps only five come out.

Full of original ways is Menelik. If a chief has displeased him in some slight manner, he calls him to the palace, and settles the score at once with a heavy cane. He does not rebuke the offender, nor put him to public shame; but, in a truly fatherly way, gives him a sound beating with his own strong hands, and the chief departs the better for it. Again, instead of getting reports about happenings in the city from his policemen or other subordinates, he finds out what is going on himself with the help of a powerful pair of field-glasses. With these in hand, he spends many hours in a tower built for the purpose, from which he can sweep the principal streets and open places. And as the people never know when the Emperor may be watching them, they are careful what they do.

Then he is constantly supervising all that goes on in the palace, making his tour of inspection at all times of the day or night through the narrow streets and among the countless little straw-covered buildings that compose the palace—for this is really only an agglomeration of separate structures, a small city within itself, with a population of three or four thousand. Now he stops at the kitchen, which is a building by itself, and sees what the cooks are doing. Now he looks in at the treasure-house, were the gold and precious things of the kingdom are guarded; now at the saddler's and blacksmith's; now he watches the women making hydromel, and now the children chanting their reading lessons in dull sing-song. Or again he walks through the gardens, where acres of fruit trees are growing, many of them specially imported from Europe. He loves every detail of gardening, and is particularly interested in experiments in irrigation, fertilizing, and the like. If a Gatling gun arrives from abroad, he must set it up with his own hands, and understand every detail of its working. If his watch gets out of order, he must take it apart himself, and find out what the trouble is and how to remedy it. When he first saw a pair of European shoes, he insisted upon having them taken apart piece by piece, so that he might have another pair made like them. When a visitor once suggested to him that these were details which he might safely leave to the care of others, Menelik replied: "If I did not look after these things myself, the waste would be enormous. The time will come, I hope, when I shall be able to leave less important things to those about me, but now nothing is unimportant."

One result of this untiring interest and activity is that Menelik sleeps only three or four hours a day—he has no time to sleep

THE ATTACK OF THE ETHIOPIAN WARRIORS ON THE REAR OF THE ITALIAN ARMY AT AMBA ALAGUI. DRAWN BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN.

AN ABYSSINIAN CAVALRYMAN ON THE WAR-PATH. PAINTED FROM LIFE BY PAUL BUFFET.

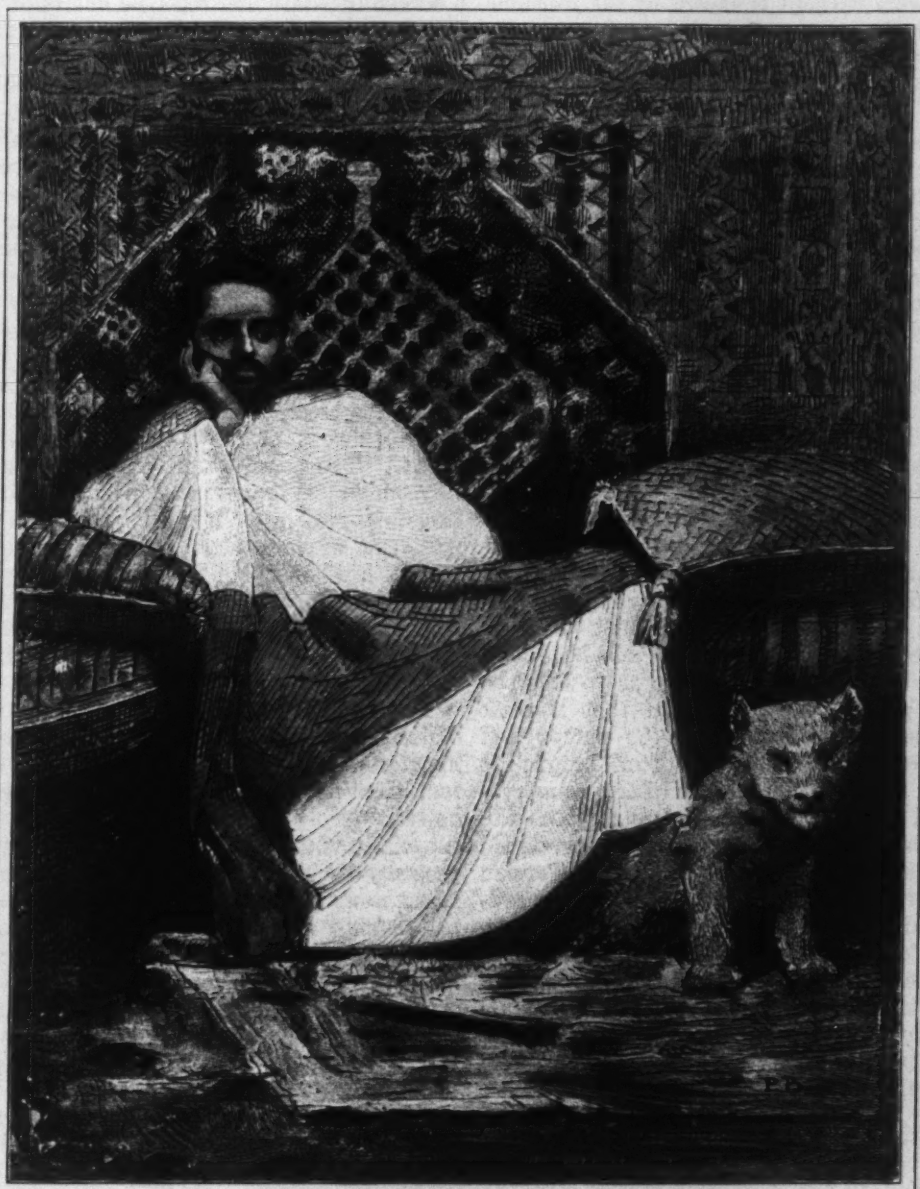
more. He is exceedingly fond of games, especially those calling for bodily skill, and he often joins himself in the dangerous sport of javelin-throwing, in which horsemen going at full speed hurl lances at one another, often at the risk of life or limb. He is fond of rifle-shooting also ; and formerly he used to amuse himself by playing with three full-grown lions which were allowed to roam free about the palace grounds, to the great disquietude of visitors. "Do they never kill any one ?" asked a European.

"Yes," answered Menelik, "they do occasionally ; but whenever one of the lions kills a man, we kill the lion." He spoke of it as a matter of trivial moment. At the time of the great famine, about eight years ago, however, Menelik had them all killed, saying that he could not bear to feed wild beasts while his people were dying of hunger.

When Monsieur Buffet was in Abyssinia, the Emperor had a young pet elephant that was allowed to wander about the city and pick up food as it pleased. This habit of the elephant's gave Monsieur Buffet a fine surprise one evening, and nearly frightened his cook into convulsions, for just as they were about to begin their evening meal, a black form appeared in the door-way of the cabin, and before any one knew what was happening, everything eatable on the table had disappeared, including a dish of potatoes, an omelet, and an excellent chicken. Having thus satisfied his appetite, the elephant started to withdraw, but could not get through the door for the height of his head, and in his struggles to get out he all but carried off the fragile structure like a big straw hat resting on his shoulders. When Menelik heard of this adventure, he laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks. The elephant has since been sent as a gift to the President of France, and is now kept in the Paris Jardin des Plantes.

One visitor, observing that Menelik was exceedingly fond of playing draughts, told him about the game of billiards, and suggested that he have a table brought to the palace.

"No," said Menelik ; "if it is as fascinating a game as you say, I will not have it



THE RAS MAKONNEN, A FAMOUS ABYSSINIAN GENERAL AND COUSIN OF MENELIK. PAINTED FROM LIFE BY PAUL BUFFET.

here, because I should waste too much time playing it."

Another traveler presented the Emperor with a phonograph, which Menelik studied with the greatest interest. "This brings Europe into Africa," he said, much pleased; "this is a new way of writing, so that you read with your ears instead of with your eyes."

The traveler went on to speak of the Röntgen rays, and said that he would have brought an apparatus for producing them had he not been warned that the Abyssinian priests would object to it. "That is not true," said Menelik. "I should be glad to have such an apparatus; we are no longer where we were twenty years ago."

Menelik's broad-mindedness and apprecia-

tion of the value to his country of knowledge from without is shown by the welcome accorded to Europeans visiting his country and by the fact that several Europeans have filled posts of importance in his service.

One of the best times for seeing Menelik and his chief men is at the weekly gathering at the palace, the Sunday feasting, when the Emperor literally feeds his people. At ten o'clock in the morning, after the religious service, the great pillared dining-room is crowded with men (no women are received). They come in two hundred at a time, and seat themselves in groups, cross-legged, on the floor, heads bare, feet bare, some wearing a silken tunic under the *chemma*—these the richer ones—others wearing the *chemma* alone, and each showing more or less of his body as his social standing allows, for in Abyssinia in proportion as a man is accounted proud and great he covers up his body; and so it is that Menelik alone, in all the gathering, wears over his *chemma* a black burnoose (a hooded cape reaching to the ankles), and shoes upon his feet (made in France), and a ribbon around his head, and lifts a fold of his *chemma* so as to hide the lower part of his face. Not that Menelik attaches great importance to pomps and ceremonies; indeed, he often laughs at them; but this is a custom of the country.

And on this occasion custom requires the Emperor to sit alone on an *alga*, a curtained and cushioned divan spread with Persian tapestries. In a circle on the floor, guarding this divan, sit the generals, but rise to their feet whenever the Emperor makes sign that he will put food into his mouth, it being a matter of strict etiquette that no one shall look upon his superior when he is in the act of eating. Having risen, the generals hold up their *chemmas* with zealous care before their faces, thus forming from hand to hand a screen of white and red (the colors of the *chemmas*) that hides the Emperor both from the generals themselves and from the mass of the company, sitting outside their circle, while the Emperor takes bread or meat.

Meanwhile attendants are moving about from group to group distributing hydromel (honey wine) and bread. The latter is served in long flat oval vessels with a hollow at the center filled with a sort of pepper sauce. One vessel of bread serves for each group, each man cutting away a chunk from the loaf and dipping it into the common well of sauce. Then great pieces of beef are brought around, quite raw, and each man cuts off a piece to his liking, and stripping it into shreds swallows it thus with the bread. The quantity of raw beef that an Abyssinian can dispose of on such an occasion is surprising. If need be, he can live for days without meat, getting on quite well with a handful of flour, some dried peas, and a bit of pepper for his day's rations. But when the chance offers, he can eat as much meat in a day as a European would eat in ten.

The Sunday feasting occupies a great part of the day, the Emperor remaining seated on his *alga* until all who care to come have been fed, often five or six hours. While he waits he talks freely with those sitting about him, especially with any Europeans who may be present, discussing with keenest interest the latest news from the distant civilized world, and asking endless questions as to recent discoveries and inventions. Most charming in his manner at such times, his voice is sweet and insinuating, his eye full of intelligence, and altogether he impresses the visitor as a man of unusual force and understanding.

PAUL BUFFET'S CARAVAN CROSSING THE KASAM RIVER ON THE WAY FROM THE COAST TO ADDIS ABEBA. DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN AFTER A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY BUFFET.

THE FIGHTING MANAGER.

By Cy Warman,

Author of "Tales of an Engineer," "Snow on the Headlight," etc.

WE had been discussing the late war and the heroes of the hour. "The most heroic man I ever knew was Stone," said the General Manager, placing one foot upon the box that covered the machinery of the speed-recorder at the rear of his private car.

"Stone of the Q strike?"

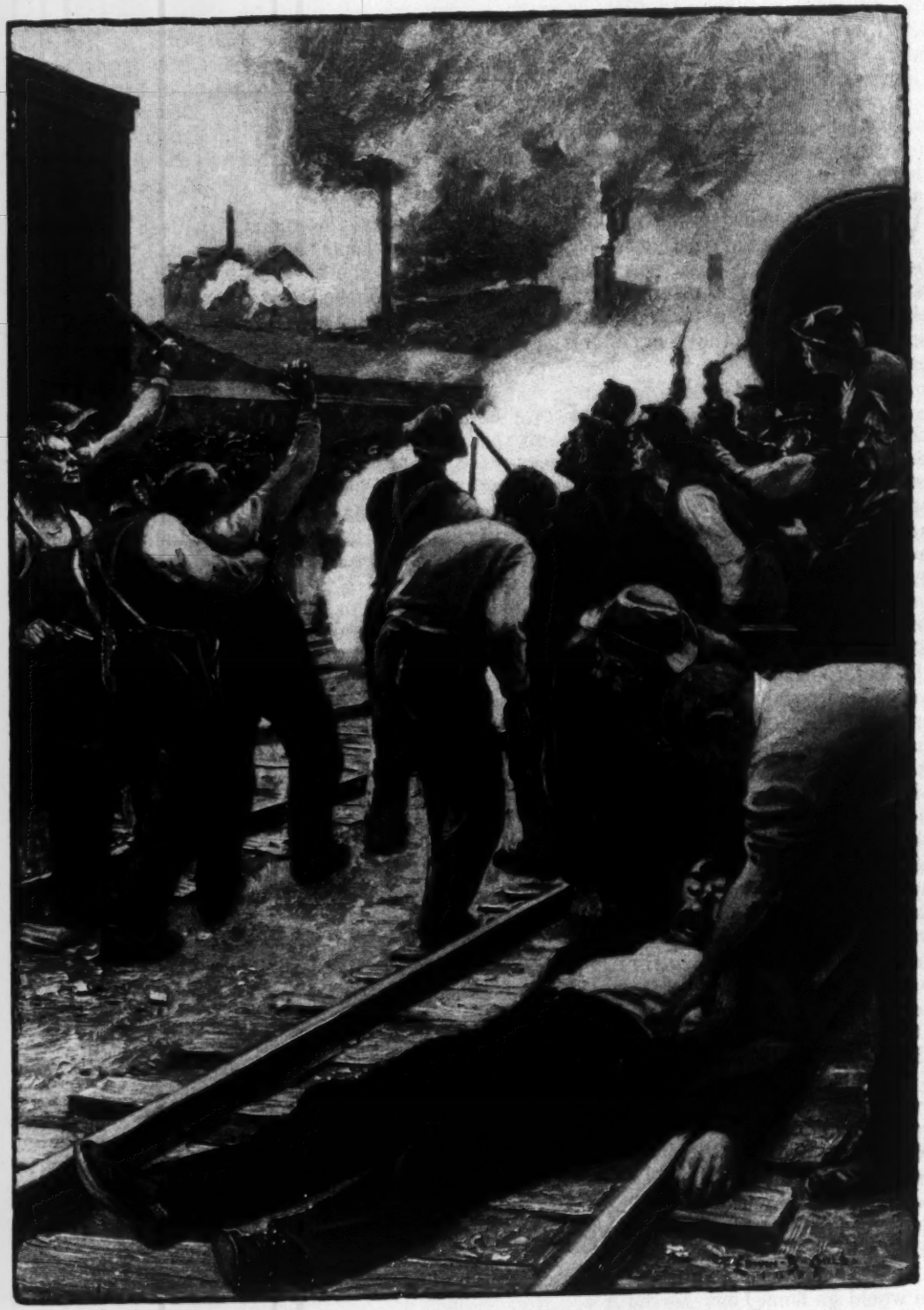
"Yes, Henry B. Stone. Ask Brown of the Burlington, Ripley and Morton of the Santa Fé, Robert Lincoln, and dozens of others who fought under him in the great strike of 1888, or who knew him intimately after he had left the road, and who still mourn his tragic death, and they will say, every one of them, that they are braver and better men because of their acquaintance with him and his influence upon their lives. Stone could not so much as think crooked. He had, perhaps, an exaggerated idea of honor and loyalty and of his duty to the company that employed him. During the freight-handlers' strike his little boy fell ill. All day this faithful manager remained in his office, and then sat all night at the bedside of his dying boy. One morning his chief clerk, Wyllie, saw him standing on the platform of the freight sheds, surrounded by sullen strikers, smiling and talking with the General Superintendent. The secretary was pleased, for he guessed that the boy must be better. But when, after receiving some instructions about matters of business, he ventured to ask, Mr. Stone's answer was: 'Oh, the boy's dead. Yes, he died last night, just after I got home.'

"The secretary tried to stammer some word of condolence, but the General Manager waved him aside, swallowing hard. 'Yes, Wyllie,' he said; 'just so. I say, Wyllie, if any one calls at the office, just say that the boy is dead, that the end was painless, and that—that's all, Wyllie,' he jerked. 'I sha'n't be at the office to-day.'

"The chief clerk thought, of course, that he would go home, but he did not. He remained all day long at the freight sheds, fighting burly freight wrestlers and doing his best to take care of the property and the business of the company. When night came, he went home, and he sat and watched and wept by the side of the small casket.—But that is not the story I started to tell. It was at East St. Louis, at the time of the Martin Irons riots, that he showed the greatest heroism I have ever seen displayed. Every day for nearly two weeks the mob had marched through the freight yards, clubbing every one who seemed not to sympathize with them, and terrorizing those who wanted to work. Finally, Mr. Stone, who was then General Manager of the Burlington, came down to St. Louis to try and start the wheels of commerce that had been stopped by the strikers. Not a pound of freight had left St. Louis or East St. Louis for ten days. Mr. Stone sent word to the shippers to send over their teams, and the company would undertake to protect them and the men.

"About 10 o'clock a boat-load of transfer teams left the Missouri shore, and steamed across to the freight yards of the Q and the Alton. The moment the mob caught sight of the boat, they raised the war-whoop, and bore down upon the shore. As they approached the landing and began to stone the boat, McChesney, a deputy sheriff, Mr. Stone, and his superintendent, Mr. Brown (now General Manager of the Burlington), each grabbed a rioter, and I followed the good example. And we each held a six-shooter to our prisoner's ear. Stone seemed to have singled out the biggest and toughest-looking man in the mob. The fellow showed fight, and I saw Stone's face go pale, saw his hand grip the self-acting revolver until the hammer raised from the cartridge. My man stood quiet—much quieter than I was, for I was watching the hammer of Stone's revolver and the little space that was narrowing between that rough and eternity.

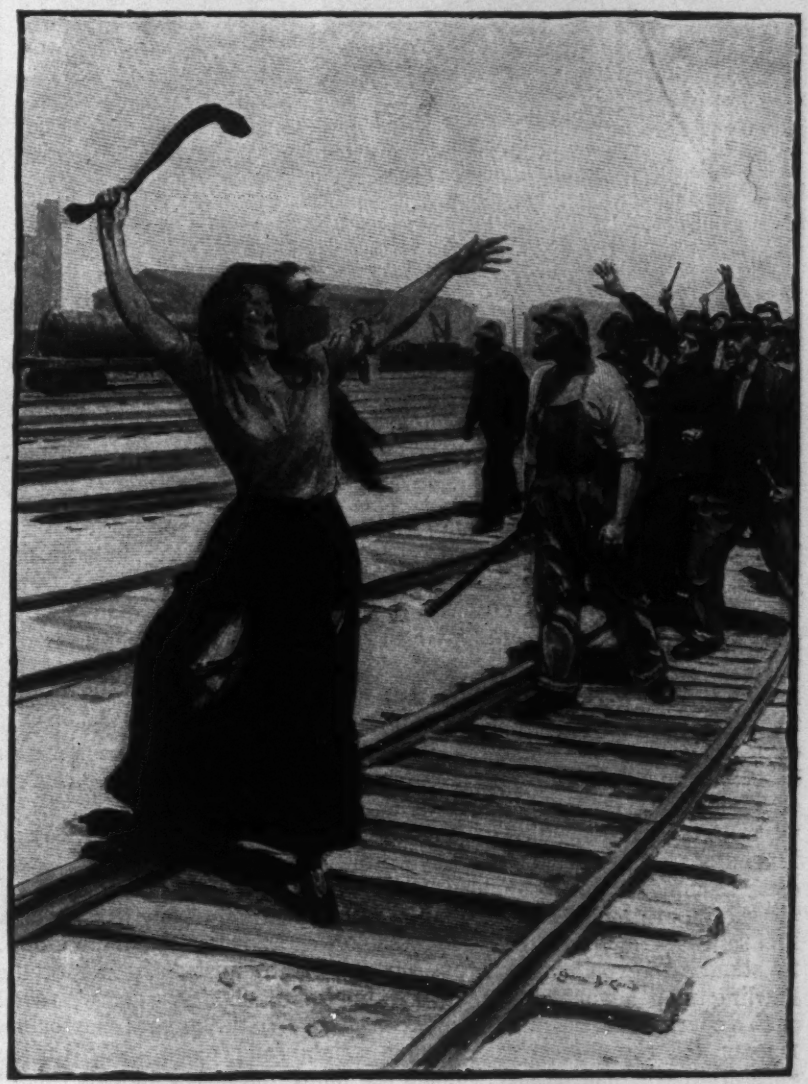
"The mob, seeing the four men held with revolvers to their heads, turned and swept back up the bank, bent on rescuing the prisoners. There were at least four hundred men to do the rescuing, and I confess that I saw nothing for us but a brief fight and



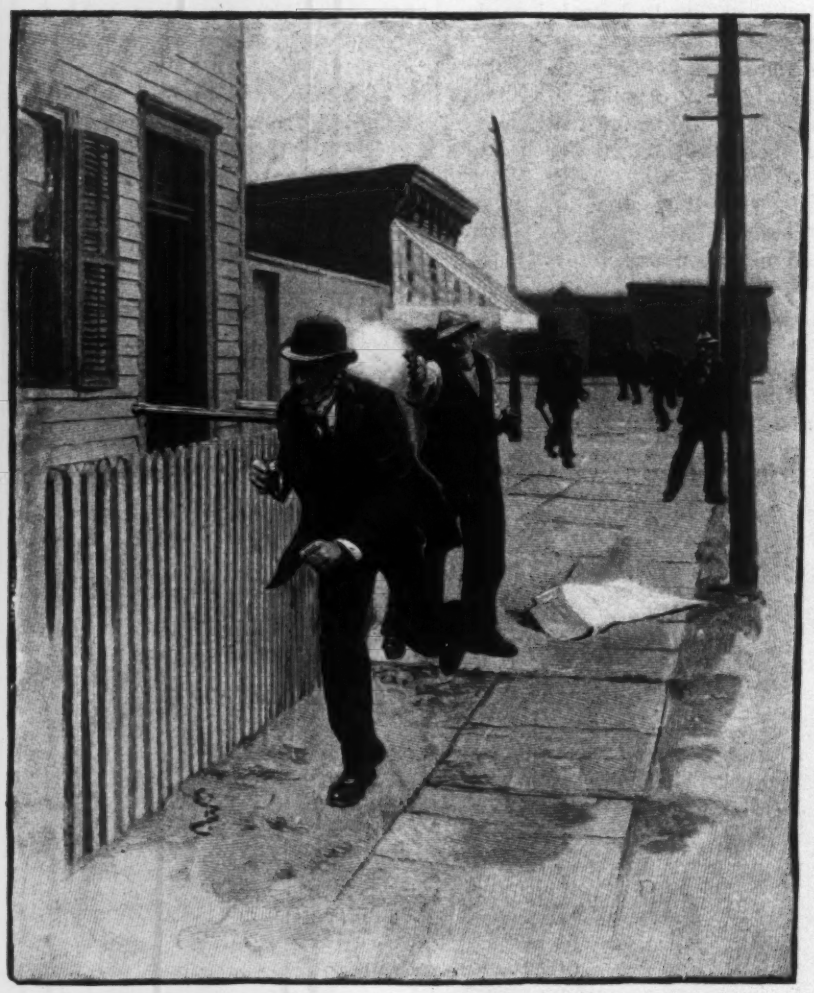
"THE DEPUTIES BEGAN TO PUMP LEAD INTO THE DESPERATE STRIKERS."

death. Holding his man at arm's length, Stone leveled his revolver at the mob, and called upon them to stand back, at the same time displaying the big badge that proclaimed him an officer of the law. But the badge had the same effect upon them that a red flag would have on a barn-lot full of bulls. With a horrible, blood-chilling yell, they came on. Again I saw Stone's hand grip the pistol-stock, and saw the hammer draw back like a deadly serpent about to strike. Just at that moment we heard a voice close behind us cry, 'Lie down, Stone! Drop to the ground!' It was the voice of the Burlington's superintendent of bridges. We all released our prisoners, and fell upon our knees, and instantly the bridgeman and twenty-nine other men pointed thirty glistening rifles over our heads and at the mob. The effect was wonderful. Those savages fell back, tumbling over one another and rolling almost down to the water's edge.

"After that we held the field for two hours. About noon, Mr. Stone said that the mob had become altogether too quiet; they were plotting mischief. He sent Superintendent Brown down the river with instructions to get into a telegraph office near the east end of the bridge and report the situation. I stood under the bridge, and saw Brown walk past and out into a little open space. Here he stopped to watch the manœuvers of a mob who were rapidly forming near the Louisville and Nashville yards. At the same time a number of deputy sheriffs were forming to hold them back. A little way beyond Brown, a detective and a Burlington yard-master were also watching them. Suddenly, from the ranks of the rioters, a pistol was fired. Instantly I saw the rifles of the guard go up, and to my amazement and the horror of the mob, the deputies began to pump lead into the desperate strikers and their still more desperate followers. I saw men drop; saw others throw up their hands, stagger, and fall. At the front of the rioters, I had seen a wild creature in the garb of a woman, waving a long stocking with a stone in the toe, her loosened hair flying, while she shouted to the



"A WILD CREATURE IN THE GARB OF A WOMAN, WAVING A LONG STOCKING, . . . SHOUTED TO THE MEN TO COME ON."



"HE . . . LEVELED A PISTOL AT MY HEAD, AND ALMOST BURST THE DRUM OF MY EAR, SO CLOSE DID HE FIRE."

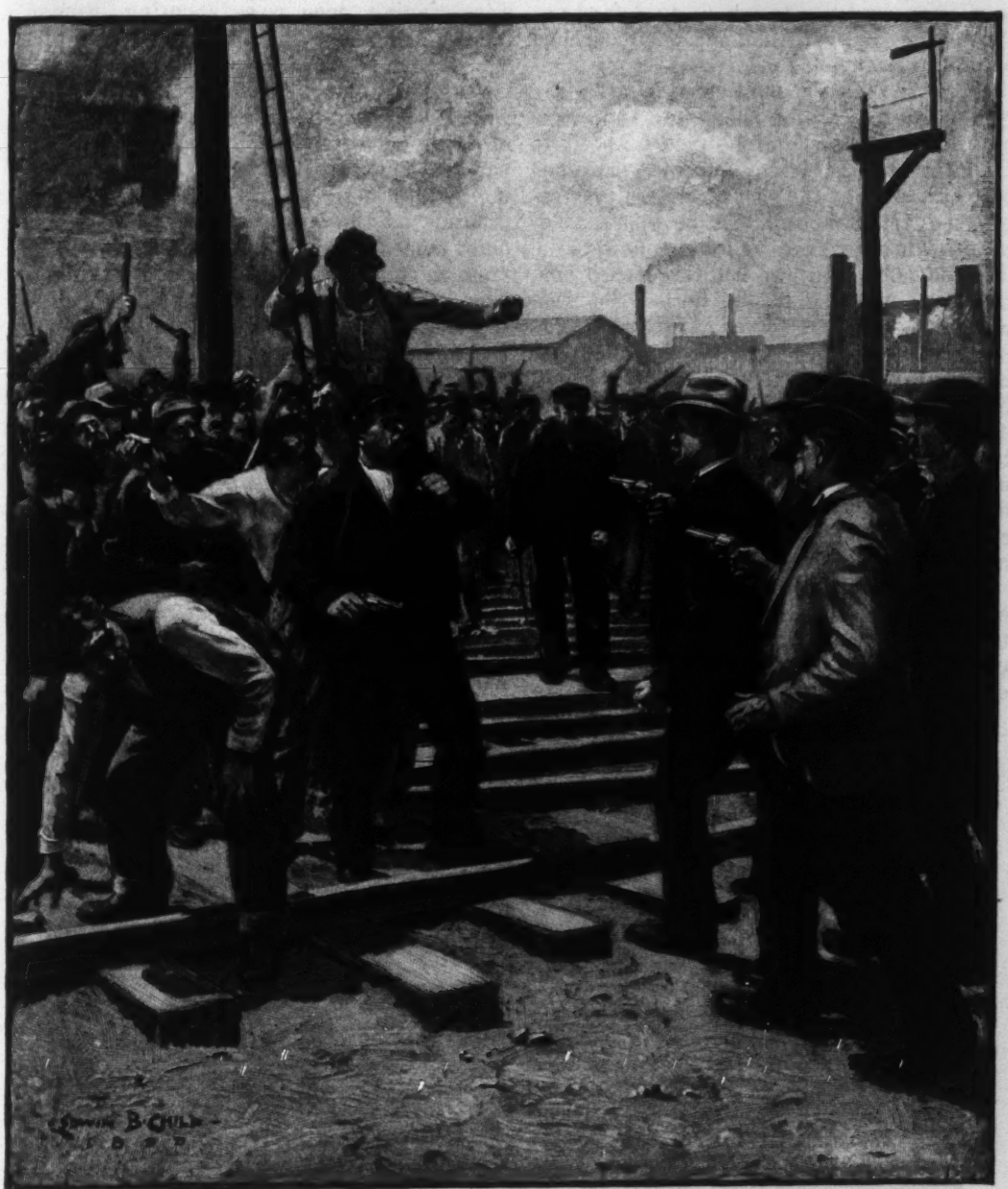
men to come on. Now I saw her put up her hands, stiffen, and pitch forward. It was horrible. The mob shrank back at first, and then charged furiously—hundreds, thousands of men armed with guns, clubs, iron bars, axes, pitchforks, and stones. I was so fascinated that I could not stir, though they were advancing steadily in my direction. Presently the detective and the yard-master came running toward the bridge. As they passed Superintendent Brown, they yelled to him to fly for his life. His first impulse was to stand his ground and fight, but as the howling mob advanced he saw the folly of such a course, and, turning, followed the yard-master and the detective. As soon as the three fugitives had passed, I made the number up to four.

"A perfect shower of bullets followed us. I saw them skipping along the pavement, chipping pieces from posts in front of wooden storehouses, and heard them spit and spatter in the muddy road. The firing line somehow seemed to lie parallel to the very street along which we were taking our flight. I saw a man on a delivery wagon pull a revolver and fire at Brown. A man bareheaded and in shirt-sleeves sat in front of his cottage, quietly reading his morning paper. I had been expecting to drop dead at any moment, and the sight of this happy man, sitting under his vine, reading his paper, filled me with a deep longing to live, to be absolutely out of range and contented once more. I shall never forget how peaceful that little home looked to me as I raced up to it in a heavy shower of lead and no umbrella. Suddenly I determined to seek asylum there; to throw myself upon the neck and mercy of that blessed man. But as I drew near, he put down his paper and ran into the house. I guessed he had gone to get out of the draught. But as I dashed by, he came out again, leveled a pistol at my head, and almost burst the drum of my ear, so close did he fire. Now I began to understand. The people were against us. Men would stop work to take a shot at us as we raced along.

"The yard-master had drawn up to second place, near the superintendent. The detective, by this time, began to fag. Suddenly I saw him pitch forward. I knew it would be folly for me to stop, but a little

further along, I knew, there was a posse of deputy sheriffs; and leaping in among the cars, I got within hearing, and shouted to them to go back and rescue the detective. In a few moments they had stayed the advance of the mob and brought the detective into the yards, with a nasty, though not fatal, wound in his neck.

"If the rioters had been dangerous before, they were desperate now. A sheriff's badge was their target. Everybody and everything that stood for law and order was looked upon as the enemy of anarchy, and treated accordingly. In the middle of the afternoon, General Manager Harrahan of the Louisville and Nashville (now Vice-President of the Illinois Central) telephoned Mr. Stone that a lot of his employees, many of them women, were imprisoned in the L. and N. freight depot. The building was surrounded by a mob who threatened to fire the place and stood ready to kill the helpless em-



"THE STRIKERS BEGAN TO GIVE WAY AS THE COLD POINT OF THE LEADER'S PISTOL CAME CLOSE TO THEIR HEADS."

ployees as soon as they put their heads outside the building. He begged Stone to go to the relief of his people, and to hold the mob back if possible until he could arrive upon the scene with a force to aid in the rescue. When Mr. Stone had read the message, he called for ten men to go with him. About fifty men stepped out, and among the first I saw Brown, the Superintendent of the Q. If he knew how to retreat, he knew also how to fight. The General Manager, however, requested him to remain to defend the Burlington, and with a dozen men marched off to the Nashville yards.

"As the little company came in sight, the rioters set up a wild cheer, for they were out for blood now. Stone gave no heed to their threats and jeers, but boldly marched on to the edge of the ring of rioters that begirt the freight house. As he approached, he drew his revolver, and his followers did likewise. The men who had threatened him, however, appeared not to notice the weapons, but stared at the calm face and flashing eyes of the leader. On they marched in the form of a V, Stone at the point. Now the strikers began to give way as the cold point of the leader's pistol came close to their heads. Steadily, right through the mob, the little regiment made its way, and not a hand was raised against it. When it reached the building, the doors were thrown open, and the prisoners escorted away.

"In the meantime we had asked the Governor to send the State troops to suppress the rioters. Early in the evening they began to arrive by special trains over the various roads. The Governor had asked Mr. Stone to aid in the distribution of the troops, which he did, assisted by the other railway officials. About 9 o'clock, we began to smell pine burning. At 9.30 the glare of fire lit up the bottoms almost to the bluffs at Collinsville. In the yards of the Cairo Short Line, two hundred freight cars and forty coaches were burning at one time. The Vandalia, the Louisville and Nashville, everything south of the bridge seemed to be ablaze. Whistles were screaming, bells were ringing, men were shouting, women crying, and above it all we could hear the wild shouts of the lawless thousands cheering while the hungry flames licked the paint from Pullman cars and consumed the homes of hundreds of innocent people who had no part in the quarrel and who could gain nothing by the riots beyond a little innocent rifle practice as the deputy sheriffs passed their quiet homes. Now a new sound came to us from the Missouri side, the sound of rough-shod horses galloping over the big bridge. It was the fire brigade coming to the rescue. But as fast as they made connection the mob rushed in with knives and axes, and slit or hacked the hose to pieces. For nearly an hour the firemen worked like beavers, but to no purpose. Once in a while a stream of water would shoot into the flames for a moment, then slacken, and fail. Finally the Chief said, 'Let the town go! If the State can't protect the people and their property, let her blaze;' and with that he reeled up his wounded hose and jogged back to Missouri.

"Yes," concluded the General Manager, as we slowed down for orders at a junction point, "Henry B. Stone was a hero."